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THE

AFRICAN SKETCH-BOOK

VOL. II.

Front. "Now," said he, "you can say that you have drunk from the waters of the Great River." VOL. II.

THE

AFRICAN SKETCH-BOOK

BY

WINWOOD READE

56818
ac.

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

LONDON
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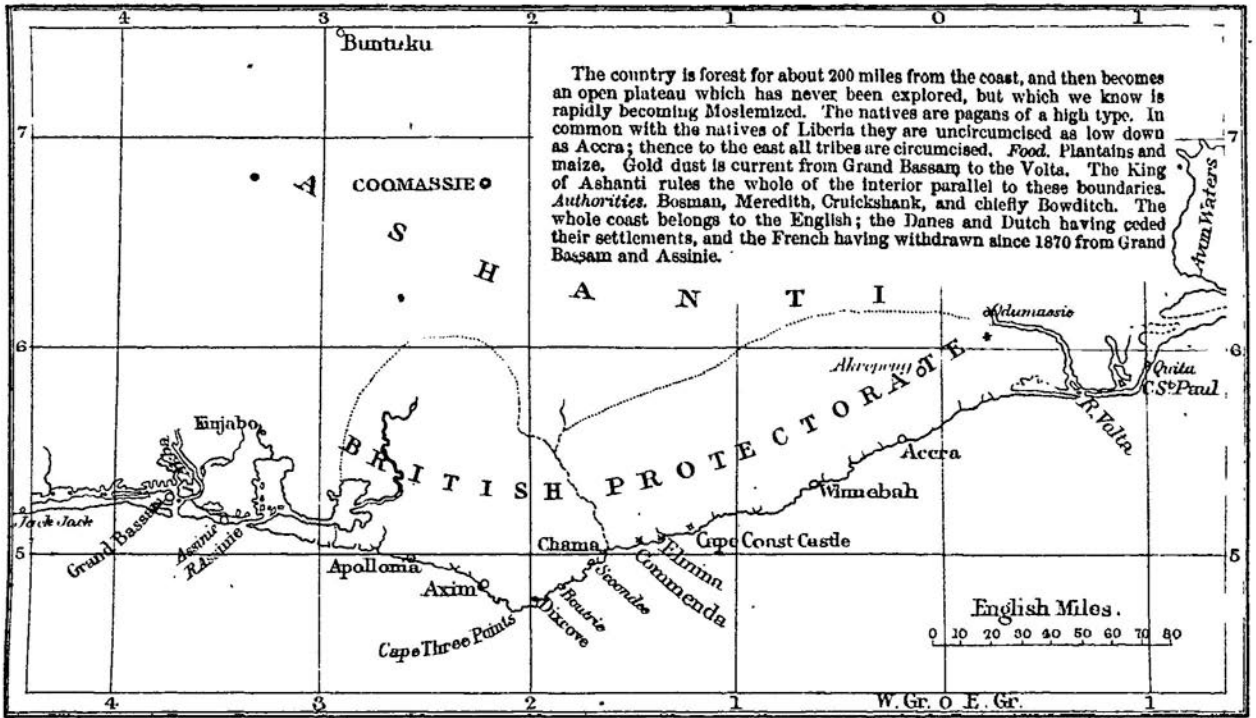
GOLD COAST.



The country is forest for about 200 miles from the coast, and then becomes an open plateau which has never been explored, but which we know is rapidly becoming Moslemized. The natives are pagans of a high type. In common with the natives of Liberia they are uncircumcised as low down as Accra; thence to the east all tribes are circumcised. *Food.* Plantains and maize. Gold dust is current from Grand Bassam to the Volta. The King of Ashanti rules the whole of the interior parallel to these boundaries. *Authorities.* Bosman, Meredith, Cruickshank, and chiefly Bowditch. The whole coast belongs to the English; the Danes and Dutch having ceded their settlements, and the French having withdrawn since 1870 from Grand Bassam and Assinie.

Stanford, Geog. Estab. 6 & 7 Charing Cross.

London: Smith, Elder & Cº

THE

AFRICAN SKETCH-BOOK.

BOOK IV.

GOLDEN AFRICA.

THE KRUS.

I RETURNED to England in 1863; and in 1868 Mr. Swanzy, a merchant connected with the Gold Coast, commissioned me to revisit Western Africa with the view of making scientific researches, and also a journey of exploration into the interior.

* * * * * *

On the Grain, or Pepper Coast, within the territory of the Liberian Republic, a little to the west of Cape Palmas, is the town of Garraway, inhabited by a clan of those people who hire themselves out as sailors, and are known to Europeans as the Krus.

One gloomy evening in the autumn of 1868 there

was much excitement in this small community, and all the inhabitants, young and old, scampered down to the beach. A large vessel approached the town, drew nearer and nearer, and at last anchored in the roads. It was evident that she wished to communicate with Garraway. Perhaps she wanted Krumen, or perhaps she had lost her reckoning, or perhaps she wanted a pilot for Cape Palmas. These latter conjectures were not wide from the mark. Our captain had mistaken Garraway for Cape Palmas, and now hoisted the English flag as a signal to the people on the shore.

A canoe came off, manned by Krus, who paddled in a frantic manner, screaming and shouting as if they intended to cut all our throats as soon as they arrived on board. However, the head-man alone came up, and as soon as he stepped on the deck became sedate in his demeanour. His only garment was twisted round his head to keep it dry; he took it off on the forecastle, tied it round his waist, and then came aft to us upon the poop. He carried a wooden bandbox of native manufacture, on which was rudely carved with a knife, '*Jolly Nose, Good Pilot.*' He produced from its interior a red penny account book, of the kind which housekeepers use in London, and which, for reasons unknown to bachelors, are deposited by shop-boys in the letter-box. It contained certificates of his having piloted vessels in safety to Cape Palmas; and so we engaged him for some rum and cloth to perform a similar office for ourselves. He called his boys, the canoe was hauled up on board, the

anchor was weighed, and the bark turned her head again to the sea. Jolly Nose gave directions to the helmsman, who stared at his naked adviser with a grim air.

Having arranged the vessel's course to his satisfaction, Jolly Nose requested me to read out what was written on the box. I read it out—'Jolly Nose *bad* pilot.' Upon which he gave a merry, running laugh, and said, 'Ah, you no sabby book (you don't know how to read). I tink you bushman!'

He then inquired what we had come out for. My fellow passenger, one of Mr. Swanzy's clerks, said he had come for trade, which Jolly Nose approved of with an upward toss of his chin, intended for a nod. I then told him to guess what I had come for. 'You no come for trade,' said he. I shook my head. 'Then you godman, eh?' 'No, I am not a missionary.' 'Pr'aps you officer for queen?' I again replied in the negative, and Jolly Nose became perplexed; these being the only three classes of white humanity which had hitherto come within his notice. I then announced the object of my travels, expecting he would give the pitying smile which I had so often observed in Portuguese, and even sometimes in English traders, when I had been introduced to them as an explorer. But if Jolly Nose had lived in literary circles all his life he could not have exhibited less surprise. It appeared to him a very natural proceeding. 'Ah, you travel for sabby,' said he; and at once suggested that I should 'come and see We country, put him for book and catch money for him.' He further-

more observed, that 'Book make men's head fine;' and looked at me with the keenest interest when he saw me making notes of his brilliant remarks.

My fellow-passenger, like most young Londoners, was prone to chaff, and now began to make inquiries of Jolly Nose respecting his connubial relations. Jolly Nose told us with an air of honest pride that he possessed six wives. Mr. —— then delicately hinted that possibly in his absence they might receive the attentions of six gentlemen; on which Jolly Nose flew into a rage, and I was about to remind my young friend that these people had their feelings as well as ourselves, when I found that my sympathy was entirely misplaced. Jolly Nose was angry at its being supposed that he placed any trust in his wives' fidelity. 'You tink me fool!' he cried. 'Of course, when I come for ship, I set my brother to watch 'em, and look 'em good.' Then as Jolly Nose reflected on the annoyance which this precaution must have caused his wives, he chuckled to himself and laughed, and we all laughed, and his good humour was restored.

As the ship sailed away we saw fires on the beach, lighted by the women as a guide to their husbands in case they returned that night; for canoes often lose the land in the dark, and thus new countries have been discovered and colonised by savages.

We touched at the Cape for letters. Jolly Nose and company were paid off, and returned in their canoe, and we went on for our Krumen to a village

called Victoria, lower down the coast. This time the natives came off quietly; they knew that we wanted men, and did not wish to seem too glad. It was arranged that the Boys should be brought on board the next day, and I asked for a passage to the shore. The canoe was a mere trough, such as that in which I went a-turtling at Corisco, and there was a sea on at the time. It was a curious sensation being so close to the surface, that I felt as if I formed part of the waves. Once when the Krus were talking, a sea took them by surprise; for a moment I saw nothing but water: we had gone through a wave like a hunter through a hedge. The water was baled out partly with the hands, partly kicked out by a dexterous movement of the heel. However, there would have been no danger even if we had been capsized. Two of the men would have held me up, and perhaps picked my pocket in the water, while the others would have righted the canoe. The sharks in these parts are not man-eaters, and live with the natives upon friendly terms—*apropos* of which I heard at Cape Palmas from an American skipper an interesting anecdote, which the reader can believe or not as he prefers. My informant was going off to his vessel in the long-boat, when one of the Krumen looked over the side, and saw a shark which had caught a large fish by the head. The Kru jumped into the water and seized the fish by the tail: the shark pulled one way, the Kruman the other, the head came off in the shark's mouth, and the fish was safely landed in the boat.

The shark and the Kruman were each about six feet long.

There was a crowd on the beach delighted to see a moneyed guest in the canoe. Aged men in a state of avaricious joy yelled aloud, and pointed out the passage in the surf: a huge roller swept us in between the rocks. I was caught up like a baby, carried on shore, and then escorted to the chieftain's hut; a chest was opened, and I was offered (being wet through) a French admiral's uniform with a cocked hat. I asked for something more subdued, and was accommodated with a check shirt and pair of white duck trowsers. In a short time signs of dinner appeared: a box which served as the mahogany was covered with a piece of carpet for a cloth; a water-bottle, a glass, and a knife and fork were laid upon it; and a piece of honey soap, a towel, a tooth-brush, and a comb were also produced from the State chest, which seemed to be filled with odds and ends obtained by thrift and theft in the service of the white man.

Dinner was served in a basin: boiled fowl, plantains, maize, and cassada. How familiar it all appeared! More than five years had passed since I left these shores, and yet it seemed but yesterday, and I felt myself at home.

After dinner I was taken for a walk. They showed me near the village a small lagoon with ducks swimming on the surface, and in the background a hill covered with primeval forest trees. It was a charming scene, and as

I gazed upon it, endeavouring to paint its image in my mind, the natives watched my face, and said with a smile, 'Massa, that *fine*, eh?' thus showing that savages possess in a rudimentary degree that feeling for landscape, which in modern times has become a passion for the poets, and a fashion for the crowd.

It began to rain, and so we went into the palaver house, which also served as the village club. They showed me a woman who sat on a log, rigid as a statue, and stared at me with her round fixed eyes. She was the wife of a chief in the backwoods who had sent her to the coast to purchase salt with dried plantains and smoked meat. Such is the kind of trade which has for ages been conducted between the people of the beach and the people of the bush.

They also pointed out a man who sat at a little distance from her. He, like Jolly Nose's brother, had been sent to supervise her actions. The African duennas are invariably males, for the women cannot be trusted to betray each other: they are like the people of a subject nation, faithfully allied against their lords.

I soon became an object of attention to the children. The little girls looked at me askant, and ran away when their eyes met mine. Even the grown-up damsels approached me with reluctance, and shrieked when I took them by the hand. Their timidity was natural enough, for the ghosts and gods of the Africans are white, and at this witching hour they are wont to ascend into the upper world. But the boys were not afraid; they clam-

bered on my knees, inspected my hands, and peeped under my sleeves, encouraged by their parents, who brought them to the white man, on whom they were afterwards to live, as setter puppies are broken in to game.

One of these children had a sixth finger. I caught up its hand to examine it, and was then sorry I had done so, for the other boys gave an outcry of derision, and the poor little fellow hung his head. But the father, who was sitting by me, drew the child gently towards him, and said a few words in a tone of inexpressible tenderness and pity.

The more I see of these Africans, the more I am inclined to believe that Europeans have underrated their parental love. The words 'father and 'mother' are applied by slaves to their owners, and thus, doubtless, many travellers have been misled.

Respecting the sixth finger, I was told by a German missionary a charming story, which I will here relate. In that part of Africa the sixth finger is regarded as an abomination, and children so deformed are exposed in the forest; but the German missionaries adopt these infants whenever they are able. On a certain occasion of that kind, one of these excellent men invited the mother to his house. She entered, and saw her infant on the lap of the missionary's wife, who was a negress from the West Indies, and was at that time nursing a child of her own.

The woman stood still, and looked at the little crea-

ture she had cast away. Love and horror mingled in her eyes. The babe began to cry. 'It is hungry,' whispered the missionary. 'God has filled your breast with milk, Adua; He gave it you for that poor child, whom you laid on the cold ground to die.'

'No, no!' cried the woman, shuddering. 'I cannot. The child is cursed by the spirits. It is an abomination.' And she turned her eyes away.

'Give it the breast,' said the missionary to his wife.

Then the woman's face began to work, her eyes filled with tears, and at last, when she saw her child feeding at a stranger's bosom, she gave a piercing cry, plucked it away, and pressed it to her own. The child's life was saved, and Adua became a Christian.

THE FRENCH COMMANDANT

GRAND BASSAM and Assinie are the westernmost settlements upon the Gold Coast. Taken by the French, under Louis XIV., but soon afterwards abandoned, they were occupied again in 1843. Each 'poste' consists of a fortified house, containing a commandant, a surgeon, some non-commissioned officers, and a handful of Tirailleurs Senegalais—negro soldiers levied from the warlike tribes of Senegambia. The Governor of the French Gold Coast is also the Governor of the Gaboon, and the Admiral of the coast squadron. Once a year he comes in a frigate to Grand Bassam and Assinie, and inspects the troops, whom he outnumbers with his staff.

Between Grand Bassam and the frontier of the Liberian Republic is a wild tract of coast divided into little village states, of which Victoria may serve as an example. This region belongs to the natives alone. It possesses no navigable rivers; it is thinly populated, and its trade is unimportant. White men seldom go ashore, and merely anchor off the villages long enough to hire the Kruboys, and to purchase the palm-oil and ivory which the natives sometimes bring off in their canoes. But there is one place called Jack-Jack, not far from Grand Bassam, where the Guinea-palms grow in abundance, where the people export much oil, and where some English

vessels may always be seen lying in the roads, for harbour there is none. As soon as a ship arrives, the master gives to the natives a *shake-hand dash*, or preliminary present, in lieu of custom-house fees, and then the business begins. Goods are given out on credit, and the produce, as a rule, is faithfully paid in; if not, the captain threatens to go and fetch a man-of-war, of which the people stand much in dread, as their town is close to the sea-shore.

Now there was a certain Admiral de Neuville, a restless and enterprising man, who wished to make unto himself a name, and to extend the French possessions on the coast. He ascended the Gaboon as far as it could be navigated by a steamer, interviewed the Fans, and planted a hulk at Nenge-Nenge. He formally took possession of Cape Lopez, in the name of France; surveyed the Ogowai River, and steamed up the Fernand Vaz, where he made a treaty with Quengueza. In the Bights he was not less active; paid a visit to Porto Novo, in order to counteract the encroachments of the English; and stimulated by the example of Commodore Wilmot, went up to Abomey, where he witnessed the customs of the king. Finally, arriving on the Gold Coast, he cast his eyes on the waste region lying between Liberia and Grand Bassam. Here was a 'No Man's Land'—the natives, of course, went for nothing—which might be easily annexed. By way of a beginning, he made a treaty with the people of Jack-Jack for the building of a fort, representing to them that if the

French flag waved over their village, no English man-of-war would venture to bombard them. This kind of protection was much desired by the natives, for reasons already explained; and when they found that the Admiral was willing to make them a handsome present into the bargain, they at once consented to receive the flag. But, as not unfrequently happens when treaties are made between Europeans and natives, the parties concerned had different views regarding the nature of the contract. The Admiral supposed that Jack-Jack had become a French possession; the natives supposed that they had merely sold a plot of building-ground. Nothing could equal their delight when they saw a vessel arrive with stones, timber, and artillery. They gave the French their cordial assistance in the construction of the fort, and laughed in the faces of the English traders, who did not neglect to warn them of their danger; for they, in their innocence, imagined that these great masses of stone were being raised, and these guns fitted into embrasures, merely to shoot at the English man-of-war, which had so long been the bugbear of debtors; and though they could not but observe that some of the guns were turned towards the land, yet this the commandant explained. In the first place, it was always the custom to build forts in that manner; secondly, the English might attack the fort from the land side; and thirdly, the bush-tribes, with which the natives of Jack-Jack were frequently at war, might attempt to invade the village.

The name of this commandant was Guillaume Blanchard; he was a captain in the Colonial infantry, and had served all his life in the transmarine lands, Algeria, Madagascar, Pondicherry, and Cayenne. When the fort was finished, and everything settled, his manner of life was as follows: He rose at daybreak, took his coffee with goat's milk, and inspected the soldiers. At eight he was served with a cup of chocolate and a rusk. He then wrote letters or despatches, and ordered his breakfast. At ten he took a tumbler of absinthe and water. At eleven he sat down to table with the doctor, and rose from it at one. From one o'clock till three he remained in the company of Martha, his femme-maitresse or country-wife, who had emigrated from the States to Liberia, and from Liberia to Jack-Jack. In the afternoon the commandant strolled out into the village and conversed with the native gentlemen, who offered him absinthe, cognac, or liqueurs, of which he seldom declined to partake. At seven he dined, and at nine retired to his couch.

On Sundays he always invited one of the chiefs to breakfast, and appeared at table clad in snowy linen, his iron-grey moustache twisted and waxed at the ends, and the cross glittering upon his breast. He was not a man of polished manners or of cultivated mind; he often swore, and spoke in a louder voice than was requisite, especially towards the close of a repast; he bullied the doctor unmercifully, and sometimes beat a tirailleur. On the other hand he had distinguished himself in action; he

worshipped his country; he was kind to Martha; and his open, boisterous, vulgar manners had made him a favourite among the natives. They did not precisely respect him; for it is only the slaves or 'niggers' who resemble the Christy's minstrels in their gaiety and noise: the African gentlemen are grave as Spaniards; polite, calm, silent, and reserved. They, therefore, looked upon this laughing bawling man as little better than a mountebank; but they liked him, humoured him, flattered him, and made him imagine that they revered him as a king.

The fort had been established six months before anything happened to disturb the agreeable misunderstanding between the natives and the French. A long article appeared in the 'Revue Coloniale,' describing the new possession; and the people of Jack-Jack took their friends from the bush to look at the new building, and said, 'How do you like *our* fort? What do you think of *our* big guns?' But one day the captain of a Bristol vessel at anchor in the roads sent a boat's crew on shore to fill the water-casks from the river. The natives demanded payment for the same, declaring that the river belonged to them. The captain inquired whether they would not like also to be paid for the air which he breathed, and after a long and angry dispute appealed to the commandant.

Blanchard having first ascertained that only a trifling payment was required, persuaded the natives to let the water go, undertaking that they should be

remunerated. He then invited the captain to spend a few days at the Poste, and after a little while asked him as a favour to let the people have the two or three pieces of cloth which they demanded. The captain at once complied with his request. He said that, after all, he had no great reason to complain; his oil had been duly paid in, the ship was full, and in two days he should sail for England, leaving his Krumen at Cape Palmas.

'What!' cried Martha, 'you go Cape Palmas?'

'Yes,' said he; 'can I take a letter to your friends?'

She looked down and replied after a little hesitation:

'If you please I will give you something to take.'

The next day, being alone with the captain in the afternoon, she said that the something she wished him to take to Cape Palmas was herself. She liked the commandant very much, and she knew that he was fond of her. But one thing weighed upon her mind; she was doing wrong in living there with him. Her scruples did not arise from the fact of their not being married. What troubled her was this; the commandant was a Papist; he went out shooting on Sundays; he often wore a nasty cross (the Legion of Honour) on his breast; and there was no chapel at Jack-Jack which she could attend. She wanted to go home *to get religion*, and now that an opportunity had come she would not lose it on any account.

The captain replied that if the commandant himself made the request he would be happy to give her

a passage. She clapped her hands with joy, and at once ran into the bureau. In three hours they came out together; the commandant's eyes were red, and Martha also had been crying.

'Captain,' said the Frenchman, 'here is my sweetheart—is not that what you call it—my sweetheart who is going to abandon me. I pray her to stay: well, she is not happy, she must go. Take care of her, my friend, and you will see her put on shore over the bad bar at Cape Palmas—is it not?'

'I'll see to that, commandant.'

'What time you go?' said Martha.

'To-morrow morning early with the land breeze; so you must come aboard with me to-night.'

'Then I run pack up,' said she, and hastened to her room.

Blanchard's lips quivered; he looked after her sadly, and then bowed down his head upon the table and covered his face with his hands.

It seems hard and unjust that this man, who had served his country all his life in the most unhealthy regions of the world, should be condemned when his hairs were grey, and his body enfeebled by disease, to undertake such a service, to live in such a place. Perhaps, if the truth were known, his faults of manner and his fondness for cognac and absinthe had something to do with his appointment. Be that as it may, his position was not to be envied; his only European companion was the doctor, a poor creature from the south of France,

who toadied and detested him. Such a companionship was simply demoralising; that of the natives was not much better; and it was Martha alone by whom he was preserved from unmitigated sensuality and selfishness. She nourished affections which would otherwise have perished, and awoke within his breast an attachment which, though poor and paltry in comparison with wedded love, was yet nobler than mere passion. And there was in Martha's semi-European face, and in the soft expression of her deep brown eyes, especially when they were sad, a memory of one whom Blanchard had known at Marseilles long ago. He was then a gay young conscript with a tiny flaxen moustache and smooth cheeks of pink and white unburnt by a tropical sun. He had wandered with her often in the grey olive groves by the shores of the blue and tideless sea; they had plighted their vows together, and she too rashly had yielded her heart to one who was bound for a distant land. And as for him, he meant no harm; he thought not of the future; young men resemble the children who chase a butterfly because they admire its beauty, and weep when they find that they have fondled it to death. Many and many a bitter hour it had cost this man when he remembered that the being he had loved most in the world had been utterly destroyed by him. The poor girl had died in sorrow and disgrace, and her last words had been to dictate a letter assuring him of her unaltered love.

When Martha came to him and said she wanted to

go home, he at first determined to withhold his consent, for he thought it was only an irrational caprice. But as she pleaded and cried (for that was the cause of her tears) her features and voice and melancholy looks brought the image of the lost one to his mind. He began to ask himself whether he was not going to do wrong again. Was it not for Martha's good that she should leave him? He would soon take his pension and return to France: he could not afford to give her sufficient money to make her independent; it would certainly be better for her that while she was young she should give up this kind of life. So he made her swear upon her Bible that she would never become another man's mistress, and then told her she might go.

Now when Martha came out into the dining-room and saw the commandant sobbing with his face between his hands, she began to understand the sacrifice which he had made; her cold little heart was touched, and putting her arm round his neck she offered to wait another day if the captain would consent. The captain could scarcely refuse the look which the commandant gave him, and replied that one day in a voyage did not so much matter; he might pick up another cask of oil; anyhow, he would stay. But it did matter, as it happened, for owing to this delay, though it was brief, the captain lost his ship, the commandant lost his life, and the French lost the settlement of Jack-Jack.

The next day came a fair wind, and the captain, who was left much to himself while Martha and Guil-

laume were making to each other their adieux, paced up and down the terrace of the fort in a state of mind which sailors alone can understand. In the evening he took Martha on board with her parrots and her monkeys; the wind soon afterwards fell, and by midnight it was a stark calm.

And now a terrible thing happened. *The sea rose.* Great hills of water, probably caused by a distant gale, came suddenly upon them; the surf began to roar upon the beach and to shine through the darkness like a whited wall. The ship rolled to and fro, showing its lowermost parts covered with shells, and almost touching the water with its yards. At daybreak the cable parted; the second anchor was at once let go, but being a light one, dragged, and the ship slowly drifted in towards the shore. The natives collected by the water-side, and blackened the shore, for all of them were naked. They stood motionless and silent, watching the ship, which drew nearer and nearer to the surf.

The captain, seeing that he could not save the ship, manned his boats and ran them through the surf. All three were capsized, but the Krumen saved the lives of Martha and the sailors, one of whom was brought on shore, stunned by the blow of a wave. Martha at once ran off to the fort; the captain approached the king, who stood on one side surrounded by the elders, and promised him salvage on all that his people recovered from the wreck. The king did not

reply, and one of the elders said, 'Thankee, Daddy, you good man!' upon which the others laughed with a sarcastic air. For according to their law of *flotsam* and *jetsam* whatever came out of the sea belonged to the land on which it floated or was cast. The captain and his crew were now their slaves and the wreck their property.

With the white men, however, the natives did not intend to interfere, lest they should injure their trade. Besides, at Jack-Jack, as at Bonny, a law had been enacted that white men should be held as *ju-ju*, or sacred, and that whoever injured one of them should be guilty of sacrilege, and condemned to death. But with the wreck it was a different affair, and as soon as the vessel grounded in the surf the negroes dashed into the water, clambered on board, and brought the casks of palm oil on shore, with the cabin furniture and the seamen's chests, and as much of the provisions and rum, the cordage, the iron-work, and other odds and ends as they could save. The captain stood by the waterside, giving directions and cheering them on to the work. All the cargo was heaped up on the beach, but the chests were at once broken into, and the young men scrambled for the articles of clothing which they found therein. When the captain saw a grinning savage stalking about in his own Sunday coat and another vainly attempting to pull on his Wellington boots he first began to comprehend that he had been directing them to rob him, and was about to relieve his feelings by knocking down one or

two negroes, when the sound of a bugle rang shrill and clear in the air: the gates of the fort opened; and the commandant at the head of his tirailleurs, and the Krumen of the Poste marched down to the beach and planted the French flag in the sand so that it waved over the piled-up spoil. The tirailleurs then fixed bayonets and formed a square, while the French Krumen assisted by the English sailors and the Krumen of the vessel, speedily rolled up the casks of palm oil to the fort. The negroes who had appropriated clothing ran away like deer at the sight of these warlike preparations, but the man in the Wellingtons was unable to move, and the captain himself acted as his boot-jack. The shipwrecked people went off to the fort, and in the course of the day started for Grand Bassam along the beach. The natives did not offer to prevent them, and even provided hammocks and carriers for the captain, for Martha, and also for the doctor; who, acting on a hint from his servant, a native of Jack-Jack, made an excuse for joining the party.

The commandant said to the captain: 'Do not be alarmed for your oil: it is protected by the French flag, and shall be shipped on board the gunboat which brings the mails, and which is due in three weeks' time. But I have written to the commandant at Grand Bassam to send me assistance sooner if he can; for these people mean mischief although they are so quiet, and we have not much provision in the fort.'

The elders took counsel together in the night, and

next morning went up to the fort. They begged the commandant to give up the oil, and assured him that according to all laws, human and divine, the wrecked vessel belonged to the town. The commandant replied that in France all shipwrecked property was restored to the owners. The elders said that Jack-Jack was not in France. The commandant said it was a French possession. The elders retorted that the fort was French and the ground on which it stood was French, but that the town and the beach belonged to them. 'Do we not live here,' said they, 'under our own laws? Do not the captains of vessels pay to *us* the presents for permission to trade?' And they argued the question with much subtlety and also with much moderation.

In the meantime a tornado came on. The air became suddenly dark, the trees moaned in the wind, and the waves more fiercely than ever beat upon the shore. The thunder crashed and the lightning flashed across the sky. 'Listen and behold, O white man!' cried the elders. 'The gods are angry at what you have done. With a terrible voice they are roaring, and cast from Heaven their fiery spears.'

The commandant refused to yield, and the elders slowly withdrew. 'This palaver,' they said, 'is at an end so far as we are concerned; it must now go into other hands than ours. We are the old men—we are the peacemakers; but you will not listen to us: nay, even the gods have assembled in the sky, but you will not hearken to their voice.'

They returned to the town and all was silent for a time. But in the darkest hours of the night lights gleamed in the forest, and danced to and fro; strange and dolorous cries rose, and sounds which cannot be described. Then the interpreter ran to the commandant and cried: 'Oh, master, master! give up the oil; the Purrah is at work, and we are lost.' But the commandant only smiled, and ordered the cannons to be loaded.

The Purrah was a secret society composed of the principal men in Jack-Jack and the neighbouring towns. The novices were initiated with strange and painful rites; their skins were tattoed in a peculiar manner, and they were bound by a terrible oath not to betray the secrets of the order. It is said by some that in the olden days this society was organised for the purpose of kidnapping people to sell them to the slavers; it is more probable, however, that like the vigilance committees of the wilder Western States, it was established in order to enact and execute laws which lay beyond the power of the aldermen or elders. In this case it was necessary to abrogate the law by which white men were protected, and so the elders resorted to the Purrah. After the noises of the forest had lasted some time, a voice ordered the people of Jack-Jack to go each man to his own house, to extinguish his fire, and to close his door. Then the Purrah entered the town; figures wearing black masks before their faces and covered with garments of leaves, danced, shrieking, along the

street, playing on musical instruments, and declaring war against the commandant. Next morning the people were assembled, and the chief of the town informed them that the Purrah had said they must break the fort, and the Purrah must ever be obeyed. To this the people replied in token of obedience and assent by uttering the word *Yo!* and by clapping their hands three times. Then each man painted himself with charcoal on his forehead and his breast, put on his amulets and charms, and loaded his gun.

Being now ready for the attack, these poor people herded together and went up against the fort like sheep to the slaughter. Blanchard allowed them to come close to the walls, and then fired into them with canister and grape. Two lanes were ploughed up through the crowd, which at once took to flight, and a hundred black bodies lay motionless or writhing on the ground. The fort interpreter then came out with a white flag in his hand, and called to the people that they might fetch away their wounded and their dead. The commandant also advised them to remove their women and children from the town, as if they did not ask for peace and send hostages to him he would shell Jack-Jack the next day.

The natives refused his terms, and encamped in the forest. The next day Jack-Jack was in ruins.

The siege became a blockade. The government steamer arrived with the mails, but could not assist the commandant; for as soon as a boat approached the surf,

the negroes, hiding in the bushes, fired into it, and killed two men. The troops at Bassam and Assinie were not numerous enough to relieve the fort by land, and the commandant signalled to the steamer that nothing but the Admiral's frigate could save him.

When a month had passed, the natives saw that the walls of the fort were covered with cloths. It was the dry season, and the tank was empty. The cloths had been laid on the walls to catch the dew.

A little while afterwards, a tirailleur was shot in the night, and his body was brought to the camp. He was dreadfully emaciated, and his hand, stiffened in death, grasped a bundle of weeds. For such a dinner he had risked his life.

One morning the French flag was suddenly hauled down. Then a pistol shot was heard from within the fort, and shortly afterwards a volley of musketry. The flag again ascended to the top of the staff, and the cord was cut from below. That night a bonfire blazed in the fort yard, and the tirailleurs had a feast. The shuddering natives heard their songs, and saw them dancing madly on the terrace.

Two nights afterwards the voice of a sentry was heard, and then he fired his musket. A young lad rushed into the camp. He was a native of the Gaboon, and servant to the commandant. When he saw a man eating rice from a gourd, he sprang upon him, and tore it from his hands. They tied his hands and feet, but gave him water and food. He told them that some of

the tirailleurs had mutinied, and had afterwards been shot and eaten by their companions; they refused to give any to him, on account of which he had deserted. The commandant, he said, had already eaten four pair of boots, and the leathern part of his accoutrements; and must soon die if he did not give up the fort, or if the frigate did not arrive.

Five days passed. Then the gates of the fort were thrown open, and there came forth a long line of men, whose aspect filled the natives with horror, and who staggered as they walked. They carried the commandant in a litter; but were forced to lay him down near the beach, just outside the fort: they were too weak to bear him to the camp.

The chief and elders gathered round the dying man. The interpreters stood by and quickly translated in a low voice the words which struggled from his lips. He told the chief that the fort was open, but the frigate would soon be there; if they dared to touch the oil, or to injure one of his men, it would be the worse for them. 'But, besides this,' said he, 'I am dying. In a little while I shall be a spirit; and if you enter the fort, I will return and be revenged.'

Now the people of Jack-Jack had tasted as much of war as they desired, and did not desire a second instalment from the frigate. They had seen vessel after vessel come to the roads, anchor, and then sail off to other ports; and had calculated that already the oil in the fort had cost them twenty times its value. But the

second threat had still more terrors for them than the first; for these superstitious people firmly believe that the dead can not only haunt, but also injure those that are alive. So, after conferring with the elders, the chief approached the commandant, and, striking a flint and steel above his head, swore by the iron and the stone that the soldiers should be fed and well cared for, and allowed to go on to Grand Bassam, and that the oil should be left within the fort.

Then Blanchard's eyes grew bright, and he put into his bosom his yellow, famished hand, which resembled the claw of a bird, and drew forth the tricolour, and pressed it to his lips; his eyes slowly closed, and his lips moved—perhaps he was repeating a prayer that his mother had taught him when he was a child.

His eyes again opened, and he looked upon the sea —that treacherous sea which had robbed him of his life, and which now was bright, and tranquil, and blue, as if smiling at the evil it had done. Was there something in the music of its waters which revived the memories of other days? See now his eyes upturned to heaven, and the memory becomes a hope. '*O Eugénie!*' he cries, '*ma Eugénie! ma Eugénie!*' and falling back into the arms of his sergeant, he expired.

The natives came forth from the forest, and sat among the ruins of their town, weeping and wailing, and calling on the dead. There was not a family among them that had not a lost one to mourn. The women

cut themselves with knives, and painted their bodies, according to their custom. The men gathered gloomily together. 'Of what use is it,' said they, 'to build up the houses again? soon the frigate will be here.'

At night they lit cheerful fires, and gathered close round them, speaking in whispers, and sometimes peering over their shoulders in alarm. The ghost of the French Commandant might come at any moment upon them. When they heard a sound from the forest or the sea; when a branch crashed in the wind, or a wave fell heavily upon the shore, they cried, 'Be appeased, good spirit, be appeased; the fort has not been entered; thy property is sacred and secure.'

In the night came the frigate. When the day broke, they saw her at anchor in the roads. Flags of many colours were hoisted as signals to the fort, and hauled down when there was no reply; and four large boats, filled with armed men, put off from the ship and rowed towards the beach.

The people ran away to the forest, but the sergeant went with the tirailleurs to meet the captain in command. The oil was taken off; some sailors were left to garrison the fort, and the whole affair reported to the Admiral, who had just come to the coast, succeeding Admiral de Neuville.

He came on shore and had a meeting with the elders. Jack-Jack, said the chief, belonged to the French; let the Admiral take it and build his town; as for themselves they would go and dwell among their neighbours.

The Admiral told them to rebuild their town, and promised them it should not be destroyed again. They said that a few months ago another admiral had come to them and had talked sweet words. Then they pointed to the ruins of the town.

The Admiral shrugged his shoulders and turned to the chief of his staff.

'How can one blame these poor devils? After all, this shipwreck law of theirs was also law in our own country a few hundred years ago, when already we were more civilised than they are. What the deuce could De Neuville want with this miserable hole?'

'To put it down upon paper,' said the other with a grin.

'It is evident, my Admiral,' said the captain of the frigate, 'that if the fort remains, the town will evaporate; in which case the commandant will die of hunger like the poor Blanchard.'

'It is a bad business altogether,' said the Admiral, who secretly disliked De Neuville, and was not sorry to undo his work. 'Interpreter, tell these people that since they are afraid of the fort we will take away the stones and the guns. But let them clearly understand that the treaty is not annulled, and that they must not consent to occupation by the English, or the Dutch, or the Liberians, or any other people.'

The chief and elders conferred together, and then gave their reply to the interpreter.

'Well, what do they say?' asked the Admiral.

'These people say,' replied the interpreter, 'that when a man has been bitten by a snake he is afraid of a worm. If a white man wants to build so much as a pig-sty in the town they will tell him it is forbidden by the treaty.'

ASSINIE

WHEN I landed on the beach at Assinie I thought that never in my life had I seen so dreary a spot. Fragments of shells broken by the waves; pieces of drift-wood; shipwrecked cocoa-nuts; bunches of unwholesome looking sea-weed, and lumps of brown yeasty foam lay scattered over the sand just beyond the reach of the waves which ran fiercely towards me up the steep incline, and then, as if wroth at my escape, returned to the ocean with a hissing sound.

A savage surf in which I had nearly been capsized, a sea bare of canoes, a sterile shore, all served to darken and depress my mind. I could see no signs of the 'Poste,' or station of the French; but only a row of squalid huts, and some open sheds in which salt was being boiled in large brass pans. I could see no river; but only, stretching far away to the right and to the left, a white glaring beach bordered with a creeping plant which yielded a kind of plum, tough in texture and saline in taste.

But when I passed over the sand-ridge on which the salt-houses were constructed, what a lovely scene was unfolded to my view! Before me lay the river, calm as a lagoon, and flowing parallel with the shore, to debouch into the sea a little lower down. I saw the

canoes of the fishermen who were casting their nets in the water and hauling them up at every moment, the silvery captives dancing in the folds. I saw the tropical forest, with its walls and towers of foliage on the other side of the stream, and the gleaming trunk of the silk-cotton tree, and the broad-leaved banana groves, and the palm trees waving their green plumes. Here and there some brown huts peeped out amongst the foliage, and beyond them a large white building surmounted by the French flag.

I took a canoe and was paddled across to the landing-place of the Poste. Walking knee-deep through the grass upon the bank I reached a pleasant avenue of palms, bordered with the huts of the tirailleurs, and so went on to the dwelling of the commandant; who, with the doctor and a French trader, was at breakfast on a bastion overlooking the river, and crowned with a roof which made it resemble a kiosk.

I was soon seated at the table, tasting Parisian dishes and drinking champagne. When the meal was over I produced a letter from the French Ambassador in London, and explained the purpose of my visit.

Mr. Swanzy had asked me to explore the River Assinie; and I proposed to him that I should endeavour to reach Coomassie, the capital of Ashanti. To this he agreed, and, furthermore, suggested that I should extend my journey, if the king would give me his permission, to the country beyond Coomassie; which, though not far from the coast, is entirely unknown.

Now the shortest route to Coomassie is from Cape Coast Castle, but we preferred the route from Assinie; first because it was new, and secondly because, on account of a palaver, the Cape Coast road was 'closed.'

It was probable enough that these political troubles would prevent my reaching Ashanti. In that case it was arranged that I should try to enter Inner Africa from some other part of the coast. As will eventually appear, I did fail to arrive at, or even to start for Ashanti; a most fortunate fiasco, as it happened, for thus I was enabled to make a much more interesting journey. I afterwards ascertained that no European would ever be allowed to pass beyond the Ashanti domains.

The commandant informed me that the road to Coomassie was open, and that some Ashanti traders, envoys of the king, were staying at Kinjabo, the capital and court of Assinie. Just as the King of Ashanti does not permit the people of the Coast to pass beyond Coomassie, lest they should interfere with his monopoly of the inland trade, so the King of Assinie does not permit the Ashantis to traffic with the white man on the beach. Politics and commerce are closely united in Africa, where the king is always the chief merchant in the land.

Kinjabo was thirty miles up the river. The commandant's guest, M. Chatelain, 'capitaine au long cours,' intended to go there in a few days, and I could go with him if I pleased. In the meantime the commandant placed a room in the Poste at my disposal,

and I afterwards arranged to join the mess at the moderate price of three francs a day.

I landed the goods which Mr. Swanzy had provided for the payment of my travelling expenses, and in three days' time set off with M. Chatelain for the capital of Assinie. Castor, the government interpreter, was permitted to go with us, and Amoo, a youth of Assinie, attended me as my servant or 'boy.'

We sailed a few miles up the river, crossed a large shallow lake, coated with slimy duck-weed, from which the natives extract a green paint for the decoration of their houses and their wives, and then again entered the Assinie river on the eastern side of the lake, into which it debouched, over a bar, as if into the sea. At this inner mouth of the river was a village built upon piles. In the dry season the huts resemble boxes upon stilts; in the rainy season, when the river rises, the streets are water, and the people go from house to house in their canoes.

We arrived at the landing-place of Kinjabo after dark, and walked up through the forest by torchlight to the town. We were then conducted to a large building, in the factory style, with its rooms on the first floor, and a staircase outside. This house is used only for the king's guests; so they have at Assinie what we have not in London—a Palace of Reception.

It was not a sumptuous abode; the floor was awry with wide chinks between the planks, and the furniture had sadly suffered from the climate. On the wall was a large mirror, blotched and stained by the moist air of

the forest; the chairs trembled under us when we sat down, as if afraid that we should break them; the table was on its last legs; and the sofa, the bed, and the bureau, were in an equally dilapidated state.

Amatifoo, the king, came in and apologised for the absence of dinner on account of the lateness of the hour. However, we had a cold fowl, a Lyons sausage, and some bread; so with these and a bottle of wine, and some tea made in a frying-pan, we made a tolerable repast, which the lateness of the hour did not prevent Amatifoo from joining.

This monarch was a tall, handsome man, with his beard plaited to a point, and stripes of paint across his face—a sign that he was indisposed. He was stately in his movements and his gestures; he seldom smiled, and never laughed—a man after Chesterfield's own heart—and his countenance wore that expression of lofty disdain which is appropriate and becoming in a king. But his manner of eating, though doubtless the correct thing at Assinie, was scarcely in accordance with our ideas of good taste. When offered a leg or a wing he clutched it as if it was a prey, and at such moments resembled an eagle—the haughty look, the hungry pounce. He concluded the proceedings by emptying his glass of claret into his tea, and handing the mixture to his courtiers, who drank it with an indescribable air. He then said that he was ready for business. Castor, standing forth, interpreted for Chatelain; and the king ordered a thousand muskets on behalf of the Ashantis. Next came my turn. Amatifoo

said that I was at liberty to pass through his country to the Ashanti frontier, but I must write a letter to the king, and give it, with a present, to the envoys, who would send it to Coomassie; and in about three months I would receive in reply a captain to escort me, with hammock-bearers and carriers. Such in truth is the usual etiquette. No stranger can enter the Ashanti territory without express permission from the king. I accordingly sent the letter and the gift. But no reply ever came to Assinie.

Dinner and business being over, I gathered some bones on a plate, and called for *Jack*. This was a black and tan terrier I had bought at Leadenhall Market on the day of my departure for Gravesend; he was to have been my companion in the wilderness, and the guardian of my slumbers; but now he was nowhere to be found. Jack had an active and inquiring mind—a taste for nasal exploration, which made it impossible to keep him in to heel. And also, I must confess that the excitement of reaching Kinjabo had made me forget him for the time. Castor informed me next morning that leopards often entered the town in the night, and carried off a dog for supper; this reminded me that Krumen are also fond of canine fare; that on their arrival Chatelain's men had loudly expressed their disapprobation at the absence of supper; and that shortly afterwards their angry shouts had subsided into silence, interrupted sometimes by bursts of laughter. I now, too, clearly under-

stood it all. Poor Jack had suffered the fate of many a London dog—he had been cooked and eaten.[1]

I had now three months to pass upon the Coast, and set to work as a collector. Every morning at day-break Amoo brought me a cup of tea and a roll. We then went together to the woods, picked flowers and grasses, brought them home, and laid them between sheets of thick brown paper (provided by the authorities at Kew), and placed stones, or logs of wood, or a heavy box upon them. Every day the sheets of paper had to be changed, and put out to dry in the sun, and new sheets used in their stead. If the plants were left too long without their sheets being changed, they turned black, and adhered to the paper as if they had been gummed. Even when thoroughly dried, they would sometimes re-imbibe moisture from the surrounding air. That is the worst of these forest regions. Nature is always wet through, and damp everywhere prevails. All that is of iron rusts; all that is of softer material becomes mil-dewed and mouldy. Books, bedding, and clothes should be placed every day in the sun.

As soon as I had 'pressed' my vegetable specimens, I sallied forth with a net of green gauze. When I had caught a butterfly, I pinched it to death by pressing the thorax, or middle of its body, and then, closing its wings, popped it into an envelope. Nothing more needs to be

[1] Dogs are bred, fed, and fattened for the market in many parts of Africa. Mr. Anderson, the Liberian traveller, on arriving at a certain town in the country, behind Monrovia, had one presented to him by the chief just as if it was a sheep or goat.

done, except to pack up these envelopes, when full, in a box filled with sawdust, and sprinkled with camphor. The entomologists at home know how to unfold the butterflies, and to make them again spread out their beautiful wings.

I also searched for beetles behind the rotten bark of trees, under moss-covered stones, and in other dark corners of the forest. In the little grass meadow near the Poste, I flushed enormous grasshoppers, which went off with a whirr like a covey of birds. These, as well as the beetles and other hard-skinned insects, I plunged into wide-mouthed bottles containing rum.

At eleven we sat down to breakfast. Ah, those breakfasts on the bastion, how delightful they were! The river glided softly past beneath our feet, with the deep green forest all around. We heard the singing of the rice-birds; and bright-coloured lizards, tame as domestic animals, played about by our chairs, darting their snake-like tongues upon the wandering ants; or nibbling at the grass that grew between the masonry; or amorously sporting; or lying quite still, so that we could see their hearts beating against their sides; for these tiny creatures seem to be ever in a state of palpitation.

In the heat of the day I read a book, enjoyed a siesta, or conversed with the natives. In the afternoon I took my gun, and Amoo paddled me along the river side, where I sometimes had a shot at a wild-duck; and

where, at all events, I was sure of finding an aquatic insect or plant.

In the twilight hour, or rather quarter of an hour, the bats, which dwelt like swallows beneath the eaves, began lustily to chirrup; the night had *dawned* for them, and they awoke from their sunlight sleep. One evening I saw a young bat, which had fallen from its nest, climbing straight up the wall, and found that it managed this acrobatic feat by means of the claw appended to a corner of its wing.

These house-bats were small, but when the fruit season arrived, there came from the east thousands of vampire-looking bats with foxy faces and broad dusky wings. In the evening they frequented the avenue of the tirailleurs, and we used to shoot them as they sailed through the air against the moonlight. It was quite equal to rook shooting, and if we had not the charming accessories which usually attend that sport—a country house in the back-ground, luncheon, laughter, and flirtation—on the other hand we had the glorious moonlight of the tropics, the night sounds of the forest, the song of the canoeman, gently floating down the stream, the clear notes of the bugle sounding the Retreat, and a jug of mulled claret which the hospitable commandant always provided to finish up our sport. Moreover we ran no risk of having our brains blown out; for the sporting reader cannot fail to have remarked that there is always *one* Mr. Winkle in a rook-shooting party.

The commandant had eaten the large bats of Madagascar, and had found them delicious, and these he said were of the same species. We therefore resolved to have a salmi for our breakfast, and sent a brace to the cook. But unhappily my friend's knowledge of zoology was superficial: the bats of Assinie were not the bats of Madagascar. I being the guest was served first, and so was condemned to act as taster to the company. By a violent effort I contrived to keep the nauseous morsel in my mouth till the commandant put one into his. I saw his eyes roll round with that peculiar vacant look which they assume when the mind is concentrated on the palate. Then the features were convulsed, and the bat flew forth again into the air: '*C'est musqué comme le diable!*' he exclaimed. And we both agreed that these creatures tasted as nasty as they looked. This musky flavour pervades many other animals: Bruce found it in a lion which he dined upon in Barbary, and I in a crocodile which I tried to dine on in the Fernand Vaz.

Thus I passed my time quietly at Assinie shooting and collecting. Such a life has its tranquil pleasures, and at first I thoroughly enjoyed the sleek, sober, Isaac Walton-like delights of pinching butterflies to death, that they might be impaled in cabinets and immortalised in Entomological Proceedings; but unless the collector is a scientific man, he soon grows weary of indiscriminately pressing, bottling, and enveloping everything that comes within his reach. The amateur

is always working at random and in the dark; he does not know the comparative value of his specimens, and is only guided by the general rule that showy insects, birds, and flowers are probably well known, and that the dingy common-looking species are most likely to be new. On the other hand, the expert of the museum, who is acquainted only with animals and flowers in the dried or pickled state, is also only half a man of science. It is rare indeed that the naturalist and the explorer are united in the same man. It is the problem of the proverb: '*Si la jeunesse savait; si la vieillesse pouvait!*' which, as Agassiz has well remarked, was more nearly realised in Humboldt than in any other man.

But even for a man of science there is much that is disappointing in the Tropics. In England we see the beautiful flowers of these distant lands massed together in the hot-house; but in nature they are scanty and dispersed. Nowhere in Africa, Brazil, or the Indian Archipelago are the eyes regaled with such a luxury of colour as adorns the woods and fields of our native land; a grove carpeted with bluebells, the foliage of autumn with its varied hues, or a summer meadow blazing with cowslips—a lake of golden light. Even with insects it is the same. The entomologist expects in his first ramble in the forest to gather enormous beetles from the bark of every tree, and to find a world of life in everything that he upturns; but he soon discovers that fewer insects are to be seen in the tropical forest than in an English meadow or sun-chequered

grove. The ants, however, quite come up to one's expectations; they really seem to be ubiquitous, and are divided into many species, each of which has a special method of tormenting the human race. One kind preys upon sugar, another (a small red species) on milk, a third flies into your verandah, and drives you from the house with its corpse-like stench, a fourth infests collections: you take up a butterfly, for instance, and you find a small hole drilled into its thorax; you break open the body, and find it a tube hollowed out by ants of marvellous minuteness.

The white ants destroy houses, especially the woodwork. It is related of a resident upon the coast that on going home for a few months he locked up his house, instead of lending it to an acquaintance, as is usually done. But the selfish old gentleman thought that his furniture would keep better for not being used. When he returned he unlocked his front door, and gave it a push. *His hand went through.* Ditto with all the other doors of his house. Such are the white ants.

The drivers are not less interesting in their habits. At times they migrate in millions, and if houses come in their way the lawful owners at once move out, if they are able. Bed-ridden persons, it is said, have more than once had a narrow escape for their lives, and M. Rapet told me a story of a Scotchman in the Casemanche, who, being very drunk, one night went out into the forest and slept under a tree, and the drivers coming by ate him as they passed. Yet these ants with all their

myriads are not too many for the task which Nature has assigned them to perform. The forest is a charnel house: in its dark shades, where no sunlight penetrates, the ground is covered with putrid vegetation, and did not the ants act as scavengers, its atmosphere would be fatal to mankind.

I was once watching an army of drivers crossing a path, some of them carrying their young ones in their mouths, when to my surprise I saw a small snake go past in the procession. The natives told me that he was the 'King of the Ants,' and was going with them to make a new town. I afterwards read in Bates' 'Amazon' that this creature is a kind of slow-worm, called 'Amphisbœna,' which dwells among the ants. It is supposed that in some way or other it is useful to the commonwealth; but, on the other hand, when the animal is opened, ants are found within its stomach. It may therefore be compared to the High Court of Chancery, an old and time-honoured institution, which the ants are unable to dispense with, and which devours many victims in the course of the year. Every country has its Amphisbœna.

Many animals prey upon the ants; negroes consider white ants a great dainty. There is one kind of ant-lion which assumes a singular disguise. Taking dry leaves it gums them on its back so that its body is entirely concealed, and the ants approach it without suspicion. I kept some of these ant-lions in captivity, and stripping off their leaves, left them naked in

a box, and then put in some bits of brown paper, which they at once put upon their backs.

I found it necessary to visit Cape Coast Castle before the three months had expired, and the king's reply might be expected: first, because at Assinie I could not obtain an intelligent interpreter, Amoo's knowledge of French being very slight and his intellect defective; secondly, because gold-dust was requisite to pay my travelling expenses. I could easily have sold my goods for gold at Assinie, had it not been for the barbarous law of the French, which at that time forbade foreigners to trade; I therefore determined to reship these goods by the first of Mr. Swanzy's vessels that should touch at Assinie, and to obtain gold-dust in its stead from the agent at Cape Coast Castle.

It would have been cheaper and more convenient to go to the English settlements by sea; but vessels so rarely come to this isolated spot that I made up my mind to travel by land along the beach. The whole of this tract at that time belonged to the Dutch, whose forts were stationed along the seaboard at an average distance of a day's journey, with fishing villages between them. The natives under Dutch rule and the natives under English rule were said to be at war, and vague rumours had reached Assinie of battles and bombardments. Before I describe my journey I will explain the state of affairs upon the Gold Coast, not in a dry red-tape essay, but in a romantic tale.

THE BLEEDING HEART

What is that little ball you are spinning, mamma?

It is called the Earth, my child; and I am spinning from it a garment of love.

And whence does the love come?

From the hearts of men, those little insects you see upon the ball.

And what is it you are sprinkling upon them as you spin?

That is the acid of affliction, which makes their hearts bleed, and then love comes out of the wound. See here this heart, latitude 5° N. longitude 1° 20′ W. I sprinkle it so . . . there . . . look, what a silvery love-thread!

O poor bleeding heart! see how it throbs with pain! Mamma, how can you be so cruel?

My dear, lobsters must be boiled, cod must be crimped, eels must be skinned alive; and so likewise men must be tormented that we may be nobly and beautifully clothed.

But will not their hearts yield love without affliction and pain?

Not of this superior texture, my dear.

GERRIT VAN WAVEREN was a Dutch merchant, who was forced by his business to reside at St. Petersburg, but who, in spite of his exile, was contented, for he tenderly loved his young wife, and was not less beloved by her. The birth of a child, whom they named Roelof, drew their hearts yet more closely together. Gerrit's sister, who lived at Amsterdam, sent them over a Dutch nurse; but when she arrived, the house was in mourning—Madame van Waveren was dead.

Those great and god-like minds, by whom Romeo and Werther were created, give to each of their heroes a

preliminary love. When, for the first time they saw Juliet and Charlotte, their hearts had been already prepared for that terrible passion which afterwards consumed their lives. To some this appears strange and unreal; yet probably the masterpieces of the heart can only be achieved when the affections have become practised and mature. A first love, like a first work, has indeed a peculiar freshness and charm which can never be revived; but the richest treasures of the heart lie deep, as gold is most abundant low down beneath the surface of the soil.

Van Waveren's affection for his wife had for him made tenderness a habit, and love a daily want; and he bestowed his desolate and famished heart upon his child, who inherited the beauty of its mother, and whose playful smiles made her live again before his eyes. He hung the miniature of the boy upon the wooden railings of his desk, and hastened home after office hours with the feelings of a lover; he passed the whole evening with Roelof upon his knees, showing him pictures, telling him stories, or listening to his juvenile prattle with inconceivable delight. The bedtime hour was dreaded by Gerrit as much as by the wakeful Roelof; and when the nurse came for her charge, the father would beg for five minutes more, and yet five minutes more, till at length the young woman would advance towards him with a face of matron-like severity, snatch up the child in her great white arms, and bear him off towards the door; while he, his little head leaning on her shoulder, and

one hand caressing the great gold ornaments which curled from her forehead, according to the fashion of the Dutch peasant-girls, would peep back at his papa, wave his pink fingers, and babble an adieu.

These nightly partings were as omens to Van Waveren, for he knew that soon he would be forced to sever himself from his beloved boy. He could not leave St. Petersburg without ruining his business, and a home education was essential for Roelof's prospects in life. Gerrit reasoned with himself, that to keep the child in Russia would be selfishness, not affection; and so, when Roelof was ten years old, he took him to his sister at Amsterdam, and placed him under her care. Then, returning to St. Petersburg, he devoted himself to the making of money for his son.

In the meantime the boy grew up and flourished beneath the roof of his maiden aunt, who gave to Roelof, and to Charlotte, her adopted daughter, the affections which she had once hoped to bestow upon children of her own.

She was a woman who had known sorrow; for in her youth she had been betrothed, and afterwards deserted for one more beautiful and wealthy than herself. But when the blow fell upon her, she bore it with piety and resignation, and patiently endured her life. Never did she allude to her wrongs and sufferings but once, and then it was to console a poor girl, the victim of unrequited love. To her she related the sad story of her heart, and taught her the sublime philosophy of women,

which enjoins the concealment of a passion that is not returned.

When Roelof was seventeen years of age, his aunt took a house at Leyden, where he now matriculated. Charlotte was sixteen, and had for Roelof the affection of a sister. From childhood they had been companions together. She had learnt Latin and Greek when she was a little girl, that there might be nothing in his mind which she could not share with him; and now she became a collegiate student as well as himself, for she copied out all his themes and lecture-notes, and strove to keep up with him as he climbed higher and higher in the tree of academic knowledge. Little did Roelof think that after he had gone to bed, Charlotte often sat up half the night poring over Æschylus, and algebra, and logic, that he might not think her stupid when they worked together in the evening. As for him, she was convinced he was a genius; and he was of the same opinion, though sometimes affecting to doubt his own powers, that he might enjoy the pleasant praises which she then bestowed. They had not yet arranged the precise manner in which he should take the world by storm; but they were both agreed that when he had made himself famous in his profession (whatever it might be), he should then enter political life, become celebrated as an orator and statesman, and, finally, rise to the highest rank that a subject can attain.

Yet so extravagant was the character of Roelof, who had been bred in an atmosphere of adulation, that

it seemed to him a small matter to become Prime Minister of Holland. He aspired to make himself historical, and imagined all kinds of impossible projects which should yield him world-wide and eternal fame.

In such a distracted and Quixotic frame of mind, he took up one day an English book of travels, 'Bowditch's Mission to Ashanti.' Bowditch was a good observer, and possessed of no slight literary skill. He has painted in glowing colours the wealth and magnificence of the golden town; and Roelof, dazzled and enchanted by these pictures of barbaric wealth, imagined that Africa was another Hindostan; that the exploits of Clive might there be repeated by himself; and that so Holland might be restored to its ancient place among the nations. In a year's time he would have taken his degree; but at once, and without speaking to his aunt, he demanded from his father a commission in the Gold Coast Corps; threatening, in the event of his refusal, to go out as a writer or clerk, as Clive had done before him. His father procured him the commission, merely stipulating that as soon as he was cured of his fancy he should return to Holland and resume his studies.

Charlotte first heard of this strange determination, not from Roelof himself, but from his aunt; she went into the garden, and found her brother, as she called him, pacing to and fro in a hasty and excited manner. She reproached him gently for having kept a secret from her, who had never kept one from him, and

implored him with the tenderest caresses to forego his wild and dangerous scheme.

'Ah, Roelof,' she cried, 'you have wounded your father's heart—your kind good father, who has never refused you a request: our aunt has just received a letter from him, and it made her cry. And what have *we* done that you should forsake us? Do we not live entirely for you? Of whom else do we think and speak from morning till night?'

Roelof embraced her fondly, begged the forgiveness of his aunt, and wrote an affectionate letter to his father; but he did not change his resolution, and soon received orders to sail for Elmina. The two women became resigned to his departure, and consoled themselves with the assurances of those who knew what the Gold Coast was, that Roelof would soon return. They went with him to Rotterdam and purchased his outfit, and the last night that he passed on shore they all sat up together, Charlotte marking his clothes and writing his name in some books which he had bought. The next day at noon they parted from him on the deck of the frigate, in which, with some other officers, he had been given by the Government a passage to Elmina. On all sides were to be seen weeping women who bade farewell to their lovers and husbands and sons. How many sailed to Guinea, and, alas, how few returned! The bell sounded with a fierce clang; delicate ladies and rough sailors' wives, united by a common affliction, were placed side by side in the boat, while the ship,

spreading its gigantic sails, moved slowly down the river and out into the sea.

During the voyage Roelof studied the Elmina, or Fanti language, of which he had procured a vocabulary at Rotterdam. In the evening, leaning on the bulwarks, he gazed upon the clouds, or the stars, or the broad rolling waves, and abandoned himself to reverie. How describe without a smile the fancies which fevered in his brain? The career of Clive now appeared to him prosaic. He had won wealth and glory in the East, but had then returned to England to be merely a member of parliament and to sink into a unit of the crowd. But he, Roelof van Waveren, would become a Mayor of the Palace at Coomassie; he would conquer the natives far and wide, ascend the golden throne of Ashanti and be recognised by the powers of Europe as a king. He would invent a new religion for his people, lay open the vast resources of his land, invite European industry and science, and create an Africa, as Russia had been created by Peter the Great.

One morning he awoke and found that the vessel was anchored off Elmina. He saw Africa spread before him like a green garment; his eyes luxuriated on the swelling hills of the Gold Coast, the elegant palm trees, the milky water playing on the crimson shore. He could not believe that a land so exquisitely beautiful could be poisonous and deadly. A canoe came off, paddled by the natives, and he listened with delight to their melo-

dious song. But when, returning, they approached the shore, the white-crested waves, which in the distance had appeared so picturesque, were now terrible and sombre. It was the rainy season, and the surf was high. The waves swept into the canoe and lined it with sand torn up from the bottom of the sea. The canoe was twice pooped and nearly capsized: the other passengers were alarmed, and so were the canoemen; but Roelof only smiled, for he believed in his destiny.

As soon as he landed he pretended to stumble and to fall, that he might kiss the ground. Taking up a small pebble he hid it in his bosom. 'Let this,' said he to himself, 'be a memento of the day which I shall render celebrated.'

He devoted himself with extraordinary enthusiasm to his military exercises, and lived much among the natives; but in six months' time he had discovered that to be a Napoleon in Africa it is necessary to live seven hundred years instead of seventy; he also found out that Africa was a poor country, where, as an old voyager wrote, 'the kings are peasants, their palaces hovels, and their ships hollow trees.' He was informed by mulattoes who had been to Coomassie that the descriptions of Bowditch were not exaggerated, but that the treasures of the king had been long and painfully amassed, and were not after all very large when translated into gilders and cents. So Roelof recovered his senses; and, as he saw no prospect of making a name in Elmina, was about to

throw up his commission, when some envoys arrived at Elmina from the King of Ashanti.

The Ashanti country commences beyond the river Praah, about fifty miles inland from Elmina, and its capital, Coomassie, is a hundred and twenty miles distant from the coast. In the early part of the present century, the Ashantis invaded the coast-tribes, defeated them in every direction, and reduced several European forts.

But with the Europeans themselves they had no desire to contend ; and, indeed, they waged war in order to obtain, by the subjugation of the broker tribes, free trade and unrestricted intercourse with the people of the sea. Their country abounded in gold mines, and they desired to purchase at first-hand their salt, their rum, their ammunition, and cotton goods. At that time the English and the Dutch paid *notes*, or stipends, to the coast chiefs ; and the Ashantis, having conquered the coast-people, or Fantis, demanded that henceforth the notes should be paid to them instead. Both the Dutch and English governors agreed to this arrangement, and in 1817 Mr. Bowditch was entrusted with a mission to Coomassie for the purpose of making a treaty with the king to that effect. But the Fantis shortly afterwards rebelled against the Ashantis, and prevented their gold-traders from descending to the coast. The Government of Cape Coast Castle adopted a Fanti policy, formed the coast-tribes into a British Protectorate, and assisted them to repel the invasions of the

enemy. In one great battle the Fantis and English were defeated, and Sir Charles Macarthy, the Governor of West Africa, died, fighting bravely at the head of the troops, and many other officers were killed. Yet, in spite of this reverse, the Fantis recovered and maintained their independence.

Meanwhile the Dutch remained true to the alliance which they also had made with the Ashantis. The stipend or *note* was no longer paid to the King of Elmina, but to the King of Ashanti; and Elmina was regarded by that monarch as his seaport, its people as his vassals.

Thus it will be seen that the natives under English rule were enemies of Ashanti, and that the natives under Dutch rule were the friends of Ashanti. While, therefore, the Governments of Cape Coast Castle and Elmina (which are only nine miles apart) were always on good terms, the natives of these two towns, though almost blood-relations, were bitterly hostile to each other. This unnatural condition of affairs finally produced bloodshed on the Coast, and important transactions between London and the Hague.

At the time of Roelof's arrival on the Coast, Sai Cudjoe, a nobleman of Ashanti, had found a nugget in his gold-pit, and had retained it, contrary to law; for all nuggets belong to the king. His theft was betrayed by a slave; he fled across the Praah; and entering the fort at Cape Coast Castle, claimed the protection of the British flag. The King of Ashanti demanded that he

should be given up; the governor refused; and the king, who meditated war, despatched envoys to Elmina to ascertain the feelings of the Dutch towards him, and to request that the governor would send him an officer with whom he might himself confer. The Elminas, who were attached to the Ashanti alliance, warmly seconded this application, and begged the governor that Roelof might be selected, since he could speak their language, which differs but slightly from that of Ashanti, and was acquainted with their laws, politics, and customs, and was a man on whose friendship and discretion they could implicitly rely. The governor was not much pleased with this request, which took the appointing power from his hands, but had too much wisdom to refuse it. He accordingly summoned Van Waveren and gave him his instructions by word of mouth, that in so delicate a matter he might in no way compromise himself.

Born in the Custom-house at Java, he entered his father's office at the age of fifteen, and had been an official during fifty years. Without a spark of original talent, he had acquired by dint of experience a remarkable adroitness in the composition of letters and despatches; which were models of clearness or obscurity as the occasion might demand. Having no ideas of his own, he appropriated those of other people; for which predatory practice facilities abound in official life, since subalterns dare not expose the plagiarisms of their superiors. He was also expert in the difficult art of making and breaking promises, without committing a positive

untruth. Nature, who had made him a liar, had also made him a lie; for his appearance was noble and majestic. His manners were courtly and urbane, though somewhat tinged with pomposity and affectation. He was extremely hospitable, and permitted the utmost freedom at his table, in order that he might study the disposition of his guests; as a clerk tries quill pens upon his nail. He did not resent personal insults, but propitiated his opponents when he found them dangerous; and in all his life had never made an enemy—or a friend.

The message which he gave to Roelof (*vivâ voce*) was as follows:—

1. The Dutch and English Governments will never go to war about this matter.

2. The Dutch can in no case make aggressive war against the natives of the British Protectorate; but if attacked will defend themselves. It is impossible for the Fantis to take Elmina.

3. The King of Ashanti may rely upon the Dutch Government remaining true to the alliance, and the stipend shall be regularly paid. The natives who live under the Dutch flag at Elmina, Chama, Boutrie, Secondee, Axim, and Accra will never be allowed to join the confederation of coast-tribes, or in any way to assist those people in their wars against Ashanti.

4. The Dutch Government permits the people of Elmina, Chama, &c., to supply the Ashantis with munitions of war, and this permission will never be withdrawn.

Roelof having made his preparations, and having been provided by the Government with a certain quantity of gold-dust for the payment of his expenses, and with some pieces of silk for the king, started on his journey. He was carried through a forest country along a path winding as a river; his Ashanti porters were speedy and adroit, for the hammock is the carriage of their country. They improvised verses as they trotted along, and sometimes danced the hammock up and down; while the spare men forming the relays ran lightly by their side, cheering them on, joining in the chorus of their songs, and ringing bells to frighten all evil spirits away.

The villages, or crooms, occupied clearings in the forest. The houses were neatly built of red clay, sometimes washed over with the edible white earth of the Gold Coast. In the walls were large square windows, usually furnished with shutters; and these dwellings often contained tables, bedsteads, and chairs of European fashion, manufactured by the natives. In this part of Africa they have not only the trades or guilds of the weaver, cordwainer, and smith, as among the Foulas and Mandingoes, but also that of the carpenter as well.

In these villages they halted to breakfast and to rest during *The Calm*, or fiery hour of the noon; and in the evening they put up within them for the night. The grey-bearded elders received Roelof with politeness, and gave him a goat, a sheep, or a fowl; receiving, before he departed in the morning, some grains of gold-dust in

return. But the Ashantis would not always travel; for their calendar abounds with unlucky days, and Saturdays they always kept as a Sabbath. On that day of the week the Ashantis had met with a terrible disaster. They fought a battle near Cormantee, upon the coast, and in the dusk of evening were pursuing the Fantis, whom they had defeated, when some of the enemy surprised their rear and shot the king within his hammock. To swear by Saturday and Cormantee was the most solemn and terrible of oaths, and it was forbidden to pronounce these words in ordinary conversation.

They crossed the Praah, and entered the territory of the Ashantis. The country was covered with interminable forest. The narrow path of glutinous red clay, which, worn by thousands of naked feet, had the shining, slippery appearance of ice, was often broken by the roots of trees which rose above the surface of the ground. Sometimes an enormous tree had fallen across the path; and Roelof, alighting from his hammock, found that as it lay it reached up to his neck. The air was shady and cool, and often at the bottom of a hill they passed through a stream which tinkled merrily along over quartz pebbles, and glittering white sand, and flakes of mica, or imitation-gold—one of Nature's Brummagem productions. On the twenty-fifth day they entered the marsh which surrounds Coomassie, and messengers were sent to announce their arrival to the king. Having received permission to proceed, they entered the town at two o'clock P.M., passing under a fetish, or sacrifice of dead sheep wrapped up in red silk

and suspended between two lofty poles. Upwards of five thousand warriors met them with volleys of musketry and bursts of martial music; and Roelof's attention was called to the language of the trumpets, the notes of which were modulated to sound like words, and which were made to say in Ashanti, *Welcome to the white man!* These warriors wore skin caps of the pangolin, or scaly ant-eater of the Gold Coast, the tail hanging down behind; and cartouche belts composed of small gourds covered with skin, and embossed with red shells. Iron chains and collars dignified the most daring; who were prouder of these ornaments than gold. The soldiers fired their long Danish guns, holding them out at arm's length; and often these weapons, which boomed and recoiled like field-pieces, leaped from their hands, and two or three burst; an accident as common on their days of festivity and pageant, as, in ours, for some people to be squeezed to death in a crowd.

As Roelof slowly advanced through the town the Captains came before him, dressed in the strangest of costumes: a vest of red cloth, covered with amulets in leather cases, loose cotton trousers, immense boots of a dull red colour, plumes of eagles' feathers fastened under the chin with a band of cowrie shells, and gilded rams' horns projecting from their foreheads. They performed a fantastic dance, while Dutch and Danish and English flags taken in battle were triumphantly waved. The large open porches of the houses were thronged with women and children, impatient to behold the white man, and clapping their hands with joy when he appeared.

He reached the market-place, which was filled with many thousand people; and as soon as he entered the open space, a hundred umbrellas and canopies, which could shelter at least thirty persons, were danced up and down. These canopies were made of scarlet and yellow silk with scolloped and fringed valances in which small looking-glasses were inserted; and they were crowned with stuffed animals, or with crescents, pelicans, and elephants of gold.

The state hammocks, like long cradles, were also displayed in the rear. Their cushions and pillows were covered with crimson taffeta, and the richest cloths hung over the side.

The king's messengers, with breast-plates of gold, made way for Roelof and his companions. He stood before the nobles of the kingdom: the glare of their gold ornaments in the sunshine was almost insupportable; not one of them had less than a thousand pounds sterling on his person, and their arms were so heavily loaded that they rested them on the necks of their slaves. Their attendants held before them their gold-handled swords rusted with 'Fanti blood. Handsome girls stood behind their stools with silver basins or spittoons. The chiefs sat on high wooden stools, delicately carved, and these, with their umbrellas, formed their orders of nobility and had been presented to them by the King.

The prolonged flourishes of the horns and a deafening tumult of drums announced that he was approaching

the king. He passed the chief officers of the household, namely, the Lord Chamberlain, the Blower of the Golden Horn, the Captain of the Messengers, the Captain of the Market, the Keeper of the Royal Burial-Ground, and the Master of the Minstrels, surrounded by retinues which proclaimed the dignity and importance of their stations. The Cook had before him a service of massy silver plate; the King's four Linguists or *Mouths* were encircled by a splendour inferior to none; and their peculiar insignia were golden canes bound in bundles like the fasces of the Romans, and elevated before them. The Keeper of the Treasury displayed his service: the blow-pan, boxes, scales and weights were of solid gold. The Executioner was a man of gigantic stature: he carried a gold hatchet, and the block was exhibited before him, clotted with blood and covered with a cawl of fat.

The King himself was seated in a low chair, richly ornamented with gold. He wore a pair of golden castanets on his finger and thumb, and clapped them to enforce silence. A fillet of the precious aggry beads, which are found in ancient graves beneath the soil, and which even the ingenious Europeans are unable to imitate, encircled his forehead, on which a diadem was elegantly painted. It would be tedious to describe in detail the various gold ornaments of delicate workmanship with which he was adorned. Elephants' tails were waved like a small cloud around him. The Chief of the Eunuchs stood at his right hand. At a little

distance was the throne or royal stool, entirely cased in gold and displayed under a splendid umbrella. Behind him stood his *Okras*, or Souls: a peculiar gold ornament upon their breasts announced their singular office. When the king died, these *Okras* destroyed themselves that they might escort their master to the under-world.

A procession filed before Roelof, passing between him and the king. Chiefs mounted on the shoulders of their slaves, while their clients cried out their 'strong names;' Moors or Moslem negroes clad in snowy white, with turbans round their brows; a band of fetish priests, who passed wheeling round and round with inconceivable velocity. Then came others of inferior rank, yet fathers of families and masters of houses; some danced past him like buffoons, others with ferocious gestures of war, but most of them with order and dignity; some slipping one sandal off, some both; others casting dust upon their heads; others baring the left shoulder (the right is always bare), the usual sign of respect on the Gold Coast, and equivalent to taking off the cap.

Such was the ceremony of reception; which, it is needless to say, had been carefully arranged to make an impression on the Dutch envoy and his companions of Elmina. A few formal words having passed between him and the king, he was conducted to the house which had been prepared for his reception, and the next day received a present from the palace. It consisted of many sheep, and of plantains borne on the hands of five hundred men.

On the third day he was informed that he might make his presents, and was conducted to the palace, which was a little village in itself with many houses, all of them enclosed by a high wall. Each house was built round an open space, or courtyard, with arcades; and above them, rooms on the first storey, with windows of intricate but regular carved lattice-work.

The king received Roelof in an inner chamber, and thanked him for his presents. He seemed to receive with still more pleasure the assurance that the Dutch would not prevent the people of Elmina from selling him arms and ammunition. 'I can get what I want from Assinie,' he said, 'for the French are my friends; but Elmina is my daughter.' He then asked several questions respecting the English; and Roelof frankly told him that he could never hope to conquer from them the settlements upon the sea-board; he also said that the King of Holland was a friend of the Queen of England, and would never countenance a war against the English forts. But as regarded the Fantis that was a different affair. The king replied that he had no desire to fight against the English, or to cause a war between them and the Dutch. 'I wish,' said he, 'to be friends to all white men; I think them next to God.' Here he raised his hands to heaven, and then covered his face. There was silence for a little time. 'I have no quarrel with the English,' he repeated, 'but only with those cowardly Fantis, whose part they have taken against me, in spite of the treaty which our fathers made. You, that are a

white man, can you tell me why they do so? The Fantis cheat them with both hands; they make false gold: we Ashantis do not know how to do that. And now they have protected that runaway, that thief, Sai Cudjoe. The English know that with my own powder and shot I drove the Fantis under the forts. I spread my sword over them: they were all killed, and their notes from the forts were mine. Do you know what these Fantis say: these dogs, these rebels, these slaves? That they will cut the road from me to Elmina—to Elmina which is mine—to Elmina where I eat my salt, and where I drink my rum!' Here his eye became red, and he cried in a voice of thunder: '*I will descend from my throne, with my drawn sword in my hand, and I will drive those rebels into the sea.* Then there shall be nothing between the white man and myself; they shall purchase their gold-dust from us, who have dug it with our hands.'

'I have sent a message to the English,' he continued, 'and I have told them that if they do not deliver up that runaway thief, Sai Cudjoe, I will make the land ashes from the Praah to the sea, and the rivers shall be blood at my command. The white men only will I spare.'

At this moment a man came in and announced that the envoys from Cape Coast Castle had returned, and were waiting outside the town. The king said that they might enter, and after some time the messengers appeared in the palace, followed by slaves who bore a heavy box upon their shoulders. The ambassador-in-

chief was ordered to relate the history of his mission, which he did at considerable length. He said, among other things, that the Fantis had insulted them in the streets of Cape Coast, but that the Government had treated them well. At this there was a murmur of applause. The criers, with gold plates on their foreheads and monkey-skin caps on their heads, bawled out, '*Be silent! Pray hear!*' The Governor had quickly given them an audience, and the message which he sent was this: 'Your king says that he will break this country if I do not give up Sai Cudjoe. To that demand I must defer my reply. In the meantime take him the present which this box contains; let it not be opened except before the king himself, and tell him I am able and willing to give him not only one but a thousand such presents if he should desire to receive them.'

The box was set down before the king. The courtiers attempted to raise it; but though not large, it was exceedingly heavy, and they all agreed that there must be a solid mass of silver within. The king ordered that next day the box should be publicly opened in the market-place.

The next day the great square was crowded, as it had been on the occasion of Roelof's arrival. The ambassador stood forth and repeated the narrative which he had already related in private to the king. The box was then opened by the chief of the blacksmiths. Something round and heavy was within it, in cloth. Two

courtiers eagerly unwrapped it, and out rolled an enormous cannon-ball! The market-place was on a slope, and the ball, as if endowed with life, rolled down among the crowd, and the people shrieking sprang on one side.

And then there was a yell of fury, so loud, so shrill, that throughout the town the vultures rose from the roofs of the houses, and swept round and round in the air. The king drew his beard into his mouth, and champed it with a savage air. The nobles cried, 'They have put you to shame! They have put you to shame! Let there be war!' The trumpets sounded, *Death! death! death!* The warriors fired off their muskets in the air, and howled like infuriated beasts. The captains rushed up to the king, and bowing before him, received his foot upon their heads, and swore by *Saturday and Cormantee,* lifting up the two first fingers of the right hand, that they would bring him the heads of the Fanti chiefs. The king ordered that the army, or in other words the nation, should be ready to march at once, and the Elminas made haste to pack up their bundles and depart; for soon no man would be left in the town, except the children and the aged; and then the women, stripping naked, would march in procession through the streets, and beat any man who had been left behind.

So Roelof took his departure, and travelling quickly, for the most part in the night, as he feared the Fantis might intercept him, arrived in safety at Elmina.

The Ashantis crossed the Praah, burnt some Fanti villages, and then encamped. Their method of making

war is exceedingly deliberate. In the meanwhile Roelof became the lion of Elmina. The Governor asked him to dinner two or three times a week, and complimented him highly on his official report, which he had sent on, he said, to the Minister of the Colonies, with favourable comments of his own. His brother officers gave him a banquet; and the colonel of the regiment proposed his health in an eloquent speech, comparing him to Livingstone and Mungo Park. The native gentlemen and ladies overwhelmed him with compliments, and the common people clapped their hands when they met him in the street.

But there is an end to everything, after all. In course of time the topic was exhausted, and Roelof returned to his ordinary life. The parade at daybreak; the breakfast in the mess-room; conversation; the siesta; the afternoon walk along the beach; dinner; conversation. Such was the routine of an existence which he found, day by day, more monotonous and weary. He anxiously waited for despatches from the Hague, in reply to the Governor's letters enclosing his report. When the mail came in, it brought a letter written on blue paper with a margin, and fastened at the top with red tape; it contained a cold approval of the Governor's procedure in sending an officer as envoy to Coomassie, and also instructed the Governor to inform that officer that the Minister was satisfied with the manner in which he had executed his mission.

And is that all? said Roelof to himself; and again

began to think of going home. His comrades urged him to do so, since he could; and confessed that necessity alone prevented them from leaving a dangerous and unprofitable service. An obstinate attack of intermittent fever decided the question in his mind, and he wrote letters home to say that, having obtained sick leave, he would return by the next mail. He knew that his aunt and Charlotte would implore him not to go back to Elmina, and determined to yield little by little to their solicitations; so that it might appear as if he gave up a cherished design out of pure regard and affection for them.

The mails were brought out by the Liverpool steamer, which touched once a month at Cape Coast Castle, whence they were fetched to Elmina by the Government canoe. On a certain morning in January 1863, an officer ran into the mess-room, and announced that the steamer was in sight. This was the great event of the month. Every face brightened, and they all assembled on the terrace of the fort, and watched the steamer as it passed with a train of black smoke streaming forth behind. They walked up and down for a couple of hours, chatting and laughing with European vivacity, as if they were at home. Then a man who had a field-glass cried out, 'It is coming!' and all, bending over the parapet, watched the canoe as it approached, making to itself a bed in the sea, the tricolour waving in the prow. It passed through the surf, and was soon up on the beach. Then the excitement became intense; all eyes were fixed upon the steersman. He stooped,

and took out a grey bag, at the sight of which the officers shouted and waved their caps. It was carried off to the post-office in the fort. The next ten or fifteen minutes seemed to these poor exiles as long as the whole month before. Then out came a negro in a gold-laced cap, showing his white teeth with sympathetic joy. Dead silence ensued. They were all too anxious to speak; and each, as he received his letters, gave a sigh of relief to find that he had not been forgotten. You that have friends in such distant and desolate regions, do not neglect them; do not postpone writing to them a few kind words; for you know not how much happiness you may thus bestow. In Africa, letters from home are as bedside visits to those that are suffering in loneliness and pain.

Roelof alone awaited the distribution of the mails; not indeed without excitement, but without anxiety or fear, for he never failed to receive three letters every month; one from his father, one from Charlotte, and one from his aunt. He was reading these letters in his hammock, which was slung across the room, when the Governor's secretary rushed in, and said, 'Come to him at once; here is your sword and belt; make haste and put them on. *The King wants you.*' And so saying, he pulled Roelof from the hammock, and, refusing all explanation, hurried him into the Governor's bureau.

His Excellency received him with an affable air, and said that his report had been shown to the King, thanks to the warm praises which he himself had bestowed

upon it, and the King had ordered that Mr. Roelof van Waveren should return to Holland at once and present himself to the Colonial Minister. Roelof could not find words sufficiently enthusiastic to express his gratitude to the Governor; but when he had read his father's letter he found out how the case really stood. Roelof had sent to his father a copy of his official report; his father had shown it to the Ambassador at St. Petersburg; the Ambassador had shown it to the Colonial Minister; the Colonial Minister had shown it to the King. The Governor had not forwarded the report at all, but had embodied its materials in his own despatch. He certainly could not pretend that he had been to Coomassie himself, but had passed over Roelof as lightly as he could, had cut out all the descriptive portions, the authorship of which could not be disguised, and thus had reduced the report to a mere red-tape document, which was speedily pigeon-holed. But the real report was admirably written, and it is a mistake to suppose that officials dislike being interested. The Colonial Minister had a picture presented to his mind of the Ashanti people, and for the first time understood the intricate relations which existed between Coomassie, Cape Coast Castle, and Elmina. Roelof had made two points quite clear: first, that the Ashantis would always be at war with the Fantis until they obtained free trade with the sea; second, that the Fantis or natives under English rule would certainly make war on the Elminas unless they joined them against the Ashantis. It was evident that

matters were approaching a dangerous crisis, with which the Governor was quite unable to cope, and which he did not seem even to suspect. It was therefore considered advisable that Roelof should be examined in person at the Hague.

The English steamer would pass in a week, and during that week Roelof dined every day with the Governor; who gave him open letters to statesmen at the Hague, and to ladies of rank, in which letters he praised to the skies the valour and talents of his young friend; so that Roelof bade him adieu with a full heart. He travelled post to Cape Coast Castle, the hammock-men galloping all the way, lunched with the Governor, and went on board the steamer in the afternoon. As it passed Elmina, he leant over the bulwarks and smiled to himself at the foolish fancies which had filled his brain when he first looked upon the scene before him. 'Farewell, Africa!' said he. 'You have served my turn, and I certainly shall not visit you again.'

On arriving at the Hague he was presented, and had the honour of dining with the King, who gave him soon afterwards a place at court. His youth, beauty, and curious adventures made him the lion of the winter; he received invitations every day, which he persuaded himself that he ought not to refuse, and so was unable to visit his aunt and Charlotte even for an hour. He told them in his letters that the duties of his post detained him at the Hague, but as soon as he obtained leave of absence he would come and stay with them a good long

time. It was not, however, till the summer that the Hague emptied, and that so this excellent young man was released from the onerous duties which Society imposed upon him. His aunt then received a letter, in which he announced that he had a month at his own disposal, and *of course* would spend it with them in the old house at Leyden, which was endeared to him by the fondest recollections. It was a very pretty letter, for Roelof had lately been in the habit of writing *billets-doux*. Nor was this the only accomplishment our hero had acquired. His post at the court did not cover the expenses which it involved; but he had received a handsome present from his father, who told him to live like the others and spare no expense: a command which Roelof obeyed with filial submission. Six months at the Hague had made him a man of fashion, and so when his aunt and Charlotte met him at the station, they opened their eyes with wonder, and were as much startled as they were pleased. Instead of the tall pink-cheeked lad, timid in his looks and perhaps rather awkward in his manners, from whom they had parted eighteen months before, they beheld an elegant young man dressed in the French fashion; and heard themselves addressed in the accents of the Hague. When Charlotte unpacked his portmanteaus she was still more amazed at the treasures they disclosed; the new and glossy clothes, symmetrically folded by Roelof's valet (whom he had left behind), the fine embroidered linen, the tiny delicate kid boots, the massive silver-fitted dressing-case,

the stud-cases of red morocco leather, and the jewels sparkling in their velvet nests. Charlotte arranged them in the drawers which had contained his apparel when a student. She had taken his room when he went to Africa, but now vacated it for him, and had spent two days in making it as pretty and comfortable as she could.

Roelof was really delighted to see them both again, and kept them up nearly all the night; that is to say, until his usual hour of retiring to bed. He gave them a history of his journey to Ashanti, and described the manners and customs of the natives; but he chiefly discoursed on life at the Hague; which topic was also more interesting to the ladies. He showed them his photographic album, filled with portraits of beautiful and distinguished women, described the mysteries of the palace routine, and told them how the King had once said to him at a levee, 'Well, Mr. Van Waveren, which court do you prefer?'

The next morning he went with Charlotte to call upon his old tutors, and received their congratulations. He went out for drives in the country, and attended one or two evening parties in a quiet way. Thus four or five days passed pleasantly enough; but when that space of time had elapsed he began to get tired of Leyden, and to regret that he had promised to remain a month. He became listless, lay in bed of a morning, yawned a good deal in the course of the day, and made excuses for not paying visits, declaring that the people were so stupid!

He liked Charlotte well enough, but she was not clever: she could not understand the dialect in which of late he had been accustomed to converse; and he found her company after a time sister-like and insipid. He thought it would have been better to have paid them several short visits, and to have spent the summer at Scheveningue, the Brighton of the Hague. One day at dinner Charlotte handed him a letter with a French stamp upon the envelope, and written in a female hand.

'Well, my dear African,' it said, 'and where have you interred yourself? I hear that you are not at Scheveningue. Surely you cannot have flown back into your native jungles, without even saying a word to all the victims of your bright blue eyes! If you are still in the civilised world, join us at Vichy, where we go on Tuesday, the Baron and I. He joins me in this request, and we are sure that you will be amused. Everybody is there; among others the fair Louise, who blushed the other day when —— But no, I will not be a traitor to my sex. Enough to say that she will not be sorry to see you again. And now I will not say adieu—but *au revoir*, for I know that you are much too galant to refuse a request from one who, when she was young and handsome, was accustomed to command. "*Ah, tempo passato, perché non ritorni?*" But do grant me an illusion; let me for a moment forget that I am an old woman, with a wrinkled face and silvery hair; let me invoke you to my presence with a word. On receiving this letter, O faithful lover and devoted knight,

whatever you are doing, and wherever you may be, I bid you at once to pack up and to meet me on Tuesday in Vichy, at the —— Hotel.'

Roelof read this letter, and reflected for a few moments. He then said: 'My dear aunt, I am very sorry, but there is no help for it. I must go, it seems, to Paris at once, with despatches to the Embassy.'

The two women exchanged a look—such a look!

'When must you go?' said his aunt.

'I must be off this afternoon,' he replied; for, now that he had made up his mind to go, the least delay appeared insupportable. Charlotte made an excuse for leaving the room; and Roelof, going up-stairs four steps at a stride, began packing up his clothes, humming an operatic air.

A cab was ordered; the broad, rosy girl came up for his luggage; Roelof patted her cheeks, and gave her a five-gilder piece. His aunt was standing by the street-door.

'Well, Roelof,' said she, as she held out her hand, 'I suppose that I shall never see you again.'

He burst out laughing.

'Why, my dear aunt,' said he, 'do you suppose that I am never going to have another holiday? It is only good-bye for the present. Good-bye, good-bye! Are all the things in? Yes, that is right. Where is Charlotte?'

'Charlotte is not well,' replied his aunt, 'and begs

you to excuse her.' As she said this she scrutinised his face.

But he only said, in a careless tone: 'Well, make her my adieux; and I hope she will be all right to-morrow.'

He then stepped into the cab.

'God's will be done,' said his aunt, and slowly and sadly went up to Charlotte's room. There they remained together all the day.

Roelof went to Vichy, joined his friends the Baron and Baroness, and became half engaged to the fair Louise. But her father told him he would never consent that Louise should marry a mere man of pleasure, however large his fortune might be, and urged him to enter political life, and to become a member of the Lower House. Roelof travelled with them to Switzerland and Italy, which, as they were rich people, cost him three times as much money as it would have done had he travelled by himself. While he was at Venice he received a black-edged letter from his father. His aunt was dead, and had left her little money to Charlotte. Roelof wrote to Charlotte, but received no reply.

He concluded his tour by going to Baden Races, and left some bank-notes behind him on a table in the Conversation-haus. Returning to Holland in the autumn, he drew largely on his father, and wrote a pamphlet on the Java question, *versus* Max Havelaar and the Radical philanthropists; in return for which he was assisted by the Government to a seat in the Lower

Chamber, and made a brilliant first speech. The next morning he gave a breakfast at his apartments. The table was covered with silver plate, and with flowers from Haarlem. A *chef* had been hired for the occasion. The wines were delicate and costly; the guests were leaders of the *ton*. It was again the end of the winter season: the sun was shining brightly, and in the placid water of the Venice-like canal were reflected the trees covered with blossoms, the red-tiled houses, and the barges slowly passing by. The Colonial Minister was present; and when the champagne was served *à la Française*, at the end of the repast, he proposed the health of their host. He related how his young friend, having distinguished himself by his learning, having gained the highest honours which the University of Leyden could bestow (Roelof had not even taken his degree), then, burning for danger and distinction, had sailed out to the Gold Coast, where he had won undying laurels on the battle-field. Taking his life in his hand, he had plunged into the recesses of the continent, braved the perils of African exploration, and had even ventured to enter the lion's den itself—the golden city of Coomassie, the residence of the mysterious and terrible King of Ashanti! When this gallant young officer returned, His Gracious Majesty had himself welcomed him back to his native land; and now Roelof van Waveren, having distinguished himself as a scholar, as a soldier, as an explorer, as a diplomatist, had commenced his political career. Of his recent

triumph it would be needless to speak, for it had been announced by the trumpet of fame and the voices of the press. But another success, which he might venture to assert was of all the most prized by his gallant young friend, had not yet been announced in the papers. It would, therefore, be improper to say more at that moment; but this at least he would say, that much as other young men might envy the past of Roelof van Waveren, they would still more envy his future.

Here the applause was tumultuous, and all eyes were directed to the fair Louise. The marriage had at length been arranged; the speech had secured him his career, and no one doubted that he would become, in course of time, a member of the Government and a pillar of the State. The father of Louise had come over to see him before breakfast, and had settled the terms of the contract; and Roelof had posted a letter to his father requesting him to ratify it, and to send the pecuniary documents.

At this very moment, when the champagne-corks were detonating in every direction, the wine frothing in the glasses, the ladies clapping their hands, and blushes mingling with rouge on the cheeks of the fair Louise, two men of the lowest class, in garments of rusty black, were trudging through the streets of St. Petersburg, carrying a pauper's coffin, which contained the body of Gerrit van Waveren.

When he sent Roelof to Holland, he thenceforth devoted his life to one idea—that of making money for

his son. The profits of his business were not large, but his sister had insisted on sharing Roelof's school and university expenses. In Africa his son had cost him little, and so he had been able to save up some money. Just after Roelof's return the business had suddenly improved; being sanguine by nature, he believed it would improve still more, and so he had sent large sums of money to his son, and had repeatedly assured him that he need not avoid any expenses that were *necessary* to his station. The line under the word 'necessary' was not sufficient to restrain his son from prodigality. Roelof supposed his father to be rich, and such was the general belief; he, therefore, spent money with an open hand, and Gerrit soon perceived that his business was unable to defray the expenses of a young courtier living at the Hague. He sold his house and lived in a garret; wore shabby clothes, stinted his food, and obtained the reputation of a miser. But, after all, the money thus saved did not amount to much; and now he saw that either Roelof must change his style of life, or he his style of business, and play for higher profits at a risk. Many a merchant has been placed in a similar predicament, and has preferred to speculate rather than tell a beloved wife that she must give up her carriage, her dressmaker in Paris, and other luxuries to which she has been accustomed, and which he supposes are necessary to her happiness. Others have made the opposite experiment, and have seldom had cause to regret having done so. In such

cases it generally happens that the wife thanks her husband for having honoured her with his confidence, and cheerfully makes the necessary sacrifices, and is fonder of him than ever she was before. Now Gerrit loved his son, as men love women; he cherished the letters of his boy, and read them again and again; he kissed the portraits which from time to time he had received, and wore a curl of golden hair in a locket on his heart. He could not bear to give him pain; he feared reproachful or melancholy letters; and so, selling his business, he gambled in the money market. But all went wrong; he lost stake after stake, and in a few months was a ruined man. Then his hair suddenly turned grey; he drooped and drooped and died, slain by misfortune and despair.

The King gave a ball at the Palace in the Wood. Lanterns suspended from the trees made the beech forest as light as the day. The spacious *salons* were crowded with the aristocracy of Holland, and the members of the various diplomatic corps. Roelof, with Louise upon his arm, was standing in a group looking at a portrait of the great historian of the Dutch Republic, which, painted at the Queen's command, had lately been hung in state upon the wall. A lacquey came up, and handed him upon a salver a letter in a blue envelope, written in a crabbed hand, with *Immediate* scrawled upon it in letters of portentous size. It bore the St. Petersburg post-mark, and his servant had, therefore, brought it up to the palace at once. At the same time the band

commenced the music of a waltz; a gentleman came up, and bowing to Louise claimed her as his partner for the dance. She took his arm, and said to Roelof, 'Do not forget that yours is the next,' and disappeared in the crowd. He never saw her again.

Entering the Chinese salon, and sitting down upon a sofa, he opened the letter and read it through two or three times. The Colonial Minister came in.

'Ah, here you are!' said he. 'I have been looking for you everywhere. Can you spare me five minutes?'

'Certainly,' said Roelof.

The Minister opened his eyes; Roelof had spoken in a strange voice.

'Am I disturbing you?' he said, and glanced at the letter which had fallen on the floor.

Roelof made an effort.

'Do me the favour,' said he, 'to tell me what it is.'

The Minister sat down upon the sofa.

'Do you know a place called Chama?'

'Yes; it is one of our forts on the Gold Coast.'

'Well, we want to send out a Civil Commandant to take charge of that fort. It has got a bad name on the Coast. Four men have died there of fever within six months, and the officers of Elmina do not seem anxious to accept the appointment. Do you know of a man?'

'I think so,' replied Roelof. 'What do you give a Civil Commandant?'

'The salary merely keeps body and soul together; but five years' service will entitle him to a pension;

not a large one, it is true, but enough to live upon in Holland among the petits bourgeois; and with liberty to become a clerk, or to supplement it in any way he can.'

'I know a man who will take it.'

'Will he be able to bear the climate, do you think?'

'Yes; he is quite a young man; he has already been on the Coast, and he speaks the native language.'

'Is he poor? For if not, he will be sure to throw it up.'

'*He has not a penny in the world*;' and Roelof handed him the letter.

The Minister read it, and then looked at Roelof with an expression of pity not altogether unmingled with contempt. But as if ashamed of the feeling, he took Roelof's hand, pressed it and said:—

'If you see nothing better to do, it shall be as you wish. And all the better for us if you do go; there is a devil of a mess out there. Come at ten to-morrow and breakfast with me.'

'Will you make my excuses to Louise?' said Roelof with a sad and bitter smile. 'She can take another partner for the waltz—and for life. Say that a matter of business calls me home. I will write to her to-morrow.'

Home! he muttered as he walked through the wood. I have no longer a home. Well, my horses and jewels will cover my debts.

He stood beneath the lamp and read the letter again.

It had been written by his father just before his death, and had been sent on to him by some stranger. In this letter Gerrit said that he had been so foolish as to speculate, and had lost everything except his honour. He implored his son's forgiveness, and hoped he would not think unkindly of him . . . that was all.

'Well,' thought Roelof, who was far from suspecting the truth (for people do not quickly form suspicions against themselves), 'well, after all, it was his own money, and he gave me plenty of it. I ought by this time to have made some for myself.'

In a few days everybody had heard the news; Roelof's goods and chattels paid his debts, and left him a hundred pounds over and above. All his friends went to the sale, and many witty remarks were made on that occasion. As for Louise, she sighed, and said, 'Oh papa, what an escape I have had!' and for the first time in her life this young lady experienced a feeling of religious gratitude, and said her prayers before she went to bed, and thanked Providence for having saved her from a fate which, as she afterwards expressed it, 'would have been worse than death.'

Few people took the trouble to ask what had become of Roelof, and she was not among the number, wisely preferring to dismiss the subject at once and altogether from her mind.

In two weeks' time he was at Liverpool, where he took the steamer for the Coast. Although he had acted on the impulse of the moment in asking for the commandant-

ship of Chama, the more he reflected on the matter, the more he felt convinced that he had acted wisely. He had won fame, it is true, but he knew that a reputation, like a title, requires means to support it. There is something pitiable in a moneyless celebrity, as there is in a moneyless noble: jewels and rags do not go well together. And what would his reputation have obtained him? A private secretaryship, or a small government post at the Hague. But to be rich and then to be poor, to be courted and then to be cut, to walk about in the same streets, to meet the same people, including Louise, to offer himself day after day as a target for slander and sarcasm—that was not to be thought of for a moment. And what else could he do? Whatever service he might enter he would have to begin at the bottom of the tree. He was certainly right to do as he had done. When the five years were over he would be forgotten; he would have his little pension; with that and whatever remained of his money, he might enter a business or one of the professions.

How different were his feelings when he saw the coast of Africa again! When the steamer entered the river of Sierra Leone, and all the passengers were gazing with delight upon the scene, Roelof's heart sank within him. It seemed to him that this exquisite loveliness of nature was a mockery, a trick; a mask, which covered the horrible countenance of Death. When the dusk of evening had set in he pointed to a grey mist which ascended from the earth. 'That is the miasma,' said he, 'I have seen it also in the Pontine marshes.'

Roelof had in truth good reason to dread the Coast, for he had never got rid of his fever; it had attacked him frequently at home, though not in a dangerous form, but he knew that now it would return with all its ancient virulence and power. Five years of sickness were before him.

When the steamer approached Cape Coast Castle, running along close to the shore, they heard the booming of guns and a brisk fusillade. Elmina was besieged.

The events which had occurred since Roelof's departure from the coast must now briefly be related. First, the Ashantis having invaded the British Protectorate, the Governor of Cape Coast Castle determined to act on the offensive, and having collected the West India negro troops (officered by white men) which garrisoned the various settlements upon the Coast, sent them into the interior. But the expedition was terribly mismanaged. Whether it should have been sent at all is very doubtful, but having been sent it should have marched upon Coomassie; instead of which it merely encamped in the forest. The Ashantis did not attack our forces, having as they said no quarrel with the white man, and would only fight with the Fanti contingent. When the soldiers marched forth from the camp to look for the enemy, not a single Ashanti could be seen. On one occasion they saw a dog swimming a river, and so effecting his retreat; that was the only Ashanti they saw. On another occasion

the troops marched through an ambuscade, as they were afterwards informed. But though no officers died by the Birmingham musket or the spear, fever and dysentery attacked the camp; the mortality was great and the expedition was abandoned. Such was the Ashanti war, which nearly unseated a Ministry (1864), and produced a Parliamentary Commission. The results of this inquiry were that the settlements were placed under a Governor-in-Chief; and the Governors of Gambia, Lagos, and the Gold Coast became his subordinates, and were named Administrators.

However, the Ashantis could not prevail against the tribes of the Coast. In the olden time, being disunited they had been conquered one by one; but now they formed a confederation. The only Coast people that were left outside were the Elminas, who called themselves the allies of Ashanti, and whom the king of Ashanti regarded as his subjects. The Fantis of Cape Coast Castle called upon them to throw off their serfdom, and to join them in an alliance offensive and defensive against the Ashantis. To this the Dutch Government and the natives of Elmina would not consent. The Fantis, therefore, threatened them with war. The English Government was of course unwilling that the people under its Protectorate should attack the people belonging to the Dutch. But after all the Fantis were not British subjects, and besides in demanding the alliance of Elmina they were taking a proper precaution for the safety of their lives. Suppose the Ashantis

approached the coast, it would be of no slight advantage to them to use Elmina as a fortress.

Presently matters became more complicated still. Previous to 1867–8, the Dutch and English forts had been mixed up together on the Gold Coast. For instance, beginning at the west, the two outermost settlements—Grand Bassam and Assinie—were French; then came Apollonia, which was English; then Axim, which was Dutch; and then Dix-cove, which was English. Boutrie, Secondee, and Chama, were Dutch; but between Chama and Elmina was Commenda, which was English. Annamaboe, just beyond Cape Coast, was English; but the next fort was Dutch; and finally, at Accra, half the town was English and half the town was Dutch. Each had its own fort, and its own landing-place; and so, within a town of moderate size, were two distinct systems of custom-house regulations, and two distinct methods of governing the natives!

The Dutch Government proposed that all the forts to the west of Elmina and Cape Coast Castle should be Dutch; and that all to the east should be English. This, accordingly, was done. Papers were signed at London and the Hague; and flags were changed upon the coast. Geographically speaking, it was an excellent arrangement; but, unfortunately, the towns that were exchanged contained human beings who did not approve of being transferred from one owner to another. With the natives of several settlements it was merely a question of

sentiment and habit. But the natives of the English Commenda had some reason to feel insecure. They had been enemies of Ashanti for more than fifty years, as may be seen in 'Bowditch;' and now they were placed in the power of the Ashantis or their allies. They, therefore, refused to ratify the treaty, and hauled down the Dutch flag; whereupon the Dutch bombarded the town; and the Fantis, rising in thousands, besieged Elmina.

The Dutch beat them off; but the Fantis blockaded the town, and destroyed their plantations, so that a famine ensued. The Elminas could only hope that the Ashantis would descend upon the coast, conquer the Fantis, and obtain them peace.

The Administrator sent Roelof to Elmina in an armed boat; a Dutchman's life being hardly safe in the neighbourhood of Cape Coast Castle, on water or on land. He found some of his old comrades at the fort. They received him with open arms, for he had shown much kindness to those among them who had paid him visits at the Hague in the days of his prosperity. They begged him not to go to Chama, for they declared it was the same as going to the grave. But he said that the die was cast, and requested the Governor to send him there at once. Accordingly a boat was prepared, and he started at nine o'clock P.M., in company with two Dutch soldiers, and a young lad who was clerk at a factory at Secondee.

The sky was overclouded, and the sea strongly phos-

phorescent; the oars dripped with sparks as they were lifted from the water, and feathered in the air. These little specks of light were all of them insects, some of minute size; while others were comparatively large, and seemed to give out their light from papillæ, or pointed warts upon their surface.

Van Waveren was dropping off to sleep, when his native servant nudged him in the side. The boat lay still—the rowers were asleep. He looked up, and saw to the right a huge streak of fire gliding towards them on the surface of the sea. On the left was another, and another, and another. He thought at first that these streaks were fish moving through the water.

The air was inky black. He could see nothing more; but the fire streaks approached, and at last above them he detected something that seemed black even in the darkness. At the same time a sound caught his ear. He sprang up, and cried, '*To arms!*' Then the very ocean seemed to yell. The Commenda canoes shot in upon them with the rapidity of sharks; and a dozen dark forms leapt into the boat; but the rowers did not awake.

'Do not kill any one,' said the servant to his master, who was cocking his pistols. 'If you do, they will kill us all!'

A man in the bow laughed. He was a spy from Commenda, and had plied the boatmen with rum, and had taken the caps from the muskets of the soldiers.

The white men were bound at the wrists so tightly

that the flesh rose above the ropes; then the Commendas, on account of the surf, waited for the dawn.

The beach was covered with a crowd; and as soon as the prisoners were landed, men and women, the relatives of people killed by the Dutch, came up to them, and struck them, and pulled their hair. They were then led to the ruins of the town, close by the sea-side, and scourged. They bore it in silence, except the young lad, who cried in a piteous manner; upon which the king or chief of Commenda interfered, and said that he would take this boy as his share of the plunder, and would not have him beaten any more.

They were then marched up to the new town which had been built at some distance from the shore, and were placed within a hut.

There were two parties in Commenda: some desiring to release the Dutchmen for a ransom, that the town might be enriched; but others, the kinsmen of the dead, demanded their blood to sprinkle on the ground. By way of compromise it was agreed that the prisoners should be detained as hostages, for the Dutch were preparing to attack a village related to Commenda; and that they should await the course of events. The prisoners were untied, but were strictly confined to their hut, and during the first week were nearly starved to death. But after that time the women, who had at first been more malignant than the men, became softened towards them, and brought them plantains and maize-bread, with many compassionate gestures and words.

But several men appeared to be implacable, and often came to the hut-door and passed their hands across their throats.

A negro trader at Cape Coast Castle sent them biscuits and tinned meats, although he was a Fanti; and a fortnight after their capture the colonial surgeon arrived, sent by the Administrator on behalf of the Dutch to negotiate for their ransom and release.

The elders of Commenda bitterly reproached the English for having taken away the flag, and given them up to their ancient foes. Yet they said they could not forget that for fifty years the English had always been their friends. They could not forget Sir Charles Macarthy, that benevolent gentleman, that brave general, who had died fighting for them against the Ashantis. For his sake, therefore, they acceded to the Governor's request. The ransom was so many ounces of gold-dust, equal to 1,500*l.*; and if the doctor would sign an order on the Governor at Cape Coast Castle for the same, he might take the prisoners away. The order was signed at once, and on the same day the Dutch attacked the village spoken of above. Had the people of Commenda known it at the time, nothing could have saved the lives of Roelof and his companions.

A Dutch frigate took him from Cape Coast Castle to Elmina, and thence to Chama. This settlement having always been Dutch, the natives were not hostile to the Government, but were nevertheless a rude and unmanageable people.

The town was situated partly on the waterside and partly on the flanks of a hill which rose upwards from the beach. On a kind of terrace stood the fort, and above it hung a dark grove of trees crowning the summit of the hill.

Just below the fort was a pond filled with green and putrid water, and it was easy to understand that it was this which had caused so many deaths. Roelof said that he would have it drained, but was informed that it was Fetish. He knew that if he touched it he would be poisoned by the priests. The grove above the fort was also sacred, and might be entered by none except the fetishmen.

He passed under the gateway of the fort, ascended stone stairs, crossed a terrace or platform, and then into a long, gaunt, white-washed room, furnished with a table and two chairs; at the other end were a couple of bedrooms. One of these was empty; the other contained some books belonging to the late commandant, an historical romance by Müller, a translation of Goethe, a hymn-book, and a Bible. A sword also hung from a nail upon the wall.

The bed had apparently been used by a negro, for a mat was laid upon the counterpane.

Such was the abode in which Roelof would have to remain five years. He sent his servant into the town to buy a fowl and some plantains for his dinner, and then sat down upon the bed. A feeling of unutterable desolation came upon him.

To drive away his thoughts he took up the Goethe, and forgot his troubles for a time. Truly, a good book is a sweet David-psalm upon the harp, which can brighten our darkest hours, and drive away our cares, and fill us with laughter or the sweetest melancholy. When Roelof closed the book he remembered the saying of Montesquieu, that he had never known a trouble which a quarter of an hour's reading could not make him forget.

'How foolish I was,' thought he, 'not to bring out some books!' He at once resolved to spend ten pounds from his little store, and thus to procure civilised companions; for there was not a single white man at Chama.

In three months the books came out, but the mail-boat which brought them from Elmina was intercepted by the people of Commenda; and so Roelof lost not only them, but also a letter, as the Postmaster of Elmina afterwards wrote to inform him. Who could that letter be from? He had written to no one since his departure from home. He supposed that it was from the Colonial Minister, requesting a private report.

After this second exploit of the Commendas the mails were always sent to Chama and the other Western or Windward settlements by a man-of-war, whenever an opportunity occurred. Roelof received no more letters; but boxes came to him from time to time containing tinned meats and soups, books and newspapers, which kept his body and his mind alive. He thought that perhaps these came from Louise; he had seen in the

papers an account of her marriage with a millionaire of Amsterdam, and cherished the belief that she, in the midst of her abundance, had remembered the exile whose miserable salary could scarcely preserve him from starvation, and who had so often clasped her in his arms.

1868 died, 1869 passed, and the Palaver still went on. Smouldering war between Ashanti and Fanti, between Fanti and Elmina. Mr. N——, who had for many years been Governor of Elmina, and who had in his day possessed extraordinary influence with the natives, was personally requested by the king to go out to the Gold Coast and endeavour to settle the affair. But the Fantis held to their point. If the Elminas desired peace they must enter into an alliance offensive and defensive against the Ashantis. Mr. N—— offered to be neutral: the Fantis rejected these terms.

An Ashanti army marched down to the coast, viâ Assinie, which did not much please Amatifoo. They then marched along the beach. At Axim they nearly killed an Englishman who happened to be there: his life was saved by the commandant; but the commandant of Dix-cove bombarded the village from the fort, and destroyed Mr. Swanzy's factory. Finally the Ashanti braves entered Elmina, and thence made forays against the Fantis. The Dutch did not, however, receive any solid aid from their allies, who treated the Elminas as dogs, took their women, insulted them in every way, and died off at the rate of three per diem, partly owing to

the Coast air, partly to the rum which they drank in excess.

Thus passed two years for Roelof. Repeated fevers had ravaged his frame. His hair was grey, his bright blue eyes were dim and sunken, and pains were in all his limbs. 'Shall I last out the next three years?' he often inquired of himself. Useless to take sick leave; five years' actual service were required, and he could not afford to make jaunting trips to and fro.

This poor, jaded, broken-down man was no longer the Roelof van Waveren, so ambitious, so confident, vain, supercilious and selfish. Two years of sickness and misery had made him humble, good and tender-souled. A mighty change had been wrought within his heart.

It began thus. The idea occurred to him one day to occupy himself by writing his life, without omitting or glossing over any of his actions. By thus confessing himself upon paper he, for the first time, realised what a foolish life he had led, what opportunities he had thrown away, and how ungrateful he had been to his relations. He read over his father's letters, and the love which pervaded every phrase and every word caused him agonising self-reproach. He remembered, with a pang, that his letters in return had been cold and formal, resembling those which persons write to their bankers and brokers. He thought often and deeply on his father's failure, and without understanding the whole truth, a vague uneasiness crept upon his mind.

He thought also of his aunt, who had been to him as a mother, and how he had neglected her and almost cast her aside.

One day he read in a book the legend of the Persians, that when the soul passes from the body it encounters a spirit which is the image of itself—and is beautiful or hideous according to the actions of its life.

The next day he was obliged to visit a neighbouring village in order to arrange some dispute among the natives. He ordered his hammock in the evening, and travelled by night along the sandy beach. The sounds of the forest mingled with the sounds of the sea, and darkness covered the waters and the earth. Roelof's hands began to burn; he felt that the fever was approaching. Then it seemed to him as if at his side there was another cortége. Four shadows carried a hammock, which was also a shadow, on their shoulders; and their song resembled an echo, not distant, but close to his ears. He peered forth from his hammock, and then out of the other hammock was protruded a pale and ghastly face.

The tide rose and, his men stopping at a hamlet, said that he must sleep there while they waited for the ebb.

They led him into a small hut, lighted a palm-oil lamp, and arranging his mat left him alone. The walls of the dwelling were mildewed and damp; hideous insects, attracted by the light, crawled all around, or dashed savagely backwards and forwards in the air. He could not sleep, and became alarmed; his brain was on

fire; his throat was athirst; he called for water, but no one replied—his men were asleep. He called out again. Then the door opened and a Form entered, bearing withered flowers in its hands; its features were those of Roelof himself, but while its face was human, its body was only a shadow which waved to and fro as if blown by the wind.

'Who art thou?' cried Roelof. 'I am thy Youth,' replied the spirit; 'I am thy Youth, whom thou hast murdered. Treat well the years that are to come.'

This fever-dream was but reflected from his thoughts. In years Roelof was young, but he knew that his youth was dead. He had now arrived at that sorrowful epoch which, surely as death, must come to all, when the mind in reverie no longer turns to the future but the past; when hope gives up its throne in the heart, and is succeeded by regret. 'I have had my best days,' thought he: 'I shall never be as happy as I have been. Hitherto I have enjoyed, henceforth I have only to endure.'

Yet he did not sigh for those pleasures to return, and no longer hankered after fame. It was now love that he desired; a quiet home, a tender-hearted wife, and children clambering upon his knees. All this, thought he, I might have had; but now it is too late. When I return to Holland I shall be old in appearance and disfigured by disease; no one will care for me. Besides I shall be horribly poor—too poor to clothe my wife or to give my children bread. Ah! sweet delusive visions fly away and come to trouble me no more. Never again shall I

read in the eyes of a woman the language of tenderness and love; and no sweet children shall be cradled in these arms. I must live and die uncared for and alone.

How is it, thought he, that when I was young and handsome I cared not to possess a woman's heart, and that now when my youth is over, and love would only render me ridiculous, I feel it becoming a necessity?

Days and days he passed in mourning and repining; night after night the same vision came to his bed-side: the vision of a woman; not of Louise with her fashionable air and fabricated face, but a pale sad-looking girl, who, when he stretched out his arms to embrace her, looked at him reproachfully and sadly, and vanished from his gaze.

O poor bleeding heart! How it trembles, how it throbs! But see, the love is coming forth!

One day he said to himself, Roelof, be a man. Do not give up your life to dreams; nor pine and whine like a coward and a fool. Perhaps these pains of the heart, like grey hairs and wrinkles on the face, are the common lot of all mankind. At least it is certain that many others suffer like yourself. How many women there are whose lives have been a disappointment, who hunger and thirst after love and have found it not: whose hearts are filled with the passion of maternity, but who can never have children of their own! Have you not often met such women in the world, and are they not always cheerful and gay? Do they not modestly cover up their woes? When some idle word touches their wounds, and

causes them excruciating pain, do they not smile and answer the unkind jest? And when they are alone as you are now, do they not, think you, sternly control their thoughts, stifle their inward yearnings, and silence their complaints? Learn a lesson from them in the stoic philosophy, and try to be as strong as they.

He then commenced for the first time in his life the difficult task of daily self-examination and of ruling his ideas. He no longer allowed his impulses of affection to form themselves into day-dreams and visions; he no longer indulged in tender reveries. And then it came to pass that his love assumed another shape, and his affections were transferred to those who were around him. He became especially fond of little children; he lived no longer alone, but passed most of his time among the natives. He tried to do good, and he found that it is possible to make other people happy merely with a few kind words. At times a rapturous feeling entranced his soul—a feeling of love for the whole human race—nay even for the inanimate world: the blue sky, the rolling sea, the trees, the flowers, the rocks, aroused a sympathy within him. The natives remarked to one another that his face was changed; it had now become gentle and tranquil, the reflection of his life within.

He looked forward with unutterable longing to his native land. It would be sufficient happiness for him to live among the scenes of his childhood, to read the old books that he had loved, and to pass his time among

the poor and the afflicted. Yet he did not allow this longing to disturb his daily life. He was now happier than he had ever been in his life before. Every night as he went to bed he could look back upon a well-spent day; and every morning before he arose he thought of some new plan for giving happiness to those with whom he lived. Whenever he took a walk he looked carefully before him that he might not tread upon an insect, and it gave him a wondrous pleasure when he was able to lift up a beetle struggling on its back, or to take a caterpillar out of the path when its life was in danger. Thus the time passed quickly. It was 1871.

One day as he was walking on the terrace of the fort he perceived a large vessel near the horizon, and in two hours it had anchored in the roads. It was an English sloop of war. A boat came off to the shore, and the Colonial Secretary of Elmina accompanied by an English lieutenant ascended to the fort.

'Well, Van Waveren,' said the former, 'I suppose that you have heard the news.'

'No,' said he.

'It is simply this: you can go home. The Dutch settlements are ceded to the English. You will call the people if you please, and announce the fact to them at once; and to-morrow the English flag will be hoisted.'

Roelof did not reply.

'You heard, I daresay, that N—— went back to the Hague. He did all that a man could do, but the

problem was insoluble. Our honour forbids us to give up the Ashanti alliance, and so long as we keep to that alliance Elmina will be blockaded, even unto doomsday. The settlements are of no real use; they cost more than they bring in; and so the new ministry (which they say, possesses the genius of economy) advised the king to sell them to our neighbours. Let me introduce you to Lieutenant Marsh. You speak English, do you not?'

'Yes,' answered Roelof, and bowed absently. 'But my pension?' said he.

'That will be all right, of course.'

'Are you sure?'

'Certain of it, my dear sir. It would be simply swindling to deprive you of it; and several others are in the same position as yourself.'

The next day an English schooner anchored off Chama for gold-dust, and the captain offered Roelof a passage if he would pay his own mess expenses on the voyage.

As soon as they got out to sea, Roelof had a severe attack of fever. This often happens, and would seem to indicate that the fever is an effort of nature to throw off a poison that has accumulated in the system. Several of the sailors were also 'down;' but they had happily quite recovered before they arrived in the windy seas of the North.

The vessel passed through the Chops of the Channel and was then delayed by contrary winds. One morning

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Roelof, awaking, was informed that the schooner was becalmed in a fog off Hastings. They had anchored in the midst of a fishery, and the barnacles with which the sides and bottom of the vessel were covered had torn some of the nets. A fishing-boat was alongside, and agreed for a guinea to take Roelof on shore.

His portmanteau was soon prepared, and they helped him down the ladder; for he was still very weak. The crew assembling on the forecastle gave him three cheers, as the boat pushed off. 'Poor fellow!' said the captain, as he saw the yellow upturned face, 'he is not long for this world, I doubt.'

The fishermen, a father and his two sons, were rough hardy looking men dressed in short red and blue woollen frocks with black sou'westers and gigantic leather overalls, which made Roelof think of the seven-league boots of the nursery tales, and so brought back upon him the memories of his childhood, when he had been happy and beloved. The tears glimmered in his eyes. The fishermen looked the other way for a little while, and when the old man spoke to him it was in a kind and gentle voice.

As they rowed quietly along in the fog, suddenly a well-known sound arrested Roelof's attention with the power of magic, whilst the old man, who seemed to participate in his feelings, smilingly exclaimed, 'You hear them, the birds—the birds are singing on shore; we are quite near, though we cannot see it for the mist.'

The dear home-sound rang now clearly and more sweetly on his ears, and at last through the grey and cloudy air he caught a glimpse of a beautiful sandy beach, and then a wall of low white cliffs appearing every moment more distinct, and relieved at irregular distances by many a patch of green grass, and shrubs that grew on the face of the rocks. Next came the view of green pastures, and fields with sleek, contented-looking cattle grazing, and blue smoke curling among the trees.

Roelof went up to London and took the steamer to Rotterdam. On arriving at the Hague he called upon the ex-Colonial Minister and anxiously inquired if his pension was secure.

The old gentleman shook his head.

'We are out, as you know, and the Economists are in. They seem to think that national honour is of inferior importance to guilders and cents. And then you have not been out very long.'

'Three years,' said Roelof.

'Three years! How time flies! It seems only yesterday that you were here.'

'It seems long enough to me.'

'No doubt, no doubt,' said the other. 'I scarcely knew you at first.'

Roelof made applications in due form, and received vague and evasive replies: the matter was under consideration. Thus six months passed, and his little store was almost exhausted, when at last the Colonial Office

resolved that the civil commandants and others on the Gold Coast who had served less than five years were not entitled to their pensions ; but that those who were capable of service should receive appointments in Surinam and Java as soon as vacancies occurred. How they were to live in the meantime, the Colonial Office did not condescend to explain ; and, so far as Roelof was concerned, he was too much broken up to obtain a medical certificate. Thus then all his hopes were ended, his money was all but spent, and the fever of the Coast returned.

In the town of Dordrecht there is a bye-street inhabited only by the lowest classes. The houses are squalid, and the windows are naked and black. In the canal which lies beside it women may be seen washing clothes all day, standing with bare feet in the water from morning till night. They are the washerwomen of the poor, and by such labour only are they able to get a bit of bread.

One day the inhabitants saw with astonishment a gentleman walking down the street and knocking at several doors. He was apparently making inquiries and at last seemed to have found what he was seeking, as, stooping his head, he went in at a low door and disappeared from view.

Let us follow him up the dark and dingy staircase, with rats' burrows at the side, and huge black cobwebs pendent from the ceiling. He goes up to the very top, pushes a door and enters a desolate garret. On the

hard floor, covered with a rug, lies Roelof van Waveren; a cracked slop-basin filled with water is by his side, a piece of dry bread upon the mantelpiece.

The gentleman made a bow and handed him a card. Roelof read the name of the leading physician in Holland.

'I was visiting a patient downstairs,' he said, in explanation, 'and heard that you were in the house. Your name is known to me, of course. Will you permit me to prescribe for you?'

Roelof only looked at him vacantly, and did not reply.

The doctor felt his pulse, and said that a nurse would come in an hour with some medicine, and that he would call again.

The next day the doctor found that Roelof, having taken the soup (a medicine of which he stood in no slight need), was able to converse. He sent the nurse on an errand, went outside the room for a moment, and when he came in left the door ajar.

Then he sat down on the floor beside the patient.

'Mr. van Waveren,' said he, 'I am going to move you to a more comfortable lodging.'

'This place is good enough to die in,' he replied.

'Perhaps so; but then I do not allow my patients to die—at least, not invariably. How is it, may I ask, that you have not communicated with your friends?'

'I have no friends.'

'With your relations then?'

'They are both dead.'

'What! have you no one in the world who cares for you? No sister?'

There was something significant in the doctor's voice.

'Yes,' said he, 'I had a sister once—not by blood, but by affection. But I neglected her.'

'Have you never heard from her since your aunt died?'

'How do you know about my aunt? No, I have never heard.'

'Did you not get a letter from her when you were on the Coast?'

'No.'

'I suppose that postal regulations are rather undefined out there. Are the mails ever lost?'

'Yes, the Commendas took one.'

'Oh, the Commendas took a mail!' said the doctor, raising his voice; 'now when was that?'

'Just after I went out.'

The doctor was silent for a little while.

'Well, Mr. van Waveren, a woman's love lives long,' said he. 'Perhaps this young lady has forgiven you. Perhaps she loves you still. Would you like me to write to her? I believe that I can find her address.'

'Oh, yes,' said he, clasping his hands. 'I wish to see her, to ask her to forgive me. But she must come soon . . . soon.' Here his voice choked. 'I hope the next life will be happier than this one.'

'Life is often what we make it ourselves,' said the doctor.

'Yes,' said he, 'it is my own fault that I am dying here in squalor and misery. I might have been happy: I might have won her heart.'

Here he turned his face away.

Then he heard the rustle of a dress, and two soft arms were passed round his neck.

'It is I, your sister, your Charlotte,' said a voice. 'Do not be despondent; your inheritance is safe; and it is rightly yours.'

'Is this how you keep your promise,' said the doctor, 'bursting into the room like some one on the stage?'

'I could not help it, sir,' said she.

'Roëlof,' said the doctor. 'Your aunt intended to leave her money to you, taking it for granted that you would marry Charlotte. (Be quiet, my dear, I mean to have my say.) Finding that you were not inclined to sacrifice yourself upon the hymeneal altar, she left it to Charlotte instead. She, however, refused to touch it, but agreed to let it remain in abeyance till you really required it; which some persons had reason to believe might shortly happen, for it was known that your father had given up his business. As for Charlotte herself, she became a governess in my family. It was she who sent you provisions and books, all bought out of her own poor salary, (don't interrupt me, Charlotte), and she had before that written you a letter, which would, I presume, have given you some pleasure had it reached your

hands. We were all in Paris when you first returned, and had some difficulty in finding out where you had gone to. And now, sir, get well, and marry her like a man.'

Roelof sprang upright in the bed, if such it could be called; his wan cheeks flushed; his eyes shone. 'Yes,' he cried; 'I have something to live for now, and I will live.'

He sank back in a dead faint. 'Do not be alarmed, dear Charlotte,' said the doctor. 'Joy does not often kill, and here is only a common and easily curable complaint.'

'What is it?' she asked, as she steeped her handkerchief in water, and applied it to his brow.

'*Hunger*,' said the doctor. 'There, you see he is coming to; and, as soon as the nurse returns, we will make arrangements to move him. What are you crying for, you foolish girl? It is not a sumptuous abode, to be sure; but many a better man has had worse luck. Think not? Well, my dear, I hope that he will be good to you.'

'*Yes*,' whispered Roelof, opening his eyes.

And so far he has kept his word. This being 1873, they have as yet been only two years married, but have already two children, a boy and a girl. Roelof persisted in regarding the money of his aunt as Charlotte's exclusive property, and advertised for employment. It happened that while he was Commandant, he had rendered an important service to a Rotterdam firm which traded with the Gold Coast. In spite of the cession, they in-

tended to continue their business in that part of the world; and on hearing of Roelof's wishes, at once offered him a clerkship. His intimate knowledge of the coast, together with his industry and zeal, have already made him a person of importance in the house; and there is not the least doubt that he will finally become a partner. He is still of a sanguine temperament; but now his hopes and aspirations are all connected with his children. Roelof is to become a celebrated man, and Charlotte a famous beauty. His wife often laughs at the fanciful projects which he sometimes sketches out on their behalf; but it is not one of his projects to send his Roelof to Africa.

Van Waveren has not forgotten those lessons of the heart which he learnt in the days of his adversity. While abhorring the profession of philanthropy, with its public platforms and newspaper paragraphs, he strives to do good, and to assist the poor in a quiet, unpretentious manner. Before he and Charlotte go to sleep at night, they ask each other this question: 'Have we made any one happy to-day?' That is the way in which they say their prayers. Thus Gerrit van Waveren, in losing his fortune, realised his darling wish; for thereby he became the benefactor of his son, who is as happy as the day is long, and never regrets his interrupted career as a man of fashion and fame—especially as the conduct of Louise, since her marriage, has not been all that her husband could desire.

AKROPONG.

WE must now return to my own humble narrative. It is August, 1868, and I am about to start for Cape Coast Castle, along the Dutch seaboard, a journey of a hundred and fifty miles.

My plans were to go by water as far as the limits of the French possessions, taking with me some cotton goods, which I could exchange at the first Dutch village for gold-dust sufficient to defray the expenses of my journey. The boat and Krumen belonging to the station were placed at my disposal.

The water-road was sometimes a winding lane, buried in the shade of high forest trees; or the branches even joined above, forming a covered arcade. Sometimes the road expanded into liquid plains, surrounded by dark green hills.

In a certain narrow passage between two of these lakes or lagoons, a hippopotamus had once capsized a canoe, and lives had been lost. There had been among the passengers a person wearing a sombre-coloured cloth —which is not the custom on the Gold Coast—and hence it had been inferred that the destroyer had been an evil spirit, who, angered by the novel hue, had assumed a river-horse's shape to heave the canoe into the

air. Demons in Africa are always Tories, and foes of innovation.

Now it so happened that my trousers were of dark blue serge, and the head Kruman, Flying Jib, informed me I must take them off to propitiate the spirit. This I declined to do; the Krumen rested on their paddles, and a long discussion took place. At last it was arranged that I should cover my legs with a gaudy coloured cloth.

At that time Mr. Darwin was sending a list of queries to travellers, respecting the Expression of the Emotions, and No. 11 was as follows: '*Is extreme fear expressed in the same general manner as with Europeans?*' I thought this an opportunity for experiment which should not be lost; so when we were about half way through '*le petit chemin*,' as Flying Jib called it, I fixed my eyes upon his face, and, whisking the cloth off my legs, called the spirit, in French, many foul names, and dared him to come on. The expression on Flying Jib's face was precisely that which I had once observed in a mild-mannered middle-aged lady when the horses bolted down a steep hill.

The road ended in a *cul-de-sac*. I walked through a wood to the beach (about a mile), and arrived at Half-Apollonia, within the territory of the Dutch. It was a ragamuffin looking little village, and I did not think that I should be able to sell my cloth. But I found that it contained gold-dust in abundance.

Having now to play the part of a pedlar, I opened my boxes, and spread out my wares. The negroes

eagerly pressed round, rubbed the cloth with their hands to find out the proportion of 'dressing,' or china-clay, which our Manchester magnates have discovered to be such an excellent substitute for cotton. Having vague ideas about the value, I asked more than the goods could possibly be worth. The natives began at the other end of the scale; and so we arrived, little by little, at the market price. I could not altogether conceal my embarrassment when asked whether the articles would wash. But Amoo replied at once in the affirmative; and, in fact, the goods were very much superior to those which the French brought out to Assinie. I had, among others, a handsome flowered chintz; and Castor having inspected the pattern, and tested the quality, exclaimed, 'Mr. Swanzy has very good taste. Perhaps he has been out here?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'he lived six years at Dix-Cove.' 'Ah! that explains it,' said Castor.

This little anecdote may serve to enlighten those merchants who suppose that anything is good enough for niggers. It sometimes answers their purpose to buy cheap and showy goods; but they know the good from the bad, and have much the same taste in design and colour as ourselves. There are also connoisseurs among them. A native will often order some expensive article, such as a glass punch-bowl of extravagant size, or a richly ornamented saddle, on condition that the agent does not supply a similar one to anybody else; just as our connoisseurs stipulate for the breaking of the mould when they purchase a work of sculptured art.

My customers now proceeded to pay, and literally 'came down with the dust.' From Assinie to the Volta, and also throughout Ashanti, gold-dust is current as money, and a ha'porth of bananas can be purchased with the precious metal, as I have seen myself, a few grains being placed like a dose of morphia on the point of a knife, and received in a little cloth rag. It therefore results that all grown-up men and women are gold-mongers, and have tests of their own which they correctly and rapidly apply.

The gold being handed over to Amoo, he took it a little at a time, placed it on a blow-pan, and adroitly puffed away the base dust of earth with which it had been mingled. The nuggets he cut in half with a knife, rubbed them on a touchstone, and carefully examined the colour of the streaks. The gold having thus been *taken* or assayed, he proceeded to weigh it, partly with little red berries and partly with native weights cast into forms of beasts and birds.

All factories upon the Coast have a 'gold-taker' in their employ. He gives security to the agent, and if the gold which he receives is found to be sophisticated, he is made to refund. But this rarely, if ever, happens, and thousands of pounds in gold-dust pass every year through these men's hands as safely as cash through bankers' subordinates at home. But when a semi-scientific supercargo comes out, with a testing process of his own, he often gets severely bit.

The people supposed that I would hire a hammock

and bearers to convey me to Appolonia, the first Dutch station, a distance of twenty miles. But I determined to walk it like a native, and thought this would be considered a manly proceeding; but they only considered it parsimonious, and hooted me out of the town, much to my own amusement and Amoo's disgust. Here, as in the West Indies, 'a walking buccra' is despised, and Amoo doubtless regretted the day he had entered the service of such a mean-minded person.

I shall not quickly forget that promenade. The sand was loose, and heavier to walk in than snow. My feet had to be jerked up at every step as if my boots had been of lead. In addition to this, there was little to please the eye or occupy the mind. On the one side lay the bare ocean, on the other a sterile tract covered with a scrubby spray-withered vegetation about two feet high. Curlews and sandpipers flew on before me, and perched upon the sand till I had driven them as far as they cared to go; then they flew round me, making a curve inland, and returned to their usual feeding-ground. A kind of black-and-white crow was also busy on the beach, pecking up the crabs, which were pale washed-out looking creatures, exactly the colour of the sand. Now and then we came to a little fishing hamlet, encircled by cocoa-nut trees, with a pole as long as a flagstaff lying near at hand upon the ground. On paying a few leaves of tobacco they raised this pole, and prodded down a few nuts; then sliced off the green rind with a hatchet, and gave us these goblets of Nature to drink.

The so-called cocoa-nut milk is like lemonade in appearance, but sweet rather than acid to the taste. In the night time, when the people were asleep, we helped ourselves at each village that we passed, and on one occasion Amoo prodded down a nut upon his manly brow; it would have stove in a European skull, but it only raised a slight bump. At the Senegal in 1863 I saw in the hospital a negro soldier with a slight surface-wound upon his forehead; his wife then produced a bullet, wrapped up in cloth, and evidently preserved as a family relic. It was as much flattened as if it had been shot against a target of iron; the bullet had suffered more than the man.

Apollonia was one of the settlements just bartered to the Dutch. It had been taken by Governor Maclean, and his narrative of the affair was read by L. E. L. in MS., and predisposed her to fall in love with the author. Next to Sir Charles Macarthy, Maclean is the name most famous among the natives of the coast, who often call their children after these gallant and unfortunate men.

I found the newly-appointed commandant living in a native house and superintending the erection of a fort, which he little thought he was building for the English. I took hammock to Axim, walking where the sand was firm. On arriving near our destination the beach was broken up by granite rocks, and the road branched off into the bush. I alighted from the hammock, and walked with Amoo beneath the pleasant trees. We

passed through groves of the oil-palm, which tree in some parts of the Coast is cultivated by the natives, and came out into the open land. Fields of the red-plumed maize on all sides met our eyes—fields intersected by footpaths, enclosed by fences, and furnished with *stiles*. The sun was now about to set; the air was balmy and soft, and before us we saw a magnificent fort and a native town with whitewashed houses of considerable size. 'We have come to a fine country, Amoo,' said I. He answered with a smile, and warbled a melodious air, which expressed the contentment of his heart.

At Axim I was hospitably received by the Dutch commandant, as I had been at Apollonia, and thence went on to Dix-cove. I slept at a native village on the way, taking up my quarters in the chief's house. I dined in the verandah, which was screened with trellis-work; so that I looked as if in a cage, while the people stared through the bars. White men are not often seen in these parts, so my appearance created a sensation. Dogs came up to survey me, and then ran away with their tails between their legs; and the very fowls took to flight. As for the people, some placed their hands to their mouths; others gave their bubbling turkey-cock laugh; the girls whispered together, and the children cried. The only animated being that did not share in the popular excitement was a ram with a mane, which lay quiescent, basking in the sun.

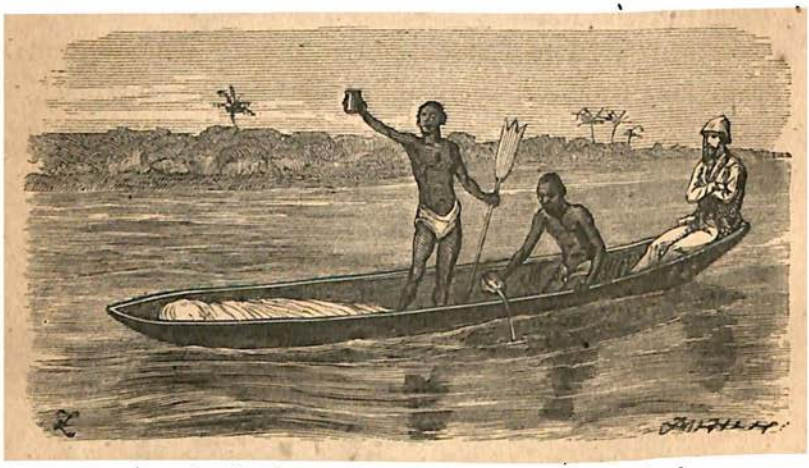
Among the spectators I remarked two young ladies

of fashion, who, so far as their dress was concerned, might have gone to a party in Belgravia. In the first place their costume was graceful, in the second place it was scanty, and thirdly it was adorned with a magnificent 'jupon bustle.' An authority upon the Gold Coast has advanced a conjecture that these were originally worn as a seat for the children whom African mothers carry tucked into the small of their backs. But on what known principle of utility or ornament has the London bustle arisen? And why do young ladies embellish that humble portion of the human frame, and make it a rival of the face? Is the letter S to be taken as the line of beauty? Is the Hottentot Venus to dethrone the marble masterpieces of the ancients? No, young ladies, to stoop when you walk is not to resemble 'the bending statue that delights the world;' and a hump is a deformity, wherever it may be.

At Dix-cove we heard of the Commenda troubles, and of the risk to be encountered in passing from Chama to Elmina. When Amoo received this information, he wept copiously from his eyes and nose. I assured him that only Dutchmen had reason to fear the people of Commenda, and that if we did fall into their hands, they would not do us any harm. It was all in vain; he had quite made up his mind that he would never more return to Assinie, and when at length he recovered his composure, I found that it was the calm of despair. He said that he was resigned to his fate, and that death, after all, does not last long.

On arriving at Chama I hired a canoe and men. There could not have been much danger, or they would have gone by night. However, they kept well out to sea.

The Assinies are not a maritime people, having fish enough in the river for their wants; and therefore Amoo, though bred on the seashore, and skilled in the management of a canoe, had never in his life been on the ocean-wave. In a quarter of an hour he began to giggle, and



informed us he had a queer feeling in his head, just as if he had been drinking palm-wine. He laughed and chuckled to himself, probably supposing that henceforth by simply going on the sea he could have the pleasure of intoxication without the expense. It is needless to say that he soon passed out of the preliminary stage; and having relieved his feelings in the usual manner, informed us he was going to die at once; and covering his face with a cloth, lay like a bundle in the bottom of the canoe.

On approaching Commenda, the red clay ruins of which could be plainly seen, the canoe-men paddled with their eyes watchfully turned towards the shore. When we were opposite the town, a bottle of rum was produced, from which a gourd and a tin cup were filled. From the gourd one man poured a libation overboard, crying, '*O Sea, drink!*' while the other, raising the cup with the air of the baritone in 'Der Freischutz,' called upon his family spirits to protect us from the people of Commenda. This drinking-prayer was not offered up in vain, for we arrived safely at Elmina.

It was here, at Elmina, or 'The Mine,' that, more than four centuries ago, the first European fort was erected on the coast.[1] It was visited by Christopher Columbus when he was a sailor in the Portuguese service; it was taken by the Dutch in the seventeenth century, and has now been purchased by Great Britain. The Danes some years ago ceded Christiansburg and their seaboard beyond Accra; and the French, since the war of 1870, have withdrawn from Grand Bassam and Assinie. The British flag, therefore, alone waves upon the Gold Coast.

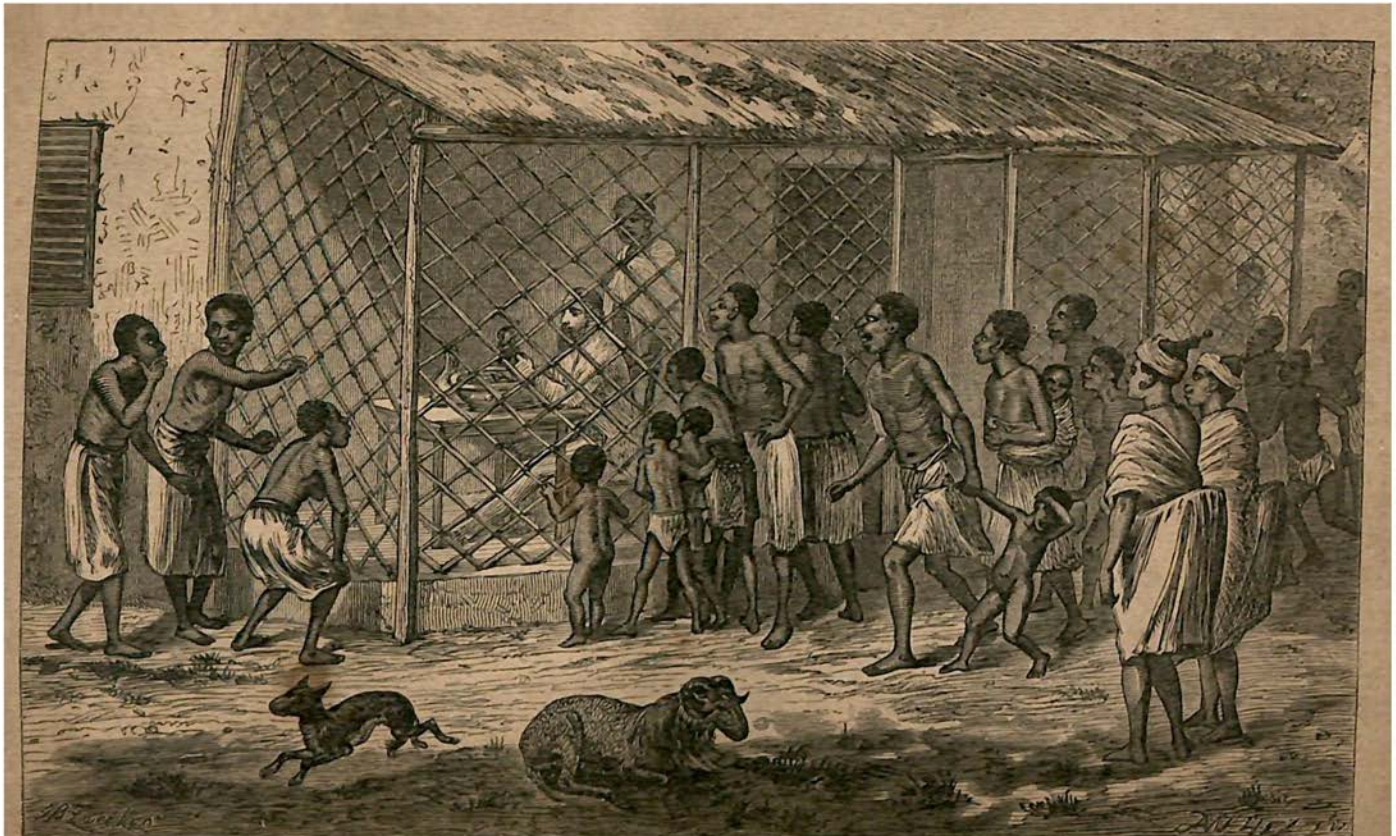
Over the cemetery at Elmina are inscribed these words, rather pagan than Christian in their character: '*O weldadige moeder! ontrang uwe kinderer weder.*' The quantity of graves within shows that the malarious Mother-Earth has frequently complied with this request.

[1] There is an interesting account of this event in Azurara, Chronica de Guiné.

I went on to Cape Coast Castle, and looked on those mournful letters, 'L. E. L.,' inscribed upon a stone in the courtyard of the fort. Her husband, Governor Maclean, now lies by her side: in death, at least, they are united.

Having made my arrangements respecting gold-dust with Mr. Swanzy's agent, I went on to Accra in a canoe, stopping some hours at a place called Winnebah. The king entertained me royally, and would not allow me to pay him a farthing; which is rare in this country, where the monarch is a species of innkeeper. I found him discontented with his lot. African kings have large expenses, and reimburse themselves by irregular exactions from their wealthy subjects. But those chiefs who rule under British jurisdiction are unable to levy this kind of income-tax, while their expenses remain the same. So the king seemed to think, like the Prince of Monaco, in 'Rabagas,' 'Le métier est bien gâté.' Often the rightful heir declines the expensive honour, and then the people go about seeking a rich man who will consent to take the crown, like the people in Isaiah (ch. iii.)

At Accra I procured an interpreter, whose English name was Palmer. He had been educated in English and theology by the German missionaries, and had once been a 'local preacher,' but had recently retired from the Church. He was, therefore, out of work when I found him, and as glad to get a master as a dog to find a bone. A native catechist was once heard to complain that there was very little fat upon a mis-



Very suggestive.

sionary, and Palmer no doubt expected richer pickings out of me than he had ever enjoyed before. I imagine he was not disappointed; but he gave me much information, and was quite an intellectual companion. He had his faults—who has not? If he reads this book, let him know they are forgiven. In fact, I forgive everybody African—even the mosquitoes, who much resemble the natives in their taste for music and talent for bleeding Europeans.

The German missionaries of the Gold Coast are men of ordinary birth, but of excellent manners and attainments, and are sent out by a college at Basle, where they are specially trained for the work. They receive an allowance of a hundred and fifty pounds a year; if they do not spend it all, the surplus at the end of the year is put back into the chest; if they spend more, the money must be repaid. They obtain occasional furloughs, a pension in old age, and their children are educated for them. They may not marry until they have been in the service a certain length of time; and then, if they aspire to enter the holy state, the Committee seek in godly circles for a consort. They send out to the candidate a sketch of the young lady's life. Touching gently on the faults and errors of her childhood—her antipathy to needlework—her raids upon the jam-pot—they describe the frivolous condition of her girlhood, her love of gay apparel, her partiality for military men, and her indifference to the charms of the elect, till a sickness or a sermon proved the means of elevating her mind and

purifying her ideas. This letter is accompanied by a photograph; and if physically and spiritually she is suited to the applicant's taste, he writes to that effect, and she is consigned to him by the next vessel. Only one case, I believe, is on record of a missionary rejecting a lady, as not answering his expectations. On the other hand, a strange and affecting incident is said to have occurred. A *fiancée* fell suddenly ill just before the departure of the vessel, and the Committee were puzzled how to act. The missionary, a young and robust man, had been exceedingly urgent that his future spouse should be despatched without delay; and besides, the lady's passage had been paid for. So another was sent out instead. The missionary climbed on board the vessel as soon as it arrived and ran about the deck looking for a short, plump girl, with blue eyes and flaxen hair; when a tall, thin, dark young lady informed him that the one whom he was seeking had not come, and explained, with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes, that she had come instead. The missionary replied that she would do just as well.

Now, it is an interesting and instructive fact that these people, coupled by a Committee, do live happily together; and one is tempted to inquire whether after all the modern practice of young people choosing for themselves may not be entirely wrong. It is, to say the least, exceedingly doubtful whether inclination before marriage is any guarantee of satisfaction after marriage. There is reason to believe that in former times husbands

and wives lived as happily together as they do at the present day. Royal marriages are managed in the good old style; the only king who married for love being Henry the Eighth—which indicates the danger of the system. Certainly the practice of parental selection has its disadvantages: some marriages must always turn out badly, and then the parties concerned can heap reproaches on their parents, and embitter their declining years. The bride can exclaim in a piteous or taunting tone, 'And thou art the cause of this anguish, my mother!' But why should not these matters be arranged by a Joint Stock Company (Limited) which, by pairing persons of appropriate age, means and position, would prevent all mesalliances, put an end to fortune-hunting, and prevent post-nuptial recriminations. And no one would be so foolish as to reproach a Company.

However, to return. The Basle missionaries not only teach the gospel, but also handicrafts and trades. Masons, architects, shoemakers, surveyors, and farmers are their lay brethren, and most of their preachers are men who have been accustomed from boyhood to labour with their hands. Such a system obtains the sympathy of those who differ entirely from the missionaries in theological belief; and as missionaries of all denominations are accustomed to boast that they have improved the material condition of their people, why should they not do so with method? If indeed it could be shown that the teaching of the gospel would be prejudiced thereby, the scheme should be rejected. To convert is the

primary object of missions; for that purpose societies are founded, and funds subscribed. But the Basle experiment has proved that the religious and secular systems can be efficiently combined. These Germans not only teach the natives to build houses, to make boots, to cultivate coffee and tobacco; they not only teach them Greek, Hebrew, English, music, mathematics, and 'dogmatik;' but they also preach as many sermons (always in the native tongue), celebrate as many religious services, and impart as much Biblical instruction, as any other denomination. It is also an excellent feature in their system that a large number of missionaries are employed in the principal settlements or centres, so that out-stations are quickly relieved in the event of sickness or death; and these stations extend to a considerable distance into the interior.

The traders on the Coast, who usually sneer at missions, always speak of the Germans with respect, and declare that they do good; and as they labour in our vineyard, and teach our natives English, they certainly merit the support of the public in this country. Without disparaging English missions, of which I shall speak hereafter, I can vouch for this, that money subscribed to the German mission on the Gold Coast would be well bestowed.

The Danes once possessed Christiansburg, a town with its fort, about three miles from Accra, and towards the close of the last century it was proposed to establish a colony upon the Gold Coast. A place called

Akropong, on the hills behind Accra, was selected; but the scheme did not succeed. The Basle missionaries, however, who at first settled under the Danes, made Christiansburg their head-quarters, and established several inland stations, of which Akropong is considered the most healthy. Its site being only fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, and covered with dense forest, it is not a perfect sanitarium; but is much better than the coast, and is frequently visited by invalids, who are accommodated by the missionaries for a sum sufficient (and not more than sufficient) to reimburse them for the expense of providing for their guests. I now paid Akropong a brief visit, and in 1870 remained there two months, and contrived to work ten hours a day —which is pretty well in the tropics, for a man fatigued by exploration.

I shall now describe my first trip to that interesting settlement. Taking hammock, I traversed the plain of Accra, which is thirty miles across. It was verdant and flat, covered with glistening white trees, suggesting the idea of silver candlesticks on a green cloth. Wild cotton shrubs grew on the edge of the path; the hammock struck them as it swept along, and sometimes stretching out my hand I plucked one of the lovely yellow blossoms of the woolly plant.

A belt of thick underwood ran along the bottom of the mountain wall, and at this point was the first mission-station. A wide cart road had been constructed in order to join Akropong to the coast, and 'horse-houses,' as

the natives called them, introduced. But unfortunately this belt is frequented by the tsetse, and the horses died. What Livingstone says of this insect ceasing abruptly at some particular spot was illustrated here. They showed me a large tree under which the tsetse was frequently found, but never could be met with a yard beyond it on the western side.

I passed up the winding mountain road, beetles shining like gems on the bushes at the side; and when I arrived at the summit of the hill, the land again flattened out. I had entered a forest plateau.

I walked quietly along, searching for insects, and looked with delight at the enormous trees, with red flowers flaming overhead, and the wondrous variety of leaves, some of which resembled broad outspread hands with the fingers pointing downwards. Suddenly I heard the sound of an harmonium! The sky shone through the trees in front; the atmosphere became more clear; a number of little girls in blue cotton dresses, with bare legs and arms, and with bright smiling faces, came running towards me. I saw a noble church of stone, and the spacious college-like dwellings of Akropong; then out came the missionaries and their wives, with benevolence and cordiality written on their faces, and followed by rosy-faced children. They welcomed the stranger to their mountain-home; and before he could turn himself round, a clean white cloth was spread upon the table, with a loaf, butter and cheese, and a bottle of red Rhine wine. Then, after lunch, a seat in the veran-

dah; a view of the distant plain, and the faint blue hazy sea; and the missionary produces his cigar-case! There are some puritans and prigs who condemn this sociable custom; but one of the best bishops that Sierra Leone ever had, used to declare that he had converted more men over a cigar than he had out of the pulpit. I wrestled with six missionaries during my visit to the Gold Coast, and we smoked a great many controversial cigars. The missionaries did not convert me, it is true; but I left them with kindly and grateful feelings, which have not yet departed from my mind.

There are two kinds of missionaries in Africa—those who reside in the settlements, and teach the British negro; and those who take up their abode among the natives.

The first class may contain worthy and self-devoted men, and they certainly do much good; but they are not missionaries; they are simply colonial clergymen. They live just as comfortably as collectors of customs, surgeons, secretaries, and other Government officials. I do not say that theirs is an enviable lot; to reside at Lagos or Sierra Leone can scarcely be considered the acme of human felicity; but these clergymen usually go to live upon the Coast for the same reason that other people go—because they cannot get anything better. In most cases they honestly strive to do what they are sent for; but so do the officials; and the one class does not suffer more from fever and privation than the other.

But as for those missionaries who plunge into the

wilderness, and build houses with their own hands, and learn the native dialects, and live entirely among the savages, they belong to a genus of their own. Between them and the explorer a natural friendship arises, for there is much in common between them; both are inured to dangers and hardships, both are keenly interested in the natives, and both possess an ardent enthusiasm, without which indeed their vocation could not be endured. It may safely be said that such missionaries could always do better for themselves at home: they have often to work like day-labourers; their food is scanty and coarse; they have no recreations; and in addition to all this they suffer from solitude and sickness. For my part, I place them above the explorer; I think that their work requires more fortitude than ours. My sentiments for Africa are precisely those of the Polish patriot at Paris, who said, 'I am capable of dying for my country; but as for living in it—*ma foi! c'est une autre affaire.*'

Before we proceed to consider what these missionaries of the Gold Coast have accomplished, I shall first endeavour to explain the state of religious ideas among the natives.

Palmer told me that in the wild country to the East, where the slaves come from, and the natives of which are called Donkos, or 'the stupid' (*Barbaroi*), dwelt a people who did not believe in the existence of the soul after death; who laughed when they heard of such a thing; and said that when a man was born he was born,

and that when a man died he was dead; and that then there was an end of the palaver.

But all the African tribes I have met believe that the ghosts or souls of the departed hover round the graves and their former homes. Sometimes the bodies are buried in the houses, and the spirits join in the family meals; they are supposed to be always present, and often in the course of conversation some one will say, 'You remember that, Mansue, do you not?'

The natives of the Gold Coast, however, believe that there is an Unterwelt, or Shadow Land, beneath the ground, to which the soul migrates as soon as life is extinguished. The spirit then resumes the rank which it had upon the earth. When kings die, a number of slaves and wives are killed, to attend them as a retinue; gold-dust and cloth are packed up in the grave. It is also believed that all the garments which a man has worn out will then come to life again—a resurrection of old clothes; for not only human beings have souls, but also inanimate things. When they place some food upon the grave, they are not so foolish as to think that the spirit eats the body of the food, which they see remains untouched, and is gradually destroyed by insects and the atmosphere, as bodies are eaten by worms and turn to dust in the grave; they maintain that the food has a soul, or essence, and that this it is which the spirit consumes. So, also, it may be observed in the cemeteries of the Krus, where basins, tumblers,

&c. are placed outside the grave, that these articles are always broken, that they may not be stolen. They believe that the ghost of the deceased can drink out of the ghost of the tumbler, and that a fracture of the outward glass does not injure the spirit of the glass, any more than a wound upon the body injures the soul of a human being.

These people believe in the Under-world as firmly as they believe in a country adjoining their own. With them Faith is not a duty difficult to be acquired, but simply a part of their nature. A woman who was killed that she might join the *cortége* of a king upon the Gold Coast, was first stripped, according to the custom, and then struck upon the head. She was only stunned by the blow; awaking, she found herself surrounded by dead bodies. She ran back to the town, where the elders were sitting in council, informed them that she had been into the Land of the Dead, and that the king had sent her back because she had no clothes. The elders must dress her finely and then kill her over again: and this accordingly was done.

No ideas of reward or retribution are associated with the future state. As for their gods, some of them are good, and some of them are evil; their characters are human and mixed. The good ones can be made fierce by neglect, the evil ones can be propitiated by flattery and presents. The fetishmen and priests act as interpreters between gods and men. They sometimes say to an irreligious man: 'You had better take care, my friend. I saw

Ohyiwoo to-day, and he is in a rage because you have given him nothing this harvest.' Or to another they will say: 'I met *Bosumassi* just now in the forest: he told me to thank you for that bottle of palm-wine.' 'Oh, did he like it?' 'Yes; he said it was very good indeed.' These anecdotes will show how faint for these people is the division between the two worlds, and how unearthly things form part of their ordinary life.

They believe in one God, the Creator of the world, but suppose that he is indifferent and passive—'a god sitting outside the universe'—and seldom, if ever, pray to him. They say that he has deputed the administration of the earth to viceroy gods or spirits, who govern human beings as they please. 'Just as the Queen,' said Palmer, 'sends out to this country governors and commandants.' They often discuss the mystery of evil. 'Why,' they ask, 'does God allow these evil spirits to torment us?'

They do not believe that these gods punish men for any offences save those against themselves, viz. the withholding of tribute and homage, and the breaking of oaths sworn in their name. It is only the fear of public opinion which deters the natives from committing those offences which cannot be touched by the law; but happily they are governed by opinion in a remarkable degree; and in small communities where men have no resources of their own and no pleasure except in society, this must always be the case.

It will therefore be perceived that on the Gold Coast theology, morals and religion are not connected with

each other. The missionary comes to them and says: 'The God who created the world, and in whom you believe, is not, as you suppose, indifferent to what you do. He sees everything; He remembers everything; He commands you to worship Him, and He also commands you to do good to one another. In this life the wicked may sometimes be prosperous: the liars and the thieves, and the people who will not go to church, may have plenty of cloth and cattle and slaves, while the good people may be poor; but after death the souls of men do not go to dwell in a world beneath the ground. They are taken to the presence of God, and there they are judged—kings and slaves are the same in His sight—those who have served Him faithfully and have been good will live with Him in happiness for ever, and those who have disobeyed His laws and injured their fellow-men will be sent to the evil spirits, and roasted in a fire.'

Now, it surely requires no argument to prove that if the natives could be brought to adopt this belief their morals would be of necessity improved. But so far as adults are concerned, it is scarcely possible to make them give up the ideas which they received during childhood, and which seem to become a part of their minds. They have heard and have seen the spirits and the gods, or at least they have witnessed tokens of their presence. They may indeed consent to be baptized; they may go to church and give money to the Christian priests; but they merely add a god to their Pantheon, and

always continue to worship in secret the gods of the land.

The children may perhaps be educated to disbelieve in the existence of the demons; but so long as they remain at home they can hardly shake themselves free from the superstitions of their parents. For instance, a native youth, possibly a catechist or local preacher, marries a girl who also calls herself a Christian, and has been baptized. A child is born, and the wife's female relations at once invade and take possession of her dwelling; certain pagan rites are celebrated, and amulets are tied round the neck and the arms of the infant. The husband comes in and says that he will not have fetish made in his house, upon which the women retort: 'What do you know of these things? You are only a boy! You don't love your child, then, that you want it to die?' At such times as these, in all countries, the empire of women is supreme.

But while I was at Akropong I witnessed a new and extraordinary movement, namely, the foundation of a Christian village.

The Africans are tolerant in matters of religion; their maxim is that of Tiberius, '*Deorum injuriàs Diis curæ.*' When the Christians refuse to pay the usual taxes to the priests, people only shake their heads and say: 'Well, They will make you suffer for it'; and whenever misfortune or sickness befalls them, it is ascribed to the anger of the gods.

But if any disaster befalls the community—if the

crops fail, or a murrain breaks out among the cattle; if a war or epidemic threatens the land, the priests have their opportunity, for then the oracles are consulted, and are implicitly obeyed. Sometimes the priests, being probably puzzled what to say, invent all kinds of ridiculous grievances and sins. Such and such a god does not like goats; the people must send them from the town; or the spirits are angry with the people because they have planted a new kind of fruit.

But when there are living in the town a number of men and women who refuse to give tribute and homage to the gods, and who even deny that they exist, the priests naturally ascribe the current calamity to them, and the people rise against the sect, not from a spirit of religious enthusiasm, but simply for self-preservation, and demand that they shall propitiate the gods. Something of this kind occurred at Akropong when I was there, and the Christians, refusing to sacrifice, were banished from the town.

Now this, in the course of natural events, must frequently happen again, and the Christians also in many cases will separate themselves of their own accord. Many villages will in time be established, and form a confederation; they will have not only a religion, but laws and customs of their own; they will have their schools and their workshops, and being untrammelled by obstructive superstitions, and possessing some education, they will speedily rise to power in the land. They may even (some generations hence) engage in a re-

ligious war, and with the Bible in one hand and the rifle in the other spread far into the interior.

It should, I think, be the aim of missionaries to avoid all compromise with paganism, to set every house against itself, to make their converts give up their families and friends, and, in fact, to pursue a policy of separation.

This Separatist movement is not confined to Akropong. In the war presently to be described there was a regiment or company of Christians. These men had refused even to fight in company with their relations. The ties of religion are becoming stronger than those of family love; yet these in savage life are exceedingly tenacious.

Some Wesleyan converts near Cape Coast Castle have established a heresy, which proves at least that they really feel and think about the matter for themselves. Nor can their sincerity be doubted; by nature the negroes are sensual, yet this sect is puritanical. Total abstinence is one of its tenets; it is forbidden to drink palm-wine; it is even forbidden to sweep out the house with brushes made—as they usually are—of the branches of the palm-tree. It is wrong, they say, to pay money for religion. The soul is everything, the body nothing; and therefore when the body is dead and the soul departed, the corpse is merely carrion, and should be thrown into the bush. Those who are acquainted with the feelings of the negroes in respect to the treatment of the body after

death—the Egyptian reverence they bestow upon the corpse—must confess that the Christian religion is becoming a force in this country, and is probably destined to produce a mighty revolution in manners and ideas.

So much, then, for the missions on the Gold Coast. In other regions of Africa, no perceptible effect has been produced by long-established missions; and this suggests an interesting question: If a missionary takes up his abode with a savage and isolated tribe, spends long years in teaching them the gospel, and does not make one genuine convert, are we to lament a noble life thrown away, or may we believe it has served the sublime cause of Morality and Progress? Let the reader judge for himself from the following tale.

THE MISSIONARY.

HARVARD COLLEGE is a pile of red brick buildings, encircled by shrubberies, and shaded by American elms. It occupies the centre of Cambridge, a town of scattered and rural appearance, three miles distant from Boston, and connected with it by a tramway, along which the yellow horse-cars glide to the merry music of the harness bells.

This college is almost as old as the colony itself, and was founded by Cambridge men. Certain customs and ceremonies of the mother university have been preserved; yet still, to English eyes, Harvard is less a college than a school. There is nothing grave and monastic in its character; the students are mere lads; they have no academic costume; they hold their apartments in couples or as 'chums;' and their chief sport is the juvenile base-ball, a kind of rounders.

The professors, however, are men for the most part celebrated in their own country, and not a few have attained a European reputation. This little country-town of Cambridge is filled to the brim with distinguished men. Longfellow, Lowell, and Agassiz; Peirce, the mathematician, and Jeffries Wyman, the comparative anatomist, dwell within a few minutes' walk of one another. Hawthorne and Jared Sparks have recently

departed from this intellectual community, which resembles, though at a distance, Weimar in the days of Goëthe, and Edinburgh in the days of Scott.

A curious and charming feature in Harvard College life is the presence of young ladies, who, without false modesty or fear, frequent the grounds and mingle with the students. In America are none of those barriers which in Europe divide and tantalise the sexes. Boys and girls are sent to the same schools, and from their earliest childhood are familiarised to one another. Whether it is owing to this continual companionship annihilating instincts, and stifling romantic and dangerous illusions, or the facility of early marriage, or the severity of public opinion, or the influence of climate, or the superior education which women receive, and which endows them with dignity and self-respect, or a combination of all these causes, it would be difficult to say ; but this at least can be affirmed, that there is no country in the world where less suffering is caused by the weakness of women and the sensual selfishness of men.

These remarks will serve to introduce the incident which shall now be related, and which would be impossible at Oxford or Cambridge. A beautiful girl, about seventeen years of age, dressed in the style of a Parisian, stood by one of the lecture-room doors waiting for the students to come out. She was reading an 'Æneid' to pass the time. Presently feet and voices were heard, and she closed the book ; a crowd of young

men rushed past, some of them raising their hats in reply to her nod and smile, the others glancing at her with as much indifference as if she had been a professor, —or a professor's wife. Last of all came a student, somewhat older than the others, walking alone, with his eyes bent on the ground. She tapped him with her parasol as he passed, put her hand in his arm, a sign (in America) they were engaged, and opening her 'Virgil' pointed to the fly-leaf, on which was written in a small, clear, delicate hand: *To Henry Winthrop: from his loving wife. Antonio Mission, West Africa.*

'Oh, Agnes!' he cried, in a trembling voice.

'Oh, Agnes, indeed!' she said, with a mocking laugh, and giving him a grave and tender look: 'did you think she was a coward? Father and mother were on at me all last night, but I said I had promised to be your wife, and—and—there, never mind what I said: they have given their consent, and I shall go.'

'You are not afraid of the climate?'

'Not in the least.'

'And do you feel'—

'Now, Henry, I will not deceive you. I have not got religion. We are all Unitarians at home, you know. But where you go I shall go; what you love I shall love; and who can tell? what you believe I may believe, too—some day. And now I want you to tell me how this new feeling came upon you, and what made you think of giving up everything for these poor people.

Tell me all, Henry, and do not be afraid. I shall not laugh at you, I promise.'

He did not reply, and when she looked at him she saw that his lips were moving. The expression of his face was such that a kind of awe fell upon her. They reached the banks of the River Charles, and sat down together in the high rich grass. Then he took her hand in his and began to speak.

Henry Winthrop was a man of remarkable talent, and possessed, even for an American, a surprising fluency of speech. His parents designed him for the Bar, and he had the ambition to become an orator and statesman. He studied the works, and imitated the industry of Cicero, daily practising before a mirror the arts of gesture and expression, and also enriching his mind from books. His college course was almost at an end; he was engaged to Agnes, and about to commence the study of the law, when the death of his college chum produced a revolution in his mind. When the funeral was over he returned to the room where for three years they had lived together. As he viewed the cold bare bed of his departed friend, his books upon the shelf, his great coat still hanging from a peg upon the door, he could not refrain from tears. And then he remembered with sorrow and remorse how often he had jeered him on account of his religion, and how meekly those taunts had been borne, and how he had looked upon him gently with his dying eyes, and said: 'Henry, do not try to rob any

one of his faith again, for it comforts the heart when *this* time comes.'

There was a little book his friend had loved to read. He had once glanced into it himself, and had thrown it aside with disdain. He now looked everywhere for it, and at last found it beneath the pillow of the empty bed. It was 'The Dairyman's Daughter.'

As soon as he began to read this book he experienced a strange impression. It seemed to him that *something alive* ascended from the pages and passed into his brain.

The next day his parents received a letter in which he announced his desire to enter the Church. They gladly gave their consent, for they were religious people, and were also flattered with the hope that his eloquence would make him a celebrated and prosperous preacher. They hinted at this in their letter, and it gave him some distress, for he feared that a worldly love of fame had mingled itself with his religious aspirations. He wished to give up all; nothing less would satisfy his conscience. That same afternoon he went into Boston to meet a minister with whom he was acquainted, and whose counsels he had asked. The place of appointment was the office and museum of the Board of Missions. He arrived there before the time, and passed half-an-hour in the museum by himself. The sight of heathen amulets and idols, the portraits of missionaries, so inflamed his mind that he resolved then and there to embrace that humble and arduous vocation. He spoke at once to the secretary, who informed him in a cold

business-like tone that a mission was about to be established on the San Antonio River, West Coast of Africa, by Brother Samuelson, who had for many years laboured at Monrovia. It was intended to send some one with him, and Mr. Winthrop could apply for that if he thought proper. The salary was so much a year.

He wrote his application, and was appointed at the next meeting of the Board. In two months' time he would have to sail.

And now the painful hour came. Agnes, he knew, was not religious, and the fear of losing her for ever had often battled within him against his new-born resolution. But even that love, ardent as it was, had been vanquished by the passion which so suddenly had taken possession of his soul. He wrote her a sad and almost hopeless letter; the answer she gave him has already been described. She was young and romantic, and she loved him; she did not dread the vague and distant dangers of the climate; and she knew only the poetical side of missionary life.

As they sat by the soft and silent river he revealed to her in burning words his inmost feelings, his sublime desires. She sat with her hands in his, which trembled and glowed; she sat with her eyes on his, which were filled with a divine light; his sweet and penetrating voice went to her heart, and as he spoke of the ecstacy of suffering, the beauty of sacrifice, the glories of the world beyond the grave, her bosom

swelled, her tears streamed forth, she flung herself into his arms. What is faith after all but an emotion! But he, with prophetic eye, saw the terrible days that were to come. 'O God!' he cried, 'assist us to do Thy holy work, and patiently to bear the sorrows of this transitory life!'

In a few days Winthrop was ordained, and in a fortnight they were married. Their honeymoon was spent in the White Mountains. They then embarked with Brother Samuelson in a vessel laden with tobacco, rum, and Lowell cotton goods; they were detained some weeks at Monrovia, and there Mr. Samuelson had an attack of dysentery, and was obliged to return home. The vessel sailed on to the Antonio river, crossed the bar, and anchored opposite a frame house with the American flag waving overhead. In this factory the Winthrops were kindly received by Mr. Shattuck, the agent, while their own house was being built in the town which was on the opposite side of the river.

When the Karimbas heard that a white man had come to live among them they were exceedingly elated. It was an honour to the town, and would make them envied by their neighbours; and though they knew that missionaries did not trade, yet Winthrop would at least have to buy their vegetables and poultry, and would doubtless make them presents now and then. They therefore crowded round him as soon as he had crossed the river, singing and dancing with glee, shaking his

hand and bidding him welcome among them. He believed that they were rejoicing because he had come to preach the gospel in their town.

He engaged as interpreter a native named Murungu, who had been to Liberia for trade, and could speak a little English. He also obtained a girl from the village to assist Mrs. Winthrop in the house. He baptized her, and named her Jane.

The house was neatly built in imitation of Shattuck's factory. Stairs and ceiling had not been attempted by the native artist, but he had made three airy rooms, neatly floored, and a verandah. One outhouse served as the kitchen; and another, heavily padlocked, contained the cotton goods and beads, which alone served as money in the land. The furniture had been supplied by the Mission, and was sufficient for their wants.

Mrs. Winthrop's ideas of the tropics had been chiefly derived from 'Paul and Virginia.' She had supposed that the sun was always bright, and that the sky was always blue; that the earth offered up a perpetual incense, and perfumed the air; that the harsh necessities of daily life were unknown in these enchanted lands, and that the gentle negro brought to his guests, as a free-will offering, the fruits of the soil. But the San Antonio river is situated (near Cape Palmas) in the rainy zone: the sky was covered with clouds; black winds swept upon them from the ocean; the river was darkened by mud, and covered with masses of putrid vegetation. A smell of decay was ever in the atmosphere; the butterflies flew

about with torn and tattered wings; at night there was always a kind of fog; the moon was misty and the stars were dull.

This delicate and refined young girl, who had been brought up in a luxurious home, had now to work like a hired drudge. Jane could only be taught by example; so Agnes had to cook, to scour the saucepans and pots, and to scrub the floors. Her husband was also obliged to work with his hands. The people of the town combined, and asked such prices for plantains and fowls that he soon perceived he would not be able to live upon his salary, unless he grew vegetables and bred poultry for himself. So he set to work on the ground which he had bought, cleared the soil, mowed down every day the hydra-headed weeds which seemed to spring up as soon as they were killed, and sowed plantains, sweet potatoes, and cassada.

In six months' time they had settled down to their regular life. At daybreak they awoke with pains in the head, and aching limbs; Jane brought them some coffee, and then, animating each other with courageous words, they quickly dressed and went out into the central room. There they had family prayers, attended by Jane, the school-children, and Murungu. Winthrop worked in the garden for an hour, and Agnes in the house. Then they opened the school. He taught the boys, with the help of Murungu, to read and write, and gave them Scripture lessons; she, assisted by Jane, gave the same kind of instruction to the girls, and taught them needle-

work as well. Her pupils made the most progress, for she set their lessons to tunes (at their own request), and thus they learnt the A B C easily enough. Winthrop, not having a capacity for music, could not teach the boys in this manner.

At ten they breakfasted; then some more school, and then Winthrop took down from Murungu phrases and words; for it was part of his duty to prepare, in the course of the first year, a grammar and vocabulary of the language. Sometimes in the hot hours of the day, and sometimes in the evening, he went into the town and, ringing a large bell, collected the natives around him and preached them a sermon, Murungu acting as interpreter. In the meantime a wooden church was being built.

For some time all went on quietly and happily enough. The elders assented to all that he said, and promised all that he asked; they attended church with admirable regularity, and readily sent their children to school.

But in the eighth month of their mission the first trouble came upon them. Jane had a real affection for her mistress, and one day some unexpected act of kindness wrought upon her feelings, and she burst into tears; she could not bear it any longer, she said: Murungu was deceiving Mr. Winthrop. He did not want him to learn the language, because then he (Mr. Winthrop) could do without an interpreter, and find out when he was being cheated; so Murungu told him the words all wrong.

And as for his sermons, Mr. Winthrop preached one thing and Murungu preached another: he talked something out of his own head.

Thus eight months' work had been thrown away—the first eight months, so full of energy and vigour. Murungu was dismissed, and another man engaged. They kept Jane's secret; but Murungu suspected that she had betrayed him, and gave her a bad name in the town.

Four months passed: the Winthrops both suffered from the fever; but happily they were never ill at the same time, and so they were able to nurse each other. Henry bore all these troubles with firmness: for them he had been prepared. Agnes, in spite of his warnings, had been taken by surprise: she sometimes cried at the sight of her sallow face and roughened hands. But in every woman is the material of heroines and martyrs, and soon her courage and resignation equalled, and perhaps surpassed his own. She found her consolation in the enthusiasm of religion, in her husband's love, and in the affectionate character of Jane, to whom she became deeply attached. Only in one point she differed from her husband. He had a certain hardness of disposition, not uncommon in New Englanders; he sometimes uttered sarcastic remarks, which made him enemies among the natives—for savages are sensitive and vain. He preached with much bitterness of tone against polygamy and slavery, as if he had a right to demand that these people should at once abandon the

ancient customs of the country. He held the new puritan doctrine, which is certainly not justified by Scripture, that the drinking of wine and spirits is a deadly sin. It was in vain that Agnes begged him to proceed slowly and gently in these matters; he had an abhorrence of anything that resembled compromise. When he preached against rum, the natives asked, If it was a sin to drink it, why did the white men sell it? To this he replied that they also committed a sin; which remark was at once taken over to the factory.

Mr. Shattuck not only sold rum, 'he lived according to the native customs'—a phrase which means, on the Coast, that he had a consort, or country-wife. Winthrop repeatedly took him to task. Respecting the rum, Shattuck replied that he had no choice but to sell the cargo which the owners placed on board the vessel; his first duty was to fulfil the terms of his contract, and to do his duty to those who employed him, and paid him his wages and commission. Besides, he saw no harm in selling rum: the people were not like the Red Indians—they did not drink themselves to death; they got drunk now and then at a wedding or a funeral, to be sure; but if they had no rum they would get drunk on palm-wine instead. As to his country-wife, well, he supposed it was wrong; but the girl was necessary to him: he did not keep her only for his pleasure, as Winthrop supposed; if that was all he cared for, he could amuse himself easily enough, and Winthrop would not be the wiser. He was sorry to live like that, Mrs. Winthrop being there; but

he was sure his own wife would forgive him if she knew all; and perhaps she did: he did not love *her* any the less; and he led the life of a dog out there that she might have her comforts at home. But he could not get on without this girl: she was the only person he could trust; she prevented the people from robbing him; and when he had fever she never left his bedside: he would have died, more than once, if it hadn't been for her. He could not give her up, and he would not give her up; and it was no use talking about it any more.

To all this ingenious casuistry Winthrop opposed the words of the Seventh Commandment, the authority of which Shattuck did not contest; but he flattered himself with the hope that the Divine tribunal was at least as merciful as a French jury, and that a 'verdict would be returned of 'extenuating circumstances.' Anyhow, he would not give in, and Winthrop determined to make him a public example. He believed that it was his duty to denounce from the pulpit whatever he privately blamed; and how could he hope to put down polygamy among the natives, if he tolerated the evil in a white man? One Sunday Mr. Shattuck had the honour of hearing a sermon composed exclusively on his behalf; or rather he heard the exordium; for then, rising with much dignity, he walked out of church, followed by the congregation.

From that day the mission was doomed: the church was deserted, the children were taken from the school,

and Winthrop, embittered by opposition, preached in the street, and entering the houses of the elders, bade them beware of the wrath to come. Sometimes they laughed in his face, told him he was only a boy, and advised him to send for his father to come and teach them. Sometimes, pretending to be desirous for information, and assuming an appearance of child-like simplicity, they made him explain his theory of religion, and then asked him some questions which he found it difficult to answer. They even carried the war into the enemy's camp: he spent little money among them, and had indeed little to spend, for, like most missionaries, he was underpaid; sometimes, to tell the truth, he and Agnes had not quite enough to eat. But the natives really believed that he had appropriated funds which charitable people in America had subscribed to be spent among them in presents of rum and tobacco; so they now returned his calls, and in language (like his) more plain than polite expressed their opinion on the subject.

Throughout this season of trial Jane was their only friend: she was indeed a true convert. When she first had come to live with them, Agnes had, through the interpreter, given her some religious instruction and told her to pray to God. 'But how can I pray to him?' said she. 'I cannot speak the white man's language.' 'Then pray to Him in Karimba,' said Agnes. 'God knows all languages.' The next day she told her mistress that she had prayed, and that it made her feel good. She learnt English with wonderful rapidity. Nothing delighted her

so much as to sit at the feet of Agnes listening to tales from the Bible. She liked best of all the story of Joseph, the history of David and Nathan, and the narrative of the Passion. When she first went to live with them she used to tell lies, and also to pilfer little things for the benefit of her relations, and in obedience to their commands. But after a time she confessed her faults (without incriminating others), and said that her heart was blacker than her face, but now the Bible had made it white as milk. Her family were horrified at her treason, as they called it. Obedience to parents and fidelity of blood are the first virtues of savage life. These people do not seem to think it wrong to steal from the stranger; but to desert the family, to be disloyal to the hearth, is regarded by them as a sin and a shame. When Jane exposed some tricks which the natives played upon her master, and warned him of a plan that had been laid to break into the store, the anger of her parents knew no bounds. They threatened to flog her; they brought her before the chief, who administered a public reprimand; they ordered her to leave her master and mistress. When she refused, they publicly cast her off; and it was proclaimed in the town that henceforth Isanga, or Jane, no longer was a daughter of the house of Omurara.

The Winthrops knew nothing of this; for Jane did not wish to give them pain, or to make them think ill of her parents, whom she tenderly loved in her heart; so she concealed her sufferings and wrongs. She wept bitterly in

secret; when she met her parents in the town she sank upon her knees and stretched forth her arms towards them. But they looked at her sternly, and said 'We know you not.' And then, still remaining on her knees, she would raise her eyes towards Heaven, and say, 'O God, my Father and my King, do not punish them for this, but make them love me again.'

But soon, like Henry and Agnes, all her hope of happiness on earth died away, and with them she looked to another world for reward and consolation.

Her time was at hand. The town chief died, the great fetishman was summoned: he dwelt like a hermit in the bush; he spoke in the language of the gods. Well knew he the secrets of the town, and how to answer men according to their hearts. He said that the death was caused by a witch, and drawing figures on the sand declared that Jane was guilty of the crime. As soon as she heard of the inquest, a presentiment warned her that she would be accused. Fearing that if they came for her to the house her master would resist, and that thus his own life would be endangered, she made an excuse for going to the town; she said that she wanted to visit her parents, and Agnes calmly replied that she might go.

At midday Henry and Agnes heard the beating of the drum which summoned the Assembly of the People; they heard also the shouts of fury and joy with which the accusation was received. Then came an interval of silence. The priests gave Jane the Red Water of

Ordeal; they made her drink gourd after gourd, till at last she fell senseless on the ground. Her body was dragged round the village; they carried it up to the Mission. Drunk with blood and rum, the people lighted a bonfire near to the door and danced savagely around it. The father and mother of Jane, who too late had attempted to save her, squatted close by the door and moaned and wept as they beheld the criminal orgie held upon the corpse. Agnes, hearing them, went to the window; and by the flame-light she beheld a sight which made her shudder from head to foot. Then the parents rose up and peered into the window, and clutched at her with their hands. 'O white woman,' they cried, 'O devil in a human form! It was you who bewitched our girl. It was you made her a sorceress, and ordered her to kill the chief. Wait a little, it will be your turn next.' And then, bursting into song, as savages do whenever their feelings are excited, they swore by the Sea and by the Earth that their hearts should not lie down until they had drunk the blood from her veins.

Agnes turned pale; her head drooped on one side like a flower withered in the sun. Henry undressed her and laid her in the bed. She had a brain-fever. In three days she had recovered her senses, but could not touch any food. The horrible scene which she had witnessed; the nameless and abominable crime which had been perpetrated on the corpse before her eyes; the terrible threats of the parents, remained in her mind not only as a memory but as a fear. She dreaded

life, and earnestly prayed that God would suffer her to die.

On the sixth day of her illness Henry perceived, as she was sleeping, a curious change in her features; her nose was sharp and pinched. He uttered a cry; she awoke and smiled, and his fears passed away. But as the smile faded from her lips that awful expression returned, and he saw *Death* written on her face.

'Yes, Henry,' she said, guessing at his thoughts.

'Have you any pain, dear Agnes?'

'No, that is all past now.'

It was evening; all day long the sky had been dark, and a cold rain had fallen on the earth. But now the clouds were lifted up in the west, and the sun shone forth; its slanting rays filled the room with red and golden light.

'Poor Henry,' she said, 'it will be hard for you when I am gone; but do not give up this work, it is only for a little while.'

Her eyes became fixed; she looked towards the setting sun.

'Do you see anything, dear Agnes?'

'Yes; and I hear something.'

'What is it?'

'I cannot tell you; it is too beautiful for words.'

Then she fell into a short slumber.

He knelt down by her side, and took her pale hands in his. 'Are you in peace?' he whispered, as she opened her eyes again.

'Yes,' she replied, in a faint voice; '*He* is with me now.' And then she murmured, as if to herself:

> Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are,
> While on his breast I lean my head
> And breathe my life out sweetly there.

The sun sank below the horizon; the crimson rays faded, the golden beams fled; and the shades of night floated into the room. White as a tomb was the bed in the dusk; pale as a corpse the features of the dying girl.

Yet still there was a little light: and still there was a little life. The sea moaned in the distance, and the wind of the evening sighed in the trees.

He felt her hands growing cold: icy rays darted from them and penetrated to his heart. Her eyes were intently fixed on his, and something like a smile hovered on her lips. And then, as if a feeling stronger even than her love for him had come upon her, she turned her beautiful blue eyes away, and raised them towards heaven: she drew her dying hands from his, and clasped them as if in prayer. She gave a little sigh, and all was done.

He knelt beside her for some time: how long he did not know. Then rising up, he went into the parlour and took a spade from the corner of the room. The moon was high in the heaven: it was almost as light as day.

There was a tree in the garden, where Agnes had loved to sit with Jane in the hot and silent hours of the

noon, reading the Bible and singing hymns. How often their sweet voices, wafted into his study, had cheered him in his dreary work! He went to this tree, and kneeling beneath it, said, 'O God, may this ground be consecrated in Thy Holy Name!' Then he placed his foot on the spade, and dug it into the soil. The sound it made on the hard and sunburnt ground struck him like a blow; but he worked on, weeping and praying; and at length the work was at an end.

He went again into the house. The hours passed. The sound of the drum and the voices of the dancers died away; the lights were extinguished in the village; the night became silent and deep.

Then the door opened, and Henry strode forth, his face haggard and streaming with tears. He held the body of Agnes in his arms. Only her nightdress was upon her. Without a coffin, without a shroud, he laid her in the grave; and sat beside it all the night, and covered it at dawn.

The next morning Shattuck heard that Mrs. Winthrop was dead, and that her husband was lying bareheaded on the grave. He at once crossed the river, and took Henry back with him to the factory; he also removed the furniture from the house, and the goods from the store. He had a vessel which was just about to sail, but did not dare place the sick man on board. He however wrote two letters, one to Winthrop's parents, and the other to the Board of Missions.

Winthrop slowly recovered from his illness; and three

months after his wife's death was sitting in the factory verandah. Shattuck's cutter came in from Cape Palmas with the mails, and there were two letters for him. The first was in his father's handwriting, and it also contained a letter from his mother. They both implored him to return, and take a ministry at home. These letters, written with the eloquence of love, moved him deeply; and as he thought of home a thousand tender recollections were awakened. He looked around him and saw the factory negroes, naked to the waist, rolling casks or boiling palm-oil over fires, their bodies daubed with yellow stains. Their degraded features, their howlings and shriekings, like those of wild beasts, filled him with unutterable loathing. Before him was a dismal scene. The dark river seething along with masses of brown foam, and black tree trunks turning over and over in the stream; the banks clothed with evergreen trees which seemed, like the natures of the people, to be stamped with immutability; the black sky; the cold moist winds. The land seemed to scowl upon him.

But then, had he not vowed to renounce the pleasures of this life that he might labour for the spreading of the Word? Was it not his duty to remain in this place *because* it was desolate and horrible? to adhere to this task *because* it was difficult and dreary? As these thoughts passed through his mind he had an elevation of the soul. 'Ye sufferings of my body and my heart,' he cried, 'henceforth become my companions, and remain with me till I die. Agnes, dear Agnes, I have not forgotten

your words. I will not give up the good work. Come, Sorrow, be thou, in her place, my bride. Here, on this Bible, I swear that so long as I live, I will never desert this people whom God has placed beneath my charge.'

Shattuck came into the piazza with an open letter in his hand.

'Have you read yours?' he asked.

'Only one of them,' said Henry.

'Dear Winthrop, I fear you have the fever; your cheeks are flushed, and your eyes are unnaturally bright. But never mind, it is all over now; we are both of us free. I have made enough to live upon at home, and have done with these people; so we shall go home together.'

Winthrop opened the other letter. It announced that the Board had determined to withdraw the mission from the San Antonio River, and instructed him to return home at once by the English mail and the Cunard or Inman line, and not to wait for a passage in a trader.

Winthrop passed the night in reflection, and then took a singular resolve. With part of the goods belonging to his salary, he purchased a piece of ground in the village, and also a plot in the neighbouring bush. The rest he distributed among the people. With his own hands he built a hut, and cleared the plot for a plantation, and then took up his abode in the town; living precisely as the natives, joining in all their palavers, and only abstaining from their religious festivals and

rites. He never spoke an unkind word; and in time it came to pass that he never had an unkind thought. He spent his spare time in tending the sick, and in comforting the sorrowful. The people of their own accord asked him to open a school again; and the chief gently insisted that he should work no more in his plantation.

'The mothers of the children will give you food,' he said; 'do not refuse it from them.'

One day the chief said to him, in the presence of the elders: 'When you first came to this town, you said that you came out of love for us, and to save us from the anger of the white man's God. But you lived in a palace like a king, and you ate fowls every day, and we found that your words were hard; we did not believe what you said. But now we see that you really love us, and we also love you. If I say that we will give up the gods of our fathers, I should tell you a lie, for this country belongs to them. If I promise that we will forget and abandon the spirits of our parents and our wives, I should deceive you. No, Henry, we love them too much for that; they rise from their graves—from their cold, cold graves—and hover around us to listen to our words, and to guide us in danger, and to keep us from harm. You say it is not so; but often we hear their voices, and often we see them in our dreams.

'When you came here you told us that God had doomed our beloved and venerable parents—our fathers who gave us life, our mothers who fed us at their breasts

—to burn in a fire because they worshipped false gods. Now we know that you cannot lie; but you are only a man, though much wiser than ourselves, and surely you may be mistaken. For you speak, not of things that you have seen, but only of things that your fathers have told you, and that are written in a book. We think that indeed you must be mistaken; for we know that God is good; and if He is good, how can He torment us for not knowing that which He has kept concealed? As for these gods that we worship, they are to us only as kings; we give them fowls and cloth and palm-wine; we talk "sweet mouth" that they may not hurt us. But as for God, who made them as He made us, we think that He is too great to care for songs and presents, and too good to harm us, whatever we may do.

'Do not be angry with us, therefore, if we live as our fathers before us, for we yearn to be with them again, and if, indeed, they are in torment, as you say, we are content to suffer with them. But we pray you to remain always with us, and to make our children good; yet not to rob us of their hearts, and not to teach them to despise us.'

Winthrop lived ten years among this people. He did not make any converts, nor change their theological belief; but the example of his pure and charitable life was not without its influence upon them.

When he died they buried him according to the customs of the land; his books were placed with him in the grave, and each family offered him something as

a keepsake, and that he might think of them in the world below the ground.

They buried him under the tree in the garden, beside the grave of Agnes, and near to the ruins of the mission-house. Often in the dusky eventide, when the day's work is over, and the suppers are cooked, the women carry a calabash of plantains and place it on the grave. Often the elders sit under the tree and ask counsel of the Spirit, and supplicate it to protect them from pestilence and war. There also young lovers resort, to pray that their marriage may be blessed; and mothers, bearing their children in their arms, show them the grave of the good white man.

THE BATTLE OF THE VOLTA.

I RETURNED to Assinie, accompanied by Palmer, and having with me gold dust to the value of 150*l.* This fact was known to my hammock-bearers, and therefore, to the natives of the villages through which I passed; and at each station I had to hire a negro of the lower classes, probably a slave, to carry the wooden box in which the treasure was contained. Yet though I travelled chiefly by night, along a wild and thinly populated coast, my money was safer than it would have been in England. On the other hand, at one village I was offered a pair of sea-boots for sale, then a lady's mantle, with other articles of clothing. When I asked how these had been obtained, I was gruffly told to mind my own business, and afterwards found they had been plundered from a wreck.

These Gold Coast natives are exceedingly polite. When we came to broken ground, where it was necessary for me to alight, my hammock-bearers (hired at a shilling the day) handed me over the slippery rocks, or carried me through the salt-water pools, with as much solicitude as if I had been a young lady. It seemed to give them much pleasure to bring me some little thing that I required—a cocoa nut, a drink of water, or a light for my cigar. Sometimes, indeed, their politeness put mine to the

test; for instance, one day I was eating a fish for my dinner, and one of the men sitting down beside me extracted the bones and put them on the side of the plate. I had an inward struggle, but did not wish to hurt his feelings, and his fingers were as clean as a lady's, although he was a labouring man.

The clothed races of Africa, whether Moslem or Christian, are apt to neglect the virtue which is next to godliness; while the naked races of the lowest type cover themselves with oil, paint, clay, or grease, to protect their skins from the sun. But these people of the Gold Coast are, perhaps, the most cleanly natives in the world. They take a bath in the morning, and another in the evening, washing themselves from head to foot with palm-oil soap of their own manufacture, and then rub lime-juice over the skin. At almost every hour of the day may be heard infantine shrieks and lamentations, which, when traced to their source, are found to proceed from children three years of age being washed by girls scarcely older than themselves. As for the boys, they are always in the water: the sea is their playground. Lying on pieces of board outside the surf, they let the breakers carry them in—a pleasure analogous to sliding.

Both sexes use the tooth-stick at every leisure moment in the day; which practice partly accounts for the beauty of their teeth. The women also perfume the hair, and arrange it in tasteful coiffures. Their dress is in childhood a girdle of beads; the use of which

is universal throughout Black Africa, from the Niger to the Nile, and is portrayed on the monuments of Egypt. A mystical meaning appears to be attached to this part of the apparel. In Wadai, according to Mohammed el Tounsy, if a man wishes to make overtures to a woman, he jingles her girdle. On the Gold Coast to touch the beads of a married woman is a crime, and the offender pays a heavy fine, as in the case of intrigue. In Dahomey to touch a queen's girdle is death.

When the child becomes a girl she is invested with the waist-cloth, in addition to the girdle; and when she is married receives a kind of plaid or shawl, which she wears according to her fancy. The men have a similar garment, and wear it always like a toga—the left shoulder covered, the right arm bare. When they meet a superior, they uncover the left shoulder. They laugh at our coats, waistcoats, under-waistcoats, and trousers, saying, that instead of wearing one piece, we dress ourselves in rags.

The chief amusement of the ladies on the Gold Coast is the *Adunkum*, or Nautch. A number of girls assemble in a house or yard, and while some of them beat a drum and shake rattles covered with beads, the others clap their hands and sing melodious airs. Then a girl advances into the middle of the circle, and flutters a handkerchief to and fro. She dances with a movement not unlike skating, or merely undulates her body and waves her arms with infinite grace in the air. Then she throws the handkerchief to one of the others, who

follows her example. There are dances of all kinds upon the Gold Coast; but this, the dance of the *salon*, is grave, elegant, and decorous. Sometimes men are present, and dance in the same manner; but the women seem always to enjoy themselves more when they are by themselves. The music is simple enough, and is not changed for hours and hours; but the cadence is pleasing, the measure well marked: perhaps this continued reiteration produces a peculiar excitement, just as a dervish makes himself drunk by crying out, '*Allah!*' the whole night without intermission: certain it is, that no one can go to an *Adunkum* without feeling a violent desire to burst into the middle of the circle and perform a *pas seul*. At the same time strong liquors are provided, the ladies being given to 'drawing-room alcoholism;' and what with rum in their heads, and music in their legs, they are able, without partners, to keep up the ball, like people of fashion, till the break of day.

We travelled rapidly along the coast, and once, owing to a forced march, had to go from morning to night without anything to eat. Palmer objected to this, saying that he did not want to be lean; that his father would not be easy in his grave if he thought that his son was lean. At nine P.M. we arrived at a native gentleman's house, and he served us a supper of broiled ham. I invited Palmer to sit down with me, and helped him to some ham; but he looked at it with suspicion, and said he would content himself with bread. It seems that he had been reading in the newspapers about the

introduction of horse as an article of food, and he did not like the appearance of the meat: he could not understand how people could eat such things. 'Well, but you eat monkey, don't you?' said I. 'Yes, sir,' said he; 'I eat monkey; but that is a *very* different affair.'

On arriving at Assinie I went up to Kinjabo, and found the Ashantis still there, buying arms and ammunition. I inferred from Amatifoo's manner, that the letter had not been sent up to the King of Ashanti, and requested permission to go through the Assinie territory to the Ashanti frontier; thence to send messengers to Coomassie, and there to await a reply. Amatifoo replied that his men did not know how to carry hammocks; they would let me fall down and break my back. I replied that I would walk. But he refused to let me pass Kinjabo, and I refused to wait any longer; so that palaver came to an end. I shall now leap over two years, to relate my last adventure on the Gold Coast. In the spring of 1870 the Ashantis made a foray into the Protectorate, and captured some German missionaries. The main body retired; but a captain, or military chief, with a handful of soldiers, was said to be stationed on an island in the Volta.

Now these people of the island were hostile to the Coast Confederation, and often captured passing canoes; so the Accras and their allies determined to make war upon the pirates' nest. The Governor, or Administrator of the Gold Coast co-operated with them; and the Governor of Lagos came up to join the fray, in a small

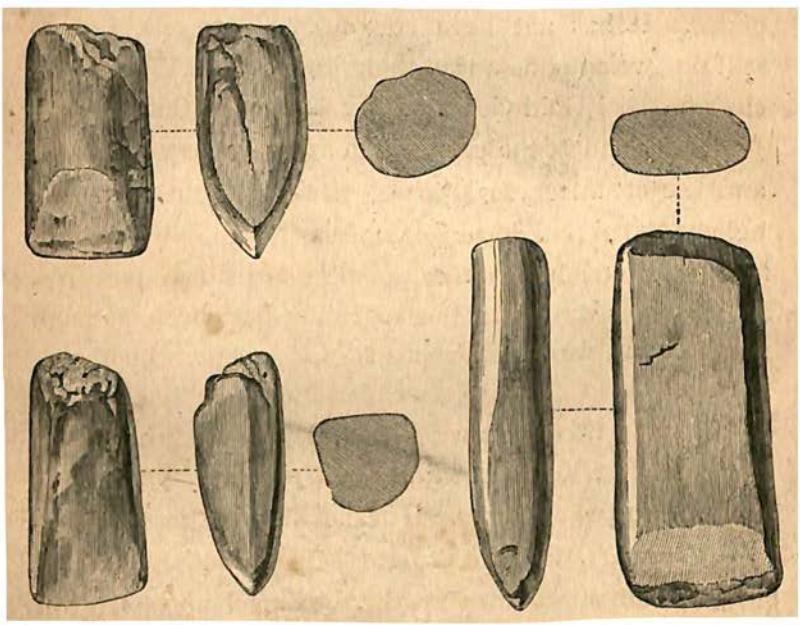
river gunboat, equipped with a big gun, rockets, and a mortar. At that time I was staying at Accra; so hiring a hammock, I engaged Palmer, and went across country to the Volta.

This river is of considerable size, and forms the boundary between the Gold Coast and the Slave Coast. The upper stream, at present unexplored, flows through forest mountains, its lower stream through broad alluvial plains. It has not been completely surveyed, and is still undeveloped as a trading highway; but in time the capital of the Gold Coast will be situated at its mouth.

The island of the pirates was fifty miles up the river, and the steamer was lying off a town about ten miles below. The native army was partly stationed in the town, and partly in a camp across the river. I was accommodated with a hut, and having paid a visit to the gunboat, was promised a passage on the day of the assault.

I saw in this town a shell mound in process of formation. The Volta abounds with shell-fish, which are gathered in the shallows. The shells are thrown aside near the doors of the huts, and being trodden into the ground, form a pavement, which is thickened and deepened every year. The site of an old town in the neighbourhood is marked by shells, which form a white mass that can be seen, it is said, for a considerable distance. I may here mention that while at Akropong, and other mission-stations, I procured a quantity of stone imple-

ments.[1] They are usually discovered on the surface of the ground, when a heavy rain has washed the upper soil away. Thus appearing just after storms, the natives suppose them to be thunderbolts—a belief that is current throughout the world, amongst uneducated persons, wherever these relics of our ancestors exist. The people of the Gold Coast regard them with reverence, call them *god-axes*, and scrape dust off them to use as a medicine



for rheumatism. I also procured a couple of round, perforated stones. Sir J. Lubbock[2] supposes that they

[1] A front view, side view, and section of each is represented in the wood-cut on a scale of one-half linear. The originals have been presented by Mr. Swanzy to the Christy Collection.

[2] Proceedings of the Anthropological Institute, 1871.

were used as ornaments to be worn round the neck; but there is nothing ornamental in their appearance, and I think it more probable that they were used as spindle-whorls.

The day of attack arrived, and I went on board the steamer. It was arranged that the native army should march by land along the east, or Slave Coast, side of the river, while the steamer passed the island on the western side.

We found, on approaching the island, that it lay near to the eastern bank of the river, and that the village was situated at the southern end. Some armed men came down to the water-side and fired at the steamer; the bullets dropping short, and plumping in the water like small stones. We glided slowly onwards, sounding as we went, for no steamer had been so high up the river before. We passed the village, which consisted of about a hundred wooden huts, heavily thatched with straw. A rocket was fired. It touched the water in front of the town, and there was a cry of disappointment, which was changed to a yell of triumph; for the missile, rising from the stream, and making a beautiful curve in the air, alighted on the roof of a house, and at once set it into a flame. Another rocket had the same effect.

Far away ahead beyond the other end of the island the river was black with canoes; these were some of the islanders retreating. The soldiers aboard fired at them, and we saw the balls skipping and dancing among them,

and the canoemen ducking their heads. Those that were in the middle of the river got away, but others crept underneath the bank. Presently we saw puffs of smoke and tongues of fire just above them, and black men leaping down the bank and drawing the canoes to shore. This was the advance-guard of the Accras.

However, the main body of the army, detained by quagmires, was behind time, and the assault was postponed till the next day. The steamer was anchored at four hundred yards from the north end of the island; and the sharpshooters of the enemy, having dug rifle-pits, as was afterwards discovered, practised at us all the afternoon. The bullets whistled close past our ears as we sat on the poop, and were pronounced to be Enfields by their sound. Twenty bullets were put into the steamer, but none into its human contents.

The island was long and narrow, lying close to the eastern bank. At the north end was a bush-covered hill, in which the enemy were lying; and at the foot of this, a naked strip of sand, running out into the water.

Some Accras thought fit to get into a canoe with the view of landing on the island. Upon which, five men, stark naked, ran out upon the sandy strip, in the midst of a tempest of balls from the steamer, knelt down, aimed with great deliberation, and fired into the canoe. The 'braves' got back safely into cover, for which we were not sorry; but one appeared to be wounded in the leg. The Accras retired out of the canoe.

One of our native allies paid us a visit in a small

canoe. On his return he made his boys paddle him slowly near to the island, and was shot at. 'What's he doing that for?' we asked. 'That is to show he is brave,' replied the Government interpreter.

The Accras were encamped opposite the island, and blazed away all the night, to show that they were on the alert. The islanders continually called out, 'Well, why don't you come across? What cowards you Coast people are!' With various other remarks which it would be scarcely proper to translate.

The next morning we steamed close in to the island, and lay between the camp and the shore. More bullet-music; but now the shrill and ringing tones announced that the Enfield balls had been exhausted. Stones, bits of iron pot, and even beads, were fired by these pirates *in extremis*.

The canoes being prepared for the assault, one governor took charge of the big gun, the other superintended the mortar, and the bushy stronghold was shelled and riddled with grape-shot, in order to cover the attack. At the same time the natives on the bank performed a breakdown, singing and clapping their hands, as negroes always do whenever there is a 'situation.'

At the end of five minutes' firing an awkward discovery was made. The storming canoes remained close to the bank; and the forlorn hope, instead of being excited with fury against the foe, appeared to be much more desirous of having a fight among themselves. At first we supposed that they were afraid; but, on the con-

trary, they were quarrelling who should go first, as if it were a dinner-party. Adumasa declared that he would not go behind Akoo: Koffi said he would not go at all unless his wife's first cousin was put into the same canoe as himself. However, at last the dispute was arranged, and the canoes paddled off to the island, with flags waving in the prow. The men got out in the shallow water (while the canoes went swiftly back for more), and then, forming into a half-moon, advanced steadily towards the island, firing and loading as they marched; and, having reached terra firma, carried the hill with a rush. They were soon joined by three more canoe-loads; and the steamer, passing round the end of the island, ran down the river a little way ahead of our allies, so that we had a very pretty view of what then took place.

The Accras formed themselves into three lines, and beat the island along from north to south, firing into the bushes and clumps of high grass; so that it looked just like rabbit-shooting. The islanders could be seen sometimes running on ahead, sometimes doubling back close under the shore; some of them took to the water and dived like dabchicks to avoid the shots; others leaped into small canoes and paddled across the river, chased by the canoes of the Accras.

The island having been swept across by the process which the Greeks called *σαγηνευσών*, the village, already partly consumed, was set on fire; the 'strong men' that were taken prisoners were killed; the women and children

The Pirates' Nest.

tied with cords. But in the meantime some of the islanders who had gone over to the mainland in the night crept up close to the camp, where the chiefs were holding a council of war, and fired into them at short range, killing several people of importance and wounding others.

Scenes of disorder now took place on the island and in the camp; and it was night before the wounded were brought off to the steamer. I divided them into four classes:—1. Those who had been wounded by the enemy. 2. Those who had been wounded by themselves, from guns bursting and the like. 3. Those who had been wounded by their friends accidentally. 4. Those who had been wounded by their friends on purpose, in disputes about the spoil.

The next day we returned to the town. As we steamed down the river we saw white corpses floating around us: the water had washed away the pigment or colouring matter with which Nature has painted the negro.

As soon as we arrived and announced the news, the wives of the townspeople rushed frantically down to the riverside and cleansed their bosoms and arms. They had daubed themselves in a peculiar fashion to show that their husbands were gone to the war; and now they returned to their normal state. It is also a fashion on the Gold Coast, where every able-bodied man is bound to serve in the army, for the women, as soon as the men have departed, to array themselves in their husbands' clothes, or else in the garments of Godiva, and then to parade

the streets, beating drums. If they find one of their citizens skulking, they beat him instead of the drum.

I had ordered Palmer to stay behind at the town to look after my luggage; not liking to ask a passage for him, the steamer being crowded. He now came to me with a doleful face, and complained that he had been insulted by the women in my absence. All day long, he said, they had taunted him for not going to the war, and had said that as he was not a man it was needless for them to wear any clothes in his presence. Whereupon they had suited the action to the word; and as these facetious ladies were neither comely nor young, he had not derived much pleasure from the exhibition of their charms.

I must not omit to mention a strange incident which occurred during the battle. Soon after the hill was carried, we heard a loud explosion, and saw a column of white smoke mounting in the air. This was the Ashanti captain; who seeing that the day was lost, had thrown his stool (the insignia of his rank) into the river, and seating himself upon a barrel of powder, had lighted it underneath. Thus die the gentlemen of Ashanti. It is one of their proverbs—*Death is better than shame*; and no officer survives defeat.

The Accras did not bring us the wounded of the enemy, but 'put them out of their misery' at once. However they found a boy about ten years old, burnt by a rocket, and his captor brought him off to the steamer, to be healed by the surgeon. The little fellow, when laid

upon the deck, surveyed us with a calm and undaunted air. While his wounds were being dressed he had sometimes to move in such a manner as to cause him exquisite pain; but although the drops of perspiration came upon his forehead, he smiled all the while, and looked with gratitude on those who stood by him and gave him encouraging words. I have walked the wards three years, and had charge of a cholera hospital; I have seen much fortitude and courage; but never have I witnessed such heroism as that boy displayed. He languished for several days, and then a gentle death released him from his pain.

BOOK V.

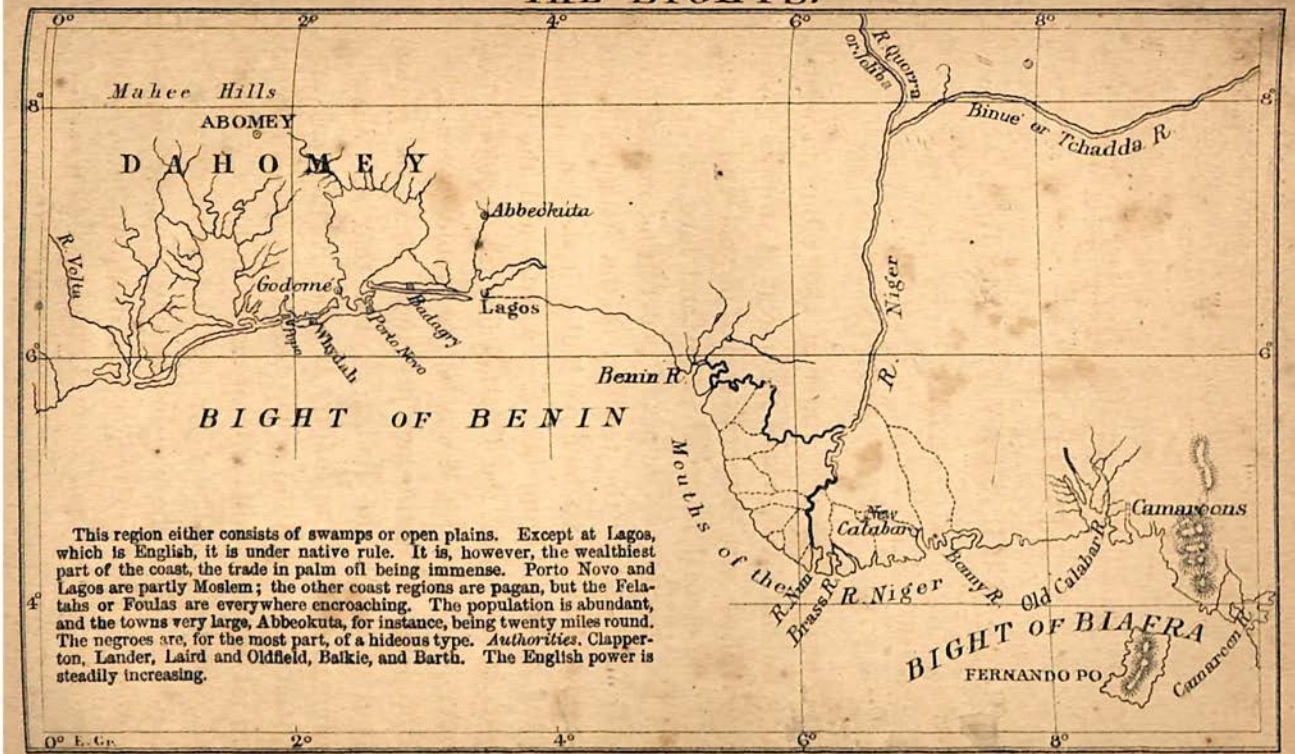
THE SLAVE COAST.

THE BIGHTS.

WE now return to the winter of 1868; but no winter was it on the Coast, where the forest is always green, always filled with butterflies and flowers and mating birds; an eternal bower of gaiety and love.

I had given up all hopes of penetrating inland from the Gold Coast, for the territory of the Ashantis forms a cordon about two hundred miles in length, parallel to the seaboard lying between Assinie and the Volta. Next, going down the Coast, came the land of Dahomey; and its king, it was known, would never allow a European to pass through his land. Next, the region inland of Lagos and Badagry; but that was already beaten ground. The country between Cameroons and Gaboon was entirely unknown; but experience had shown me that in the Gorilla Country a great journey cannot be accomplished. There are no trading roads, no circulation of life in those dismal, thinly populated forests. However, the Congo region was unknown, and might perhaps be opened up. To the Congo, therefore, I should

THE BIGHTS.



This region either consists of swamps or open plains. Except at Lagos, which is English, it is under native rule. It is, however, the wealthiest part of the coast, the trade in palm oil being immense. Porto Novo and Lagos are partly Moslem; the other coast regions are pagan, but the Felatahs or Foulas are everywhere encroaching. The population is abundant, and the towns very large, Abbeokuta, for instance, being twenty miles round. The negroes are, for the most part, of a hideous type. *Authorities.* Clapperton, Lander, Laird and Oldfield, Balkie, and Barth. The English power is steadily increasing.

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London; Smith, Elder & Cº

probably have gone, had it not been for a proposal I received which turned my thoughts in another direction.

While I was at Cape Coast Castle the Governor-in-chief of the Settlements arrived on his annual tour of inspection, and suggested to me that I should explore the Sherbro', a river of great commercial importance near Sierra Leone. I said that I would gladly do so if no European were associated with me. To this he at once assented, saying that he knew no one fit for the work. This was precisely my own opinion; and besides, I have always believed that in Africa a man should travel by himself, for then he is injured and delayed by nobody's blunders and errors but his own.

The Governor made me understand that it was not in his power to promise that the expedition should be sent, since he could not obtain the money supplies without the concurrence of his council. If, therefore, I had other plans it would be unwise for me to give them up; but if I had nothing better to do, and could be at Sierra Leone by Christmas, he would then be able to give me a definite reply.

Meanwhile something occurred to fill up my time. Mr. G—— was an agent of Mr. Swanzy's at Whydah, the seaport of Dahomey, and having offended the native authorities, had been condemned to stand bare-foot and bare-headed in the sun for some considerable time, and a heavy fine had been imposed upon the firm. The agent at Cape Coast Castle asked me if I would go to Whydah and investigate the matter. To this of course

I agreed, and took my passage by the next mail steamer to Lagos, whence I could reach Whydah by a canoe voyage along the Lagoon and a short trip overland.

I shall now describe the Delta of the Niger, one of the most singular regions in the world. Imagine a swamp as large as Ireland,[1] with several large rivers flowing through it to the ocean, and intersected in every direction by creeks, backwaters, and lagoons.

These streams, which belong to the many-mouthed Niger, are called '*The Oil Rivers*,' for the swamp is a natural plantation of palms, fruiting in bunches of golden-hued nuts which yield palm-oil, the active ingredient in the famous yellow soap of Old England. French soaps are made from the oil of the ground-nut exported from the countries of Senegal and Gambia.

The English oil-traders never live on shore. Vast hulks of East Indiamen, once floating palaces, now floating factories or stores, are the houses of the agents; while trading vessels sometimes remain three years in a river, their decks covered with a thatched roof. These ship-villages are governed by a council of captains, who punish thieves and mutineers, and act as a Court of Arbitration, there being a power of appeal to the Consul of Fernando Po, who visits the rivers from time to time in a man-of-war. The traders give credit largely to the natives, and often are troubled with bad debts; in which case they resort to the practice of 'chopping oil,' as it is called: that is, a creditor

[1] Laird and Oldfield.

seizes the first oil-laden canoe that passes his vessel, and pays himself with the puncheons he has captured.

Such is the native law. Any member of a tribe is responsible for debts contracted to a stranger by another member of a tribe; but the first debtor is forced to repay the person whose goods have been seized. If he has no money to pay with, he and his family are sold; according to the African proverb, '*When a goat incurs a debt, he must pay with his skin.*'

The resources of the Delta are enormous: the trade of the French, English, and Portuguese settlements combined, is paltry when compared with the exports from this savage region. It was a proverb at Rome, that Africa was always producing something new, and this may hold good for a long while yet to come, not only in science and sensation, but in trade. Half-a-century ago the Delta was merely a slave-exporting land; and the palm-oil traffic is quite of recent date. In 1808 our imports of the oil did not exceed 200 tons a year; at present they amount to about 50,000 tons.

The exports and imports of *men* in the Delta have not been so carefully recorded; but the old adage still holds good:—

> Beware and take care of the Bight of Benin,
> Where few come out, though many go in.

At a rough calculation we may say that every bar of yellow soap contains a drop of English blood.

In some regions of Africa, and notably at Sierra Leone, the Malaria puts on a beautiful disguise, hides

its foul breath with the sweetest of perfumes, and wears the smile of sunlight ever on its lips. But in this Delta of the Niger, the refuge of reckless and despairing men, Death, as if sure of its victims, throws off the mask. Once enter that gloomy land, and the impression can never be effaced. The rivers filthy as sewers; the slimy mud stinking in the sun; the loathsome crocodiles lying prone upon it, and showing their white bellies as they sullenly plunge into the stream; the foaming, shark-haunted bars; the hideous aspect of the people, whose bodies are usually covered with sores; the traders with their corpse-like faces—all this can be remembered, but cannot be described.

The tribes which occupy the lower regions of these rivers monopolise the inland trade, and their chiefs acquire considerable wealth; which is partly hoarded up, and partly spent in debauchery. Pepple, king of Bonny, was at one time reputed the most wealthy of these trader-princes, but was expelled by his subjects, and took refuge in England. The negrophiles took him up, the Bishop of London baptized him, the Government gave him an allowance, and he lived with his wife in the suburbs for several years. Queen Pepple was in many respects a worthy woman: her chief delight was to fondle long-haired children, giving them sweetmeats in return; but she had also a taste for ardent liquors. Pepple, having tried milder measures in vain, applied to the Lord Mayor for permission to kill her, and felt much aggrieved when the 'order' was

refused. He was eventually reinstated in his kingdom, and took out with him in a yacht several Englishmen, to whom he promised offices of emolument and honour at his court. On arriving at Bonny they discovered that his palace was a hut, and his kingdom a few square miles of mud. He presented them each with a couple of yams, and regretted that the state of his exchequer did not admit of his making any larger disbursement at the time.

In 1862 I paid a visit to this monarch, and found him enthroned on a Windsor chair, clad in the costume of the Turkish bath, eating dog-stew and palaver sauce. He welcomed me heartily; but when he heard that I was not going to remain at Bonny, and that therefore nothing was to be got by my acquaintance, his manner visibly changed. Our interview was abruptly brought to an end by my companion remarking that I had come out to 'shoot beasts;' which gross attempt to impose on the well-informed Pepple made him so sulky that he would not speak to us again.

The Niger Delta is the diocese of Bishop Crowther, and when I arrived at Lagos I found a prospectus being circulated, in which he announced that he was about to establish a mission in the Brass river—if to do nothing else, at least to teach the natives to plant yams and to abandon cannibalism. This modest and sensible statement gave me a good opinion of the black bishop, and it was not altered by personal intercourse. A great many jokes are made concerning the negro missionaries

whom he has stationed along the banks of the Niger. It is said that they are sent out for the Diffusion of Kisses into Foreign Parts; and that they endeavour to ameliorate the spirituous condition of the natives by selling them rum and Geneva, and so forth. Now a great deal of this I suspect is mere slander and invention; it is, however, probable enough that when half-educated negroes are stationed in the backwoods or backwaters, without being subject to much supervision, their moral behaviour is not altogether so faultless as that of English missionaries. But, on the other hand, they do not get the fever; they can live on plantains and yams, and whatever they may say or do, they cannot make the natives any worse than they are. Moreover, an ordained negro is a walking sermon, a theological advertisement. The savage regards an Oxford Master of Arts as a being fearfully and wonderfully made, belonging to a different species from himself. His argument invariably is: 'White man's God, he good for white man; black man's god, he good for black man.' But when he beholds a man as black as himself with a shiny hat, a white cravat, glossy garments, and shoes a yard long, wearing a gold watch in his fob, blowing his nose in a cloth, and 'making leaves speak;' and when he is informed that these are the results of being baptized, he also aspires to become a white man, and allows himself to be converted.

The seaboard between Accra and the Niger is neither a forest nor a swamp, but an open country resembling Haussa and Bornou, with large towns, busy markets,

cultivated plains of cotton and corn. Abbeokuta, for instance, is a walled city twenty miles round. Lagos is also a large town, and situated on a river with lagoons extending to the east and west. Along the waterside is a road called the Marina, planted with trees, and lined with the stone mansions of the merchants. Opposite each house is a wharf and wooden pier and a little steam tug, which, on the arrival of the mail, transports puncheons of oil and bales of cotton across the Bar, and brings in freight. These little steamers, puffing about in every direction, give Lagos the aspect of a European port. They were introduced as a matter of necessity, for the terrible Lagos Bar is frequently impassable for cargo boats and canoes during more than a month at a time.

LAGOS BAR

THEY say it's a bad place where a sailor won't go to, and there's many a sailor won't go to the Coast of Guinea; yet, somehow, when he does take to it he can't fancy no other line. I began it as a youngster, and back and back I used to go, and might have been at it now, or in a hammock at the bottom of the sea, if it hadn't been for something as made me swear that I wouldn't go back to the Coast no more than only once agen.

Ah, sir, often I thinks of them days now that I am old. Often as I lies in my cot on a sultry summer's night I thinks and I thinks till I don't know rightly where I am. I hears the musquitoes a-humming around me, and the splashing of the water agen the sides of the room, and the cries of wild beasts—what are only the people in the streets. Then I begins to doze a bit; my head swims; dark things come round me; I see the stars shining above me, and the high black trees upon the shore; I smell the mud and the nasty river fog; and then I see *Lagos Bar!* and at that I wake up with a scream, and find myself in my little room at home, with my wife a-bending over me a-wiping the sweat from my forehead and the tears from my eyes; and then we talk of the times gone by—the times gone by, and mostly of Lagos Bar. I suppose

that I've told that tale a hundred times and more, for often and often its memory comes back and leaves me no rest till I've put it into words. It don't come always in a horrid dream, but more like the whispering of a spirit-voice; and sometimes, sir, I think it may be Mary herself. See how the sky shines over there, and the waters seem to dance in gold! At a time like this, when all is sweet and still, and shadows are moving in the air, it never fails to come. I feel it now. And then something moves within me. I hear music, and I see figures in the sky, and thoughts come upon me which I can't bring out in speech. I can't call 'em to me, when I wish, for they don't belong to me. No, sir, they are not my thoughts; they are too beautiful for a rude man like me; it is Mary, dear Mary, sitting by my poor worn-out heart, and whispering to me of the happy world to come.

Ah! never shall I forget that day when Mr. Johnson met me in the docks, and offered me a berth on board the 'Saucy Sal.' We went down to look at her then and there. She was a fore-and-aft schooner, clipper-rigged, and as neat a little craft as you could wish to see. I went aboard with my gear at once, for she was going to sail that very arternoon. The mate had been taken badly sick, and Mr. Johnson knowing that I was a steady man and acquainted with the Coast, had gone to look for me at the docks. The vessel was bound for Lagos, to be laden with palm-oil.

When we got near the mouth of the river, the skipper

went below and brought up two ladies. If Queen Victoria had turned out to be aboard I couldn't have been more surprised, Here we were, with the land dim in the distance and only a red buoy tossing about to show us we weren't at sea. They would have to go back in the pilot-boat, with the tide contrary and the night fast coming on.

It was plain to see that they were mother and daughter, and that they'd been crying together down below. Their eyes showed red when they lifted up the drooping lids, and their pale cheeks were all seamed with where the tears had run. Neither of them looked at our skipper after he had brought them up, and this it was that puzzled me outright. There he stood, a little ways off, leaning agen the vessel's side, sometimes a-looking at them out of the corner of his eye, sometimes at the pilot, who was putting on his comforter and coat. Presently he caught my eye, and I went up to him. 'Let me know when the pilot-boat comes up alongside, Mr. Andrews—quietly you know.' It's plain enough, thinks I, that they're going back; I suppose they're his mother and sister, and that's why they've been crying. But how is it that they never give him a word, or so much as a look, and seem so much wrapped up in themselves?

In a few minutes I looked at the captain and touched my cap. The pilot went up to him and shook hands; the two ladies were whispering to each other, and did not notice it. Captain Langlands, he looked about him

in an awkward kind of way, walked a bit towards 'em, and then stopped short, like a man who has something to do which he doesn't like to begin. Just then they looked up. The pilot in his pea-coat, the sailors idling about, and, more than all, the captain's face showed 'em as the time was come. They got up without a word, and walked to the waist of the vessel, and then I began to understand. The old lady took her daughter in her arms and squeezed her, oh, so hard! and when Langlands helped her down the ladder she looked at him full in the eyes, and said gently, 'May God forgive you as I do, James!' At that, his face turned, and he trembled like a hare.

Now she was in the boat, which slipped astern. 'Let draw the head-sheets!' said Langlands, in a husky voice. The girl ran aft and hung over the taffrail: she was within a foot of me, for I was standing by the wheel. In a moment the boat came in sight: her mother was standing up; her bonnet had been blown off, and her grey hairs were flying in the wind. She stretched her withered hands towards us, and she never said a word; but her hands, her quivering, clutching, *speaking* hands! it seemed as if her whole blood and life had streamed into the limbs that was nearest to her child.

The poor girl reeled, and I catched her in my arms. There she lay for a minute with her head upon my breast. Her face was like the marble stone, and her eyes were shut: I had never seen such a delicate thing afore. It seemed like nothing to hold her; and her face—how beautiful it

was! I seemed lost-like a-looking, and never moved, and never turned my eyes, but stood there all helpless, and her in a deathly swound. 'Let me take her, Mr. Andrews,' said the captain, from behind; and he caught her up in his arms and carried her below. Then I heard him call out for the key of the medicine-chest, and he arterwards run up for a minute to 'take his departure;' that is, to note down where we lost sight of the furthermost point of land.

I was sore puzzled at this, for I knew it was agen ordinary regulations for masters to take their wives to sea. But the second mate soon told me all about it. The captain had been engaged to her, it seems, a goodish while; but the mother had all along been dead agen the match: first, because Langlands had the character for being wild; and then he was a sailor, and she had been a sailor's wife herself. However, it happened that he had a stroke of luck: a bit of money was left him; and the old lady, thinking as now he'd be sure to give up the sea (which likewise he promised to do), gev him the girl. But before three months were gone Langlands was took with that feeling which all sailors know. It ain't often a man can shake off the sea when he's young: she's a hard missus; but even when we do get away from her we're bound to go back to her agen. We say the sailor's life is the hardest that there is, and yet we wonder how folks can live ashore; though it's lucky as some do, else how would vessels be built and goods stored?

Well, to make it short, Langlands felt seawards; and one fine morning his mother found that he had invested a good part of his money in the 'Saucy Sal,' and freight, with the agreement that he was to sail her and have master's wages for the same. To make matters worse, she learnt that he was bound for Lagos, where he had been once or twice afore: and his wife was bent on going with him. All that she could say didn't shake them. Langlands had settled to go, and her daughter was determined that she would not be left behind. People think that the Coast is worse than it really is, and the old lady took on badly. Langlands assured her that his vessel should never lie inside a river-bar, and that his wife should never go ashore. But no, she had made up her mind that she was not to see her girl agen. That was why she'd come to the mouth of the river, though she knew it meant passing the night on rough waters in an open boat.

Well, I felt in bad spirits over this. I was sorry for the girl; her looks had wrought upon me somehow, and I knew that the Coast was no place for a woman, let alone a weakly thing like her. Her husband would have to go ashore, if she didn't; and if we were to lie outside Lagos Bar, why he'd have to cross it pretty often, which is a thing few men like to do. There are plenty of bad bars along the Coast, but Lagos is the worst. Sometimes it can't be passed for days and days. Hundreds of canoes have been capsized there, and it's seldom anybody's saved. That's owing to the sharks;

people say that they look out for a capsize, and that when the bar's high there's double as many there. I don't know how that may be, but sartinly there's no place like it for sharks anywhere along the Coast; and you may try 'em with fat pork or anything else in the way of bait, but they only smell at it and go off with a lazy swing of their long tails.

No, Lagos wouldn't do for a lady, I thought. Besides, it worn't ship-shape, take it how you will. 'I s'pose the skipper's going to make a yachting party of this here v'yage,' said the second mate to me. 'It's begun nicely, ain't it? Here we are in this blessed Channel with a brown fog coming on, and he below a-doctoring his wife's hysterics.'

But the words were not out of his mouth when up came Langlands, in peacoat and nor'wester, ran his eye over everything at once, gave a little nod, as much as to say, 'That will do,' and took a few turns upon the poop. It didn't take long to find out he was a sailor and loved the sea; he seemed to sniff it up as a woman would a nosegay, and his eye glittered like a hawk's. He bent over the side, then said to me, with a bit of a smile, 'She steps along nicely, don't she, Mr. Andrews? What should you say it was—six and a half?' 'About that, sir,' said I, looking at the bubbles floating by. 'Well,' said he, 'that's very good indeed, with a light breeze. I wish it would freshen and blow away the fog.' He took another turn or two, and said: 'Mr. Andrews, I shall stay here now; and if the weather thickens I

shall be up all night. Would you mind saying a cheerful word to my little girl afore you turn in?' 'I shan't turn in to-night, sir, afore my watch,' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'if it's not troubling you too much, do put her into better spirits about the Coast. Show her the bright side of it, eh?' 'Ay, ay, sir,' said I. He squeezed my hand, and said, 'You're doing me a great favour, Mr. Andrews.'

No wonder his wife had refused to leave him. He was one of the finest-looking fellows that I ever saw. And then he had such a way with him! When he said them last words, and lighted 'em up with his smile, I felt as if I could have laid down my life for him right there upon the deck.

Mrs. Langlands was lying on the after-lockers. She gave me a weak smile when I came in, and raised herself up a bit. 'James has told me,' she said, holding out her hand, 'that you saved me from falling just now.'

She said something more, but what it was I never heard, for her hand was lying in mine as cold and transparent as a mossel of lake ice; and I kept looking at it and looking at it, and going out of myself, all dreamy —just as I did when she went into the faint; till she drew her hand gently away, and then, I don't know why, but I felt awkward and strange, and if she hadn't a-spoke I do believe I should have rushed up on deck.

'Has my mother reached home yet, should you think?' she asked.

Now, I knew that her mother could be no more than half-way to Liverpool, wet and cold, and in danger every moment of being run down by a vessel, in the fog. But how could I tell her that, with her poor anxious face and beseeching eyes? So I said that her mother was sartin safe at home; and that seemed to make her real happy for a little while. Then she clouded over agen, and began talking about the Coast.

'Is it such a *very* unhealthy place?' said she.

'Now for it,' thinks I. 'Well, ma'am,' I says, 'I'm forty years old, and I've been back'ards and for'ards to the Coast ever since I was a boy, and I don't feel any the worse for it as I knows on.'

'But how is it that it has such a bad name?' says she.

'Well, you see, ma'am,' says I, 'it's a dullish kind of place, and there ain't much discipline kept out there, and the sailors get to drinking Coast o' Guinea rum, which ain't by no means the best of liquors for the health, and palm-wine fermented in the sun; and arter that they sleep out in the dews—and then they wonder that they're taken ill, and put it on to the fault of the climate, when it's all their own.'

'O yes, I understand now,' said she. 'I know that the sailors are very foolish, poor fellows; but we'll take care of them, won't we, Mr. Andrews?' Then her eyes seemed to brighten at the thoughts of doing good; and we sat talking ever so long. I told her stories about the Coast, picking out the most comical ones I knew,

for Coast stories are not always comical—worse luck!—and afore eight bells struck, she burst out laughing—such a clear, ringing laugh, like a peal of bells—and the skipper put his head down the skylight, and said, 'Why, Polly, my girl, Mr. Andrews must have bewitched you, I think.'

At eight bells it was my watch; so I told her I must go, and she thanked me kindly for keeping her company so long.

When I got on deck I found that the moon had cut the fog, and that we were scudding over a bright sea. 'I will leave her in your hands now, Mr. Andrews,' said the skipper. 'If there's any change let me know; indeed, do so always when you have this watch.' 'Ay, ay, sir,' said I; and having wished me good night, he went below.

I walked up and down the deck, sometimes casting an eye into the binnacle to watch the vessel's course, or aloft to notice the trim of the sails, or wind'ard for clouds, or for'ard for lights; and when I saw that all was quiet above and below, and that the man on the look-out was wide-awake, I braced myself agen the bulwarks with my hand on the main-swifter, and took a quid o' bacca, which always helps me when I want to think, and looked out into the wide and peaceful night.

'We've got a beautiful little craft,' thinks I, 'that'll walk along well with a light breeze; and that's just what we want where winds are light and little of them. We've got a skipper who's a sailor every inch of him, and a

gentleman—that's more.' And then I began to think about his wife. Somehow it didn't seem to be altogether so bad for her now. There's times when we can only see the dark side of things, and there's times when we can only see the bright side of things. 'After all,' says I to myself, 'we shall lie outside the Bar: there won't be no danger for *her*. She may find it a bit dull; but, after all, ain't she better off than other sailors' wives as sit crying in their lone homes and listen sadly to the blowing of the winds?' And then I remembered how often and often, when I had been down with fever, I had thirsted for a woman's care. 'I wonder if she'd nurse me?' thought I; but I didn't think long over that. Where is the woman that would let a dog, not to say a human being, lie sick and helpless within reach of her, and she not nurse him? I never met her yet.

As soon as we had cleared the Chops of the Channel the captain's lady became regular one of us, as you may say. She took the foot of the table at meals, and spent 'most the whole day on deck. She got hold of the sailors off duty one by one and talked to 'em, so that she won all their hearts. She wrote their letters for them, and she helped to mend their clothes; and she'd go into the galley and learn black Sambo no end of cunning things, till he'd come up to us and show his white grinders, and say, 'Ya! ya! me French cook now, massa!'.

She hadn't been aboard very long before the skipper had learnt her the name of every sheet and sail from

stem to starn; and when he saw that she was taking kindly to the sea he began to learn her navigation, and settled it that she should have two lessons a day, one from him and one from me. Ah, they were happy hours! And what a quick scholar she was, to be sure! though, for that matter, she picked up twice as much from her husband as she did from me. She never lost a word he said to her; but sometimes when I was laying down the law I could see her eyes wandering to get a glance at him as he passed the skylight, or listening more to his footsteps than she did to me. Once, I recollect, he comed down for something in the cabin in the middle of his watch, and she jumped up to give him a kiss, and left me in the middle of a problem, with my tongue clapping away at nothing at all. Then he scolded her softly, and told her she was rude; and she hung her pretty head and begged my pardon; and he said to me, 'You'll forgive her, Mr. Andrews?' 'God bless you both,' said I, 'it makes my heart warm to see you love each other so.' And so it did—so it did. There never was such a pretty sight as to see them two together then—to see him coming down below after his watch on a breezy day, the picture of health and strength, with his ruddy cheeks, and sparkling eyes; and she, with her tiny white hands pulling off his tarpaulins, and rubbing his hands if they were cold, or combing out his long wet hair, that tossed upon his shoulders like a child's. And sometimes, when they sat side by side, she with her arms round his neck, and her head cuddled

on his breast—sometimes a little of their love would fall on me, in a kind look or word. It worn't mine, I know that well enough: it was only reflected like; but it made me happy all the same.

When we got into the warm latitudes she used to spend the whole day on deck looking at the flying-fish, or the white-winged birds, or the beautiful things which sparkled in the waters underneath. 'All seems different,' she said one day; 'the sky, the sun, the sea; it is like another world.' 'Ah, Polly,' says Langlands, 'wait till you see Africa, which I think will be to-morrow, and then talk about another world.'

'To-morrow!' said she. 'I had not expected it so soon.' And I fancied her lips turned pale. But he noticed nothing; and the next minute she was chatting and laughing as gaily as before.

Sure enough the next morning at daybreak (it was November the 16th) we caught the loom of the land, and at 1 P.M. we anchored off Cape Palmas. We put in there for Krumen, the black sailors of the Coast. Next to Fernando Po and Sierra Leone, this Cape is about the prettiest place along the Coast. Them woody hills that stand back against the sky; that bold bluff headland, with the Yankee mission-house perched on it, like a big white bird; that brown cluster of huts, with the belt of golden sand upon the shore, might well make one think that Africa is a paradise, instead of—well, instead of what it is.

I can see Mary's face now as she stood agen the bul-

warks straining her eyes upon the land. 'Oh, James, is not this charming!' she cried. 'And is this really Africa? I thought it was all like the Fens. What beautiful flowers there must be on shore! But, oh! what are those black things coming towards us?'

The black things she talked of was the Krumen in their canoes, and in a quarter of an hour there was fifty of 'em round about. A rope was chucked over the bows, and up they came one after another till the deck was full. 'Oh, James!' she said, when the huge naked men came swarming aft; and she didn't seem to know whether to laugh or cry when she saw her husband shoving in and out among them, and turning them round and running his eye over them as if they was horses, and every now and then taking some clumsy fellow that didn't get out of his way a smartish cut with a rope's-end. He soon picked out a boat's crew, as clean-limbed men as you would want to see.

'What is James doing, Mr. Andrews?' she asked. 'Oh, tell me what those men come for.'

'They're only the Kruboys, ma'am,' says I. 'They hire themselves aboard vessels, you know; so that in case our hands——' Get the fever, I was going to say; but I stopped short.

'When our hands what?' she asked.

'Why, you see, ma'am,' says I, 'sailors in a hot country can't work like they do at home; so we get these Krus, who're the only hard-working niggers on the Coast, to do some of their work.'

'But India, and China, and Australia are hot countries,' said she, 'and they do without Krumen there.' With that she looked me right in the face, and I felt it twitching awful. And never a word more said she, but turned her back and walked away towards the wheel.

Just then a big canoe came alongside, and in the starn sat old King George. He was a character on the Coast then. The Kruboys pawned themselves to him, and he lent them powder and cloth. When a vessel came in he hired 'em out, and took the first month's wages, which is always paid in advance, and a good slice more arter they got home.

'Hollo, King George!' said the skipper, 'how are you?'

'Hallo, Cappy! how you lib, eh?—lib well?'

'All right, George. Got any nice boys? I think I'll take one for a head-man if you've got a steady hand.'

'Yes sar, yes sar. All my boys very good—too much. Whar you go this time, eh?'

'Going to Lagos, king.'

'Heigh! what's the matter you go Lagos? Go inside bar?'

'No, outside.'

'Denn my boy no go Lagos.'

'Why not?'

'Too much bar lib Lagos. Water saucy too much.'

'Oh, that's all right.'

'Too plenty shark lib. Water no good.'

'Don't talk nonsense, daddy; come on board, and bring your boy.'

'I tell you Lagos bad place, Massa Lally. Too much sick lib there too. What good for me, my boy die Lagos? I no get dash for that palaver. Me no fit.'

Well, they talked it over, and the more the captain tried to persuade him the more obstinate he was, and the more he talked about Lagos and its bar, and its sickness and so forth. So he went off, and the captain took another hand. Then came the job of paying the month's advance in cloth and powder and tobacco; and then we sailed. That same night we were reading 'Norie' in the cabin by the light of the swinging lamp, when Mrs. Langlands shut up the book, and said, 'That is enough.'

'Tired of it, ma'am?' says I.

'I am not tired of it, Mr. Andrews; but it's no use my studying navigation any more.'

I didn't well know what she meant by this, so I never said a word. Then she laid her hand softly on mine, just as my poor mother used to do. 'Mr. Andrews,' she said, 'why did you deceive me?'

'Me, ma'am!' says I.

'Yes, you,' she said, smiling, but in a strange sad way. 'You treated me as if I was a coward; and instead of telling me the truth about this country, you wished to make me believe it better than it really is. Why did you do that? You must know that sooner or later I should have found it out.'

'I thought, ma'am,' says I, 'that you wanted a little cheering up at the first start of it.'

'Oh, indeed!' says she, her face flushing up; and then she said quickly: 'Did James tell you to do so?'

'No, ma'am,' says I, as bold as brass.

'No,' she said, curling her lips, 'I am sure that he would not tell an untruth.' Here she got up and made a bow. 'I am deeply grateful to you for your kind consideration on my behalf.' With that she walked out of the cabin, and stayed in her berth the whole of the next day.

Langlands soon noticed there was something wrong, for she didn't speak to me in the old way, but very cold and civil, as if I was a gentleman. So he asked me what it was, and I told him. 'Oh, I'll soon put that right,' said he, and was going down below, when I stopped him, and said: 'I wouldn't let on, captain, if I were you; it don't matter her flaring up at me a bit, but it'd be a pity if she was to be put out with you.'

'Oh, no fear of that!' he said with a laugh.

Mrs. Langlands didn't say a word arterwards about the matter; but her voice changed to me, and I thought it seemed even sweeter than afore. But it worn't often she spoke to me at all, and when she did I could see it was out of kind-heartedness, to wipe away the words she said that night. She was a changed woman now; she seemed altogether under a cloud. She'd sit alone for hours and hours, with her hands folded in her lap, and her eyes fixed on the sea. All that her husband could

say or do was of no use; and I will say that for him, no one could have been more patient with her than he was at first. I always will say that in excuse of him; and no doubt it is an unkid thing to be with anyone who is fretted by her own sad thoughts: the more he tried to please her and comfort her, the more forlorn she was. If he asked her why she was unhappy, she said she didn't know. Did she want anything? No, she wanted nothing. He'd fondle her, and she would look another way; he'd jest, and her eyes would fill with tears. What was the meaning of all this? Well sir, it was *fright*.

She'd been talking to the sailors about the fever, and they, knowing no better, had told her the worst stories they could think on—for sailors are rare ones to croak—and that, with her mother's forebodings and what she had heard King George say, had fastened on her mind. It was no use for us to say anything to her now; we had deceived her once, and she thought she'd been deceived a hundred times worse than she really was. Ah sir! depend upon it you should always tell women the truth: they mayn't be over truthful themselves in little things, but for all that there's nothing they look for so much in a man: tell 'em the whole truth, and they will go through danger, or hardship, or pain, as well, or better than ourselves; but leave a part of it covered, and their minds, which ain't like ours, will make ghosts out of it to haunt 'em day and night.

Langlands' patience didn't last very long—men's don't. He was all smiles and softness to her still, but I could see it was only surface-deep. One day after dinner, when the meal had passed without a word, I heard him mutter: 'I am sick of this;' and once I noticed, when his wife cried, he gave a hoist to his shoulders, and turned angrily away.

On the 3rd of December, having made a good passage, we anchored off Lagos, about a mile outside the bar, just where the brown water of the river meets the blue water of the sea. In the distance we saw the green wall of the trees, and the masts of the vessels lying near the town. On the nearest point of land was a flag-staff, with a white flag flying, a signal that the bar could be passed in boats. Across the mouth of the river was a long streak of white water, which tossed and sparkled in the sun, and gave up a long-drawn soughing sound. That was the Bar; it was easy that day to cross, for the sea was like glass, but I saw enough to show me what it would be like when the weather was coarse.

They seemed amazing glad to see Langlands at the factory. We went up to the sitting-room, which in Africa is always on the first floor, the store being underneath—leastways, in the houses that are built of stone. A black servant, without any orders, brought in a decanter of brandy and a large water-cooler, Madeira-made. 'Help yourselves, gentlemen,' said the agent, leading the way.

'When we are at Rome, Mr. Andrews—' said Lang-

lands, though what he meant I didn't understand, we being at Lagos then; but I saw that when he laid hold of the decanter he gave it a kind of greedy twist (he'd never drunk spirits on board), and after he'd emptied his glass, he looked into it. I understood what *that* meant well enough.

'One more?' said the agent. 'No more for me, sir,' said I, 'thank *you*.' 'Just a speck,' said he.

'Come, John,' said Langlands, 'it won't do to shirk your drink in the little town of Lagos O! This is about the worst of the lot, ain't it, Smith?'

'Yes,' said Smith, smacking his lips as if it was something to be proud on. 'It's a lovelly spot for coffin-makers. Talk of Sierra Leone indeed! But come now, Mr. Andrews, you must have another little drop; come now, do.'

But I wouldn't, and lucky it was; for Langlands took me into at least half-a-dozen other factories after he had done his business with the agent, and in every house it was the same; only sometimes it was champagne; and in another house they'd some super-excellent old Jamaica rum; and in a French factory it was some nasty green stuff they call absanth; and in a Yankee house it was Bourbon whisky. And it is pretty hard to refuse, you see, because the master of the house drinks first, Coast fashion, and passes it on, and it do seem unfriendly not to drink. And it's no good talking about your health; *keep a bottle of brandy ahead of the fever*, that's their motto; but the fever catches 'em up in time.

At last we got away, and walked towards the boat. Langlands he didn't speak, but kept twisting his neck to look behind him at the native town, where we could hear a tom-tom being beat, a sign that a dance was somewhere going on. Once or twice he stopped short, and then went on agen. At last he stopped altogether, and said: 'Mr. Andrews, do you mind going back to Smith's? I have got a little matter to look after for a friend. I will meet you at the boat in an hour or so.'

'All right, sir,' said I, and he walked away; but I didn't go back to the agent's. I remembered what Mary had said at Cape Palmas about the flowers, and so I went outside the town to pick some for her. I soon made up a nice nosegay of rare-coloured flowers to look at, and such a size! but with rather a nasty carrion smell. Langlands kept me waiting a long time, and when we got aboard, the officers had dined. But Mary had kept our dinners for us, and he just saying in a careless kind of way that we had been detained by business, we sat down. She was in good spirits that day, for once, and sat by her husband, asking him no end of questions, to which he gave back short answers; and as soon as he had done eating, lay down to sleep, a thing I had never knowed him do afore in the middle of the day. She went on deck, where I followed her soon after. I took the flowers up to her, and found her crying. She had smelt the brandy, it seems. Well, she was in a dreadful way. I told her she needn't be afraid; I was a temperate man, but I'd had some

brandy too—a good reason for why, I couldn't help myself. But she only shook her head, and said: 'Oh, Mr. Andrews! why will you try to deceive me?'

Not well knowing what to say, I offered her the flowers.

'Oh, they *are* beautiful,' she said. 'And so you have been in the country—no wonder you were late.'

Then she paused, and something came across her face.

'But James said at dinner he hadn't been outside the town. So you went by yourself. Of course *he* wouldn't trouble to pick flowers for me. Where was he?'

'He was doing his business,' I said; 'and as I had nothing particular to do, I went into the country for a walk.'

'But he said this morning that he wanted you to go with him to the agent's, so that you might all talk over the business together.'

'Yes,' said I; 'but he had other business of a private kind.'

'What private business? What kind of business was it? What kind of business could it be?'

'He didn't say what kind; but it wasn't his own. It was to do something for a friend.'

She gave me a keen look. 'He had some private business, and sent you out of the way—for how long? Lagos is a large town; and here are a great number of different flowers.'

She fell into thought, and did not lift up her eyes or

say a word for some time Then she turned to me, and said, very gently, though I thought there was something put on in her voice: 'But I have not thanked you, Mr. Andrews, for taking the trouble to bring me all these beautiful flowers. Do they smell nice? Oh, oh! *They smell like a corpse!*'.

And she let them drop upon the deck, and started back from them, her hands clasped upon her heart.

Poor thing! poor thing! She had no call to fret over fancies, and to make herself ill with idle fears; she had real troubles and sorrows now. The next month was fine, calm weather; every day the white flag was flying, and her husband went ashore. He got up at daybreak, ordered the boat, drank a cup of coffee, and did not come back till nearly dark, his eyes shining with drink.

She pined, and pined, and wasted away, till she was nought but skin and bone. Her beauty vanished as it might be in a night; and nothing was left but a poor, worn creature, carrying in her a heart that had lost its mate.

If she had been fretful and unreasoning at one time, she made up for it all now. She never chided or complained. She got up in the morning when it was still dark, and went out into the galley, and made her husband's coffee, and brought it to him with her own hands. When he came aboard at night; she used to kiss him tenderly, and whisper to him, and coax him, and try to draw out a smile. But I don't know what had come

over him. He treated her like a dog; the better she behaved to him, the worse he behaved to her. It seemed to me he wanted to quarrel with her, whether she would or no.

He never asked me to go ashore with him, and that I was glad of, too. Thirty days I spent with Mary—thirty days for me of pleasure and pain. Hours and hours we used to sit together beneath the awning on the deck. Sometimes she talked about her mother, and the school she used to go to, and the visit she had paid to London to her aunt; but nearly always her talk it was of James. She told me of their courtship; and how, when her mother refused to let them marry, she pretended afore him to be calm and cold, but used to go into her mother's room at night, and kneel to her at the bedside, and pray her to relent. She showed me a rose she kept in her Bible; he had given it to her on the day that he proposed.

Sometimes she would be peevish, and cry, and say that he didn't care for her, because she had lost her good looks, and was glad to get on shore from her. But more often she would fall into a stupefied kind of state, and would stand an hour at a time bending over the taffrail, and looking at the loathsome sharks which swam round and round the vessel with long swinging strokes of their brown tails, and turning up to us their blood-thirsty, cunning eyes.

And the same it had been with the flowers, it was with all. She found an ill omen in everything she saw.

Once we was a-sitting together, looking at the setting sun. It was like a globe of gold, for there wasn't a cloud in the sky. She laid her cheek in her poor thin hand, and viewed it with lingering eyes. She said nought, but I knew that she was feeling happy thoughts. But just as the sun touched the water there came a speck upon it like a stain of blood, and trickled over the whole ball, till, in a moment, it was one mass of ghastly red. I dare say she'd seen it change like that afore—it often does; but now her face turned white, and she almost swowned away.

One evening Langlands said, 'Mary, it is usual for the master to ask the agent of the firm to dinner, once at all events. If it will not put you to inconvenience, I should like to invite Mr. Smith, say, on Thursday next.'

On the morrow, which was Wednesday, he brought back the boat loaded with a hamper of wine, papaws and oranges, some partridges, and a gazelle; poultry we had plenty of on board. So there was preparations made for a grand dinner. Thinks I to myself, it will be a sad one with that poor ghost to do the honours.

But lo and behold! when Langlands and the agent came aboard, up came Mary from below, in a beautiful silk dress, looking like a queen. All through dinner she was the gayest of the gay.

'Don't you find it rather dull here, ma'am?' says Mr. Smith.

'Oh, no; not at all,' said she. 'I have plenty of books; and then, you know, I have my house to look

after. 'This is my dining-room and parlour, and the deck is my drawing-room; and then I go into the kitchen and scold the cook: don't I, Sambo?'

'Ah, missee,' said Sambo, who was helping to wait, 'you no lib kitchen now. Sit still all day, and ——'

Here I dropt a tumbler, and stopped him in what he was going to say. Langlands went on eating, with his eyes fixed on his plate. 'Yes,' said Mary, 'I sit and work a good deal now.' After dinner she said, 'Let us go into the drawing-room.' So we went up on deck, and drank our coffee beneath the awning. Just then a cargo-boat came alongside with oil. Langlands walked to the gangway, leaving us three together.

'Do you know, Mr. Smith,' said Mary, laughing a good deal as she spoke, 'I ought to consider you my mortal enemy?'

'I hope not, ma'am, I'm sure,' said the guest. 'Why so?'

'Because you make my husband work so hard.'

'*I* make him work, ma'am?'

'Yes, to be sure you do,' she said, pouting her lips. 'You keep him in your factory from morning to night, like a slave.'

'Why lor, Mrs. Langlands; how can you? I don't set eyes on him perhaps for three days at a time.'

She dropped her handkerchief when he said this, and was rather slow picking it up, I thought.

A few days afterwards the sea-breeze blew so strong that the Bar began to roar, and grew so high that the

captain could not go ashore. Mary clapped her hands with joy; but she had little to be glad of. All day long Langlands strode up and down the deck, swearing to himself; or went for'ard and got rid of his ill-temper on the Krumen, cutting into 'em, right and left, with a rope's-end. If Mary spoke to him, he'd give her short words, and sometimes none at all; and then she sat on her camp-stool, watching him with her anxious eyes as he walked up and down, grinding his teeth, and throwing ugly looks at the foaming Bar.

'What infernal nonsense this is, Andrews,' said he, 'my lying outside the Bar. How the devil are we to get the cargo-boats across, if we're going to have a spell of this weather for a month or two? A nice thing to lie off this rotten hole, and the vessel eating money every day. Why don't I take her in? Why, because I am a fool; I gave my word of honour that I would not take my wife across the Bar, and I can't break that. By God, I wish I could. Here we must lie till all damnation, I suppose; unless—yes—hem—that might be done, too.' And he walked off, muttering to himself.

I supposed it was the drink.

The next day he was able to cross the Bar, but came back quite early in the afternoon. Instead of going down to his berth to take a snooze, as he generally did, he sat down at his wife's feet, and took her hands in his, and began to talk to her about her health. He had the softest voice I ever heard; and as he sat there, looking up into her face with his beaming eyes, and the words

falling like honey from his mouth, I could understand how it was he held her in his chains so fast. He said she was looking very ill, and offered to bring a doctor from the shore, but she refused. Then he said she was right: what she wanted was a change of air; and he tried to persuade her to go home by the mail steamer, which calls at Lagos once a month. She shook her head. He used every argument he could think of; but she said, if he fell ill he would want her then, though he might not want her now. With that he pressed her more and more, becoming almost violent; till at last she said, 'How long God may spare me, dearest James, I do not know; but be assured I will never leave you while I live.' She passed her arms round his neck, and laid his head upon her lap. I caught sight of his face just then, and was horrified to see it; for it showed me that his affectionate manner had all been put on, and that he had reasons of his own for wanting her to go.

'Why, James,' she said suddenly, 'what a strange smell there is! Does it come from your hair?' Her arm tightened round his neck, and her other hand passed through his hair. 'Why, you have been powdering it with something. What is this?'

'It's a country perfume,' he said, jumping up, and speaking in a sulky way. 'They threw some over my head in the factory for fun.'

'Will you let me take it out, James?'

'No,' said he, in the same sullen manner; 'let it stay.' And going below, he turned in.

She sat for a little while brooding, with her hands on her knees, and then followed him without saying a word.

About midnight, being on deck, I heard something rattling in the cabin, and peeped down through the skylight. There stood Mrs. Langlands, in her night-dress, with some curios that I had bought and given her, laid out afore her. She turned over article after article—idols, and pipes, and leather ornaments, and skins—till she came to a little paper packet. It was the powdered bark of a tree which I had told her the Lagos women used for their hair. She compared it with some she had in her hand, and smelt them both. Then her face turned blue and her jaw dropped, and I got frightened and turned away. When I looked in agen she was sitting over the table, with her face in her hands. Ten minutes afterwards I looked in agen. This time the curios were all cleared away, and she was gone.

I couldn't understand it a bit—not then. But after that night there was something changed in Mary. Her voice seemed to be cold and hard.

One afternoon she was sitting on the deck. I told her I saw the ship's boat upon the Bar, and she looked at it through the glass. A kind of tremble went over her, and she turned to me and said, 'He is not in the boat.' She got up and walked backwards and forwards on the deck, though the air was so hot and suffocating that I could hardly breathe. When the boat had come alongside the coxswain came aft, touched his cap, and

handed her a letter. It was—I remember every word of it—as follows:—

'*My Dear Love*,—They give the annual dinner at the factory to-day, and I can scarcely absent myself without offending them. It is not a matter of pleasure, but politeness. Pray excuse me, then, to-night; and please tell Mr. Andrews to send the long-boat for me to-morrow at daybreak, if the weather holds up and the Bar is safe. It is so close I almost expect a tornado.

'And believe me,

'Your most affectionate and loving

'JAMES.'

'Very tender, is it not?' she said, with a sneer.

Just then I heard one of the sailors in the boat below burst out a-laughing, and I caught the captain's name. She heard it too, for I saw her start; and just as I was going to give orders for the boat to be hoisted up she turned to me and said, 'Would you be so good as to go down to James' berth and bring me up a book called "Family Devotions"? If it is not on the chest of drawers, you will find it somewhere inside.'

I went down, but no book could I see; and I was searching through the drawers, when the sailors began agen. The boat was lying just under the porthole, so that I heard every word. They were saying what it was that really kept the captain ashore. I was taken all aback. Poor, poor Mary! And then, while I stood there stupid-like, it came upon me, had she heard it too? I ran up on deck, and saw her spring into the

boat. 'Push off, my lads!' she cried; and one of the sailors pushed off from force of habit, without well knowing what he was about. 'Give way, there!' she cried. 'I must go on shore at once. My husband wants me.' And she twisted her pocket-handkerchief round her head.

But the bow-oar, who was an old man sixty years and gone, stood up in the boat, and took off his cap and smoothed down his straggly grey hairs. 'Ma'am,' said he, 'look over the land there. Do you see that brown cloud above the trees? That's a tornado coming up, and afore half an hour's out, the Bar will be mountains high. I wouldn't risk my poor useless life to row for shore now, not if I had a thousand guineas down; and I won't help to risk yourn, my sweet lady, which is worth all of ourn put together.'

'What he says is right enough, ma'am,' said the stroke-oar, likewise taking off his cap. 'There's nobody will face Lagos Bar in a tornado.'

'But it's not come yet!' she shrieked. 'Row hard, and you will do it. I will give you ten pounds apiece—twenty pounds apiece—what you like. Go.'

'Your money won't buy from us what you can't,' said another sailor.

'Mr. Andrews,' she cried, turning up to me, 'make your men go. Order them to go. Oh, John—John—I must go ashore. *I know all.*'

Then the rough sailors hung their heads upon their breasts, and didn't dare to look in one another's eyes;

and in the midst of that awful silence we heard a song, and a large canoe, paddled by Krumen, came round the vessel's stern, and was passing near the boat. Mary saw it, beckoned to it, and held up her purse. The canoe whirled round and shot swiftly by; and a Kruman, bending over, caught her in his gigantic arms, and in a moment she was gone.

'Give way,' I cried, 'give way, for Heaven's sake, and bring her back.'

The men gave way with a will, and bawled to the Krumen to stop; but one of them, without looking round, pointed with his paddle to the cloud, which was fast spreading upwards in the air.

I thought at first that our men gained on them; but what could four men do agen twelve? They had to come back; the boat was hoisted up to the davits, and the men clustered on the cross-trees to watch the canoe. The air was deathly still, so that we could hear their song when they were far away.

The sky was now quite covered with clouds; the sea looked like steel; the air grew dark. The second mate stood beside me on the deck, holding the glass, for I trembled too much to hold it myself. I could see the canoe dashing along in a furrow of foam, the paddles flashing in and out of the water like rays of light. I heard a whisper of voices from above me—'*Here it comes!*' and I saw inside the Bar a long sheet of white water, which was growing larger and plainer every

moment. The white flag was hauled down, and a black flag went up.

The canoe rushed into the Bar and topped the first roller, and the second, and the third. 'She's safe! she's safe!' I cried. But above my voice there rose a mighty roar. The tornado had caught the breakers and tossed them to the clouds. On the top of one great wave black heads appeared and went under every minute. 'The sharks are at them!' said the second mate.

For a moment we saw *her* plainly. She was riding on a wave, supported by her clothes; suddenly she threw her arms up; and then from the sailors came a wail, and something went like fire through my head, and I remembered no more for many a long day.

When I came to myself I could tell by the swing of the vessel as we was loaded and out at sea. The second mate was sitting by me, and looked at me, oh, so kind! and took my hand in his. Ho! ho! ho! it makes me laugh—it makes me laugh now when I think of it. (Here he wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his coat.) 'Ho! ho! ho! be this my hand?' said I. 'Why, it's more like a lady's.' And then I thought of her. 'Where's he?' said I. 'Where's that damned villain?' And, God forgive me, a black thought come to me then.

'Gone off to the Bush, they say,' said the second mate; and it turned out to be true. He lived at some town or other, acting as secretary to the chief, living in the country fashion, and drinking hard.

He died afore three years was out. But poor Mary's

mother did not last so long—a matter of six months after I got home. She sent a stone out to Smith, the agent, to be put up in the Lagos churchyard. '*To Mary, the loving Wife of James Langlands*'—that was all. We thought she would like them words. A twelvemonth afterwards I went to Lagos, just to read them once agen. But the heavy rains had washed 'em all away.

DAHOMEY.

SOON after my arrival at Lagos I chartered a canoe; an arched awning of basket-work formed a kind of cabin in the stern; and two men punted it along with poles.

Our first station was Badagry, which is classic ground, for thence Clapperton started on his last journey; and there Lander, who was at that time Clapperton's servant, was, on his return, accused by the Portuguese slave-traders of designs against the State. The natives forced him to drink the water of ordeal; but by afterwards taking an emetic his life was saved. At Badagry he describes a tree, the branches of which were covered with heads and pieces of flesh, as with fruit. But now these horrors are past; and an English commandant, with a handful of policemen, governs the town.

Porto Novo, the next station, is a town of considerable size; and here, for the first time, I saw a great African market. The smoking cook-shops; the stalls, covered with ornaments and cloths, butchers' meat, and many kinds of vegetable food; the bustling, eager-faced crowd, seemed rather to belong to Europe than Africa.

But the next scene of my voyage was savage enough, and plunged me into pre-historic times. We passed out of the lagoon into a broad but shallow lake, in the midst

of which was a village upon piles. It is supposed that the Swiss lake-villages were built in the water that they might be secured from hostile attacks; and such was the origin of this African hamlet. A tribe, or clan, being much persecuted by Dahomey raids, selected a

shallow place in the centre of the lake, and there took up their abode. There they are safe; for the Dahomans having once attacked the people of Popo by water, and being defeated, the king made it a law that no Dahoman warrior should henceforth enter a canoe.

The houses stood on black mud, covered with water-lilies and broad-leaved plants. This little mud-island was the pig-field of the village; but the other domestic animals, the goats and fowls, inhabited the houses. As we passed down the liquid street a man called to us from his house and pointed to a cask. Even here the rum-shop is in existence, and serves as a half-way-

house for canoes plying between Porto Novo and Godomé.

The lake was infested with mosquitoes, which had not even the decency to wait till it was dark, but tormented us by day. On arriving at the western limits of the lake we punted into a narrow foot-path or boat-path, with just room for the canoe to pass, the bushes caressing us from either side, convolvuli staring at us with their blue and yellow eyes, and a cinnamon-coloured bird continually rising before us, and flying away with its legs stretched out straight, after the fashion of its kind.

We arrived at Godomé, the frontier village of Dahomey, and our voyage was at an end.

In Africa the traveller may observe every possible species of Government. There is the savage Commune, in which property is held for the most part in common; children belonging less to their parents than to the State, and wives being offered to the stranger guest without the consent of the husband being asked. There is the Republic of Elders, where each *paterfamilias* is lord of his household, a despot of the hearth, with power of life and death over his children and slaves, responsible to none for his acts towards them, but responsible to the State for their acts towards others, their debts, delicts, and torts. Again, there is the Federation of Tribes, combining together for protection, and enacting national laws. Kingdoms of all kinds exist. The King who is kept concealed by the priests and worshipped by the people as a god. The king who rules merely in pageant, and by whom sits

an Arab sheik, as Mayor of the Palace. The king who rules an extensive country, but only in name, whose title is not a fact, but a remembrance, whose so-called vassals are independent chiefs. The king whose country is governed by a parliament. The king who has much arbitrary power, but is yet subject to fundamental laws. Such are the monarchs of the Gold Coast, who, on ascending the throne, are warned by the captains and chiefs that if they transgress against the constitution they shall be deposed. So likewise in Bornou, when the king has been crowned, the elders conduct him in silence to the gloomy place where lies the corpse of his father, which may not be interred till the ceremony is completed. There they point out to him the several virtues and defects which marked the character of his parent, and say, 'You see before you the end of your mortal career; the eternal life which succeeds it will be miserable or happy in proportion as your reign has proved a curse or a blessing to your people.'[1]

But of all the African kingdoms it is, perhaps, in Dahomey alone that a pure despotism may be said to exist. In Ashanti the army is the nation; but the King of Dahomey has a standing army, and *women* are his Prætorian guards.

Many African kings select from their numerous wives the most robust and ill-favoured as a female body-guard. Some king of Dahomey developed this institution, and organised regiments of Amazons. These women are not

[1] 'Proceedings of the African Association,' i. 150.

merely ornamental household troops; Duncan (a Life Guardsman) considered them better soldiers than the men. Their drill is severe, their courage is undoubted, and their whole hearts and souls are devoted to their profession. They are called the king's wives, but may be defined as military nuns. It sometimes happens, however, that one of them is admitted to the harem; for a colonel recently became a mother.[1]

The queens of the harem and the Amazons are attended by eunuchs and *Dakolos*, or handmaids. The machinery of the court is complicated and complete. The Chief Executioner is the highest personage in the land. The present Grand Vizier was a common soldier, who was sent to prison for some offence, and raised to this office by the king; a fact which shows how great is the power of the monarch. All officials are appointed in pairs, each supervising and checking the other. No caboceer, or chief, is allowed to visit another in his house; they may only speak to one another in the street; and in their retinue are royal spies. The Governor of Whydah, the seaport, is forced to receive as wives, ladies of the blood-royal, and they report on his proceedings to the king. Cowries, a kind of shell, form the circulating medium, and the king refuses to alter the currency. 'A man cannot hide cowries,' he says, 'and so I can tell what every one has.' It is dangerous to become too rich in Dahomey. When a chief dies the king inherits his title and possessions: he sometimes

[1] Burton.

confers the Umbrella and the Stool of the defunct on the lawful heir, but usually on a stranger, who is bound to support the family of the deceased. All marriageable girls are shown to the king, who sometimes takes them for his harem, sometimes for the Guards, sometimes appoints them a husband, sometimes gives them back to their parents. Taxes are levied in the market on goods exposed for sale. There are turnpikes and ferries belonging to the State. All cocks that crow on the king's highway escheat to the crown; these birds are, therefore, muzzled by their owners. Women of the town are licensed, and their charges regulated by tariff. The laws are moral and severe. Theft cannot be commuted by a fine. Adulterers are sold as slaves. King Gezo used to keep a drunkard on rum, that his hideous aspect might deter the people from that vice; and the present king is a teetotaller.

In the old days of the slave-trade the king used to live by the fruit of the spear. He still goes to war every April. Some of the prisoners are enslaved, or serve in the army; others are slain as a sacrifice. They are killed purely from motives of virtue and filial affection, being sent to the Land of the Shades to wait upon the former king, or to bear him some message from his dutiful son.

True are the words of Regnard:—

> . . . . . il n'est point de folie
> Qui ne soit ici-bas en sagesse établie,
> Point de mal qui pour bien ne puisse être reçu
> Et point de crime enfin qu'on n'habille en vertu.

Each victim is given some rum before he is killed, and is told what he must say. It is related that once a man, on receiving his instructions, said to the king, '*Yes, but I never saw your father: how am I to know him when I get among the ghosts?*' The king gave him his life in return for his wit, but ordered that the victims should be gagged for the future. As to slay men in battle is a sign of power and success, and to execute men a sign of generosity and love, human sculls are much admired at Abomey, and decorate the walls and doorways of the palace.

The white men are called 'the king's friends,' and have certain privileges which are denied even to the nobles. Customs are taken on trading vessels according to the number of their masts, with an *ad valorem* duty on goods which are imported. These regular charges are moderate enough; but there is also a system of floating taxation. The chiefs beg for presents, while 'benevolences' and 'loving contributions' are often demanded by the king. Traders are sometimes invited to court, which costs at least two hundred pounds. Palavers are often fabricated that fines may be imposed; and, finally, the king fixes the price which he pays in oil for the goods that he requires. On the other hand, property is safe; the streets at night are patrolled by police; no gun may be fired after sundown. Few thefts can escape the Government detectives, for the king has a spy in every house. The store-houses of the traders are situated on the beach,

which is about two miles distant from the town. A watchman is stationed by the Government, and in case of robbery or fire he would lose his head.

Abomey, the capital, is only sixty miles from Whydah, and the journey is made by hammock. In former days it was a custom for the slave-traders to go to the court in the spring, when the king returned from war, and had his *harvest-home*. They then made handsome presents to the monarch, witnessed the Grand Customs, purchased hundreds of prisoners, and returned with their coffles to the coast. Certain curious customs are still celebrated at this season of the year. Men are stationed along the road from Abomey to Whydah, forming a complete line, and a volley of musketry is fired, beginning at the capital and ending at the coast. There is a mulatto slaver at Whydah, the famous Da Souza, who is a noble of Dahomey and in great favour with the king. Every year a girl is *thrown* him from the palace; the same line is formed, and she is passed down from hand to hand, without her feet once touching the ground, and arrives more dead than alive.

The king is now comparatively poor; he does not yet understand that if he wishes to be rich he must set his men to work at making palm-oil instead of war. He still clings to the hope that the good old times may come again. One of Mr. Swanzy's agents was at Abomey in 1871, and gave him the news of the Franco-German war. The king anxiously inquired whether

the war might not tend to bring about a revival of the slave trade.

Commander Forbes, Commodore Wilmot, and Captain Burton are the most famous of those who have visited the king; but Duncan alone was permitted to travel in the country eastward of the town. Several missionaries have also been to Abomey, and a French Catholic mission is established at Whydah. It is related that a bishop once went up to Abomey, and before he entered the town sent word to the king that all the idols must be covered. His command was obeyed, and he marched into the town in solemn procession, followed by priests in full dress, with white-robed choristers singing, banners waving, and crucifix upraised. But when he gave the usual present to the king it was mildly but firmly declined. 'If you were an ordinary man,' said he, 'what you offer me now would be sufficient; but the gift is quite unworthy of such a great personage as yourself, before whom even the gods are compelled to veil their faces, and to hide their forms.' The bishop had to send to Whydah for more, and was not allowed to depart till it was paid.

The present king passed his boyhood in the French factory at Whydah, but is said to prefer the English as a people. He always says, 'I like the English, you know, because it was through them that Dahomey conquered Whydah.'

The affair happened in this way. In the last century Whydah was an independent kingdom, and

Dahomey merely an inland power. The Dahomans besieged Whydah, but the inhabitants making a sally repulsed them with loss. They marched back into their town in triumph, when, as they passed the English factory or fort, one of the soldiers saw the wife of the factor standing at the window and combing out her long yellow hair. 'What strange beast is that?' he cried, and raising his musket, shot her through the neck. This was followed by a broadside of grape from the fort, and the Dahomans hearing the mêlée, rallied, attacked the town, and took it by assault.

At Godomé I hired a hammock and carriers, and started for Whydah, a journey of twenty miles stage. The country was an arid plain, covered with fan palms. We passed some small villages, the fields or gardens of which were neatly cultivated.

An old man carried my box, and I told him to keep ahead of the hammock, as I always prefer to see my luggage to the fore. But he would persist in loitering behind, so I descended from my hammock, and taking a cutlass from one of the others, made signs that if he did it again I would cut off his head. This joke was quite in the Dahomey manner, and took with the men, who laughed in a boisterous manner; but the bearer of the box did not laugh, for he believed that I meant what I said. He was a slave, and knew that if I killed him, he would only be put down in the bill, and that, as he was not very young, the murder would not be

expensive. So he hastily shuffled ahead, and the men continually manœuvred so that he should be left behind. When this occurred I put my head out of my hammock, growled like a leopard, and champed with my teeth as if hungry for his life; upon which, with agony depicted on his face, he shuffled past us again, the men laughing so much that the hammock danced up and down. With such innocent pleasantry the tedious hours of the journey were beguiled, and when we arrived at Whydah I requited the slave for the sport he had afforded, and warmed with fiery rum the cockles of his poor old heart.

Having sent the silver-knobbed stick of the house to inform the Governor of my arrival, and to say that I wished for the honour of an interview, I visited the sights of Whydah. The first is a large tree in the centre of the town, in which is a rookery of bats, which fly about in the day-time, and feed upon the fruit. But the snake-house is still more interesting. The snake is the tutelary god of Whydah, as the leopard is that of Dahomey; and according to the African custom the Dahomans when they acquired Whydah adopted the local divinity. The temple consists of a yard or court, with a tree in the midst, and a building of cupola shape. Introduced by a French missionary, I entered this building, and saw the snakes curled about the thatch. An old woman, the priestess of the temple, took up one in her arms, and allowed us to feel its body, which is colder to the touch than anything else in this salamander land. The artist has depicted the

other snakes displaying much curiosity at the entrance of strangers; but, as a matter of fact, they did not so much as raise their heads when we made our appearance.

These snakes, which are quite harmless, often go out for a crawl in the town. The people that meet them

bow down and touch the dust. Sometimes a house is honoured with a visit from these reptiles divine. A story is related of an English captain who, sleeping one night in a factory on shore, was horrified to see by the moonlight a huge boa-constrictor (as he supposed) come

in at the window. He did not dare to get out of bed and escape by the door for fear of treading on the snake, and so he spent the night in a cold sweat, expecting every moment to find himself encircled in its coils. The day at last dawned; he peeped out of bed, saw the serpent sleeping in the corner of the room, pounded its head to a jelly, and then with much exultation hung it out of the window, and displayed it to the people passing by; whereupon he was summoned before the authorities, and had to pay a considerable fine.

In a couple of days I was informed that the Governor would be glad to see me. Mr. G—— had made his escape some time before, and a young mulatto, Mr. H——, was in charge.

Preceded by two servants carrying cane-bottomed chairs, we went to Government House; which, like the other buildings in Whydah, is encircled by a wall. Having passed through a gate, we entered the ante-chamber, or ante-court, in which sat an official, who was passing his leisure time in making the kind of ropes with which prisoners are tied. In front was another wall and gate, and after we had been kept waiting half-an-hour we heard proceed from this a loud clapping of hands. This announced the entrance of the Governor, and we were at once called in. The inner court was small and encircled by huts. The Governor, the Police Magistrate, and the Collector of Customs were seated in a verandah. Our chairs having been placed

in front of them, we sat down, and the palaver commenced.

I had already ascertained that Mr. G—— was in the wrong. Being summoned before the court for some infringement of the law he had defied the Governor, and declared that he did not care for the king. He had therefore been committed 'for contempt,' and his hat and shoes had been taken off; these being regarded as ornamental parts of apparel, distinctive of the white man, and which they alone are permitted to wear. The natives had no idea that by baring a white man's head in the sun his life was endangered: on this point I gave them information. In answer to their request that Mr. G—— should not be sent back to Whydah, I replied that it was only my business to hear what they had to say, and to take to Cape Coast Castle their version of the story. The agent at Cape Coast was afterwards much surprised that I should take the part of the Dahomans: but surely it cannot be expected that in a despotic country the magistrates can allow the king to be publicly insulted and defied.

As for the original palaver, the offence of which Mr. G—— was accused, it was no doubt a trumped-up affair. From time to time some firm is selected to be bled. An offence is invented, a fine is imposed, and the natives are forbidden to trade with the house till the money is paid. All that the agent can do in such a case is to beat them down by persuasion, or by threats that he will take his factory away. It is simply a form of taxation.

The pretexts which the Governor employs to obtain money from the traders are sometimes curious enough. Upon one occasion the traders were all summoned to appear, and he informed them that the Fetish of the beach was in a very melancholy state. He alluded to an idol which stands near the store-houses, and is supposed to preserve them from robbery and fire. Well, it had not had any money for a long, long time. It was cold and hungry; it had nothing to eat; it had nothing to wear; it had become quite thin. (Here the traders burst out laughing.) Yes, it had become quite thin and weak. It was in so feeble a condition that he feared it would not be able to protect the property placed under its charge. (Here the traders became very grave.) He, therefore, asked them to make a present to the Fetish, who had always been such a good friend to them; with which request they thought it best to comply. Before I left the town, the authorities imposed a duty which Mr. H—— considered unfair. At his request I went again to Government House, and this time adopted a different tone. The remarks that I made set the interpreter in a tremble; as, in cases of contempt, he shares the punishment for having pronounced the guilty words. However, I wound up my speech with some flattering phrases in the Oriental style, and carried my point. I then obtained permission to depart, for without a verbal passport no one can get out of Whydah; and I was not sorry to leave a town where what one says at dinner may be reported to the police.

THE AMAZON

MERITA was the daughter of a peasant in Dahomey. Almost as soon as she could walk, her mother taught her to fetch a calabash of water from the brook; and her father took her with him to the bush when he gathered the red palm nuts to brew the oil which he afterwards sold to the traders at Whydah. Thus her limbs were strengthened at an early age, and even her amusements were gymnastic. When the children of the village went out to play, the boys and the girls formed into separate groups; the boys wrestled or boxed; the girls played at beating the pestle in the mortar; taking sticks in their hands, they industriously thumped the sand. When she became a little older she was set to work by her parents, who were poor, to pound corn into meal, which they afterwards sold. The first sound that could be heard in the morning, before the day had begun to dawn or the cocks had begun to crow, was the booming of Merita's pestle or pole; and in this work she passed a considerable portion of the day.

As soon as she had attained the marriageable age, her parents took her to court; and the female Grand Vizier, remarking her strength, advised the king to make her an Amazon. The parents cried a little at first, for they knew that they should never see her again. But, on the

other hand, they could say that their daughter was now a wife of the king; and they knew that this would make them honoured and envied in their village.

The female Grand Vizier took Merita by the hand, and led her through several court-yards, each encircled by a high wall. At last they arrived at a doorway covered with a dome, and with seats inside. Around it were lounging several eunuchs, and women strangely dressed, who knelt at the sight of the female grandee, and clapped their hands, and threw dust upon their heads. They then entered a vast court, round which were a number of little huts. Two or three hundred women were seated under the projecting roofs, cleaning their guns. They were all dressed in tunics, short trousers descending to the knee, and had white skull-caps, on which a blue alligator was depicted. 'These,' said the Grand Vizier, 'are the quarters of the alligator regiment, to which you will belong.' Then she said, in a loud voice, 'Where is Zoindi?' A tall, vigorous woman, about thirty years of age, came out of a hut. 'Take this girl,' said the Grand Vizier, 'as your sister and your friend; teach her the exercises; make her limbs strong, her spirit courageous, and her heart faithful to the king.'

The woman took Merita and led her into the hut. 'Here, my sister,' she said, 'you will live with me. Here is a mat for you to sleep on, and a pillow filled with the soft wool of the silk cotton tree.'

Merita sat down and wept. Zoindi embraced her,

and said, 'Do not be afraid, for nothing shall harm you here.' You are now a wife of the king, yet not as an ordinary wife; you are not a plaything, but a sword. You will have no work to do; for we have slaves to cook our dinners, and to pound our corn. When we go out into the town, or to the bush, our servants ring bells before us, and the men are compelled to step from the path, and to turn their faces aside. Other women are the slaves of men, who beat them like dogs, and compel them to cut wood and draw water, and to bear children with pain. But we are noble—we are free.' Then she sang in a loud, clear voice: '*We are not women—we are men; our natures are changed. We will go to the war; we will conquer or die!*'

And then two hundred voices, in chorus, replied: '*O Abbeokuta! we will conquer or die!*' And weapons were savagely clashed.

Zoindi led the girl out into the square. The Amazons madly danced to and fro. Six women, of gigantic stature, brandishing long Dane guns, rushed into the midst, and sang: '*We are the elephant hunters; we are the bravest of all!*' To which the chorus replied: '*You are the bravest of all!*'

Six other women advanced, with huge razor-shaped scythes, and sang: '*We are the barbers of Dahomey, and we will shave Egba heads!*' To which the chorus replied: '*You will shave Egba heads!*'

Then all the women danced, and sang, '*O Abbeokuta, we will destroy thee!*'

Merita's tears dried up; her body burnt like fire; a kind of intoxication possessed her; and she also danced and sang. Then two women seized her by the arms; and Zoindi, drawing a knife, suddenly gashed her cheeks, and the women cried: '*Thou art initiated!*' Merita, maddened by the music and the dance, scarcely felt the pain. Then a human skull was brought, and filled with rum. They made her drink, and swear that she would be loyal to the king, and abhor the men. After which she was laid on the mat, medicines were applied to the wounds on her face, and slaves were ordered to shampoo her till she slept.

This was in the month of May, and therefore eleven months passed before the war season arrived. Zoindi taught her the use of the musket, and each day she went through the exercise of thorns. One of the huts was covered with cactus and brambles, like *chevaux-de-frise*; and the Amazons formed at the other end of the yard. At a given signal they rushed through the open space, and clambered up on the roof of the house. In this manner they practised the art of taking fortified walls by assault; for the siege of Abbeokuta was the programme of Dahomey. Between these two countries there was an hereditary war; and the king had taken an oath at his dying father's bedside, that he would never rest till he had razed that city to the ground.

When the next war season came, the king announced that he intended to attack a village in the Mahee hills,

which are situated to the east of Abomey. The army marched forth, and in two days reached the frontier. They then remained in camp; but on the evening of the seventh day the camp was suddenly raised; the soldiers marched all night, and at day-break encircled a village. The terrible crash and thunder of the drums roused the unfortunate inhabitants from sleep. Fiery arrows were shot into the thatch, and several houses burst into a flame. The women of the village, with long poles and wet cloths at the end, attempted to put out the fire; but the king of Dahomey fired his musket—the signal for assault—and the warriors poured in a black flood over the walls. The 'strong men' were slain, and their heads laid before the king; a few only that had been wounded were brought to him tied with cords. The old men, women, and children, were secured. The Amazons, as usual, led the assault, and distinguished themselves more than the men; for the men had wives and children, and fought only because they were compelled. But as for the women, war was their profession.

Merita was one of the first to climb over the wall, and shot a man in the centre of the village. As he lay writhing on the ground, she drew her knife to cut off his head. At that moment a spear whizzed past, and a young man bounded towards her with a sword raised in the air. She ran to meet him; his hands dropped, and he looked at her with a stupefied air. She stabbed him in the arm, and raised her knife again, but he did not

offer to resist. Taking from her girdle a coil of cord, she tied his hands. She then cut off the head of the other man, and took her spoils to the king.

Gelele clapped his hands with delight. This man, said he, is Odoto, the bravest soldier in his tribe; we know him well. The prisoner smiled. The king ordered a musket to be brought; upon it a cowrie was attached. This was the medal of Dahomey; and he gave it to the girl. He told her that, as an additional reward, she should be allowed to conduct the prisoner back to Abomey by herself, that all people might know she had taken him with her own hands.

Merita at once set off; and as soon as they had gone a little way she took some of the dry moss which serves as gun-wadding and with it plugged the wound in her prisoner's arm, saying that she must not let him die, for the king might want him as a slave. She also fed him well, and gave him sweet water to drink, for she said that it was not brave to starve a man who was tied. In the heat of the day she led him into a brook and bathed him with her hands; she wished him to look strong, she said, that people might know she was brave.

The army did not return in military order, for there was no danger of attack. The next day Merita and her prisoner found themselves alone upon the path. 'I must rest a little while,' she said; and she led him aside into a retired place among the trees. 'Sit down,' said she; and they both sat down.

'Is it true that you are such a great warrior?' she asked.

'Look at these scars upon my breast,' said he.

'Then why did you drop your sword?'

'Because I saw that you were a woman.'

'But you know that the king has women-soldiers—you have fought with them before.'

'I have killed many. But they are not women. You are different—you are so young, and you are beautiful. How could I kill you?'

Merita was silent a little while. Then she said, 'I am sorry I hurt you.'

'I am not sorry,' said he. 'If it had not been for the wound the king would not have let you go with me.'

Merita untied his cords. 'Now, go,' said she.

'Where am I to go?'

'To your wife and your children.'

'They are dead, and my village is destroyed.'

'Then go and live and be free. I will say that you broke your cords and escaped.'

'But they will flog you.'

'I can bear it.'

'They will kill you.'

'I am not afraid to die.'

'What have I to go for?' said he. 'I love you, and I cannot go away.'

'Hush! I am the king's wife.'

'Yes, you can never be mine; but I can love you in my heart.'

She flung her arms round his neck. 'Let us away!' she cried. 'Take me to your country; take me to the hills.'

'It is impossible,' he said. 'We are now in Dahomey, the land that is a prison, and encompassed around with a net. The frontier is watched by the police night and day. The marks upon your face show what you are. But listen. The king, I believe, will spare my life, that he may put me in the army. When the next war-season comes he will march against Abbeokuta. We shall then be able to escape. In the meantime let us wait.'

'Be it so,' she replied. 'You are my lord, and I obey.'

They remained together till the evening; then Merita again tied his hands, and they went on to the camp. On arriving at Abomey, Odoto was imprisoned with the others, and Merita returned to her quarters. An illness had prevented Zoindi from going with the army; but she had already heard of its success, and tenderly embraced her friend. Then she started back. There was something new in the manner with which Merita had replied to her embrace. There was also a curious expression in her eyes, and an unaccustomed tone in her voice.

Zoindi watched her, and observed that she loved to sit by herself, and was often wrapped in thought; and often her eyes were filled with tears.

Sometimes she returned her embraces in a cold and

constrained manner; at other times the girl flung her arms impetuously round her and strained her to her breast.

Zoindi's suspicions were aroused. She questioned the other women, and discovered that Merita had been left with the prisoner alone.

The Customs commenced; the people assembled in the square; the prisoners were brought before the king. All the men, together with some criminals of Dahomey, were condemned to die, excepting only Odoto. To him the king offered a post in the front of the army. He accepted his life, took the oath, and became a citizen of Dahomey.

A grand stand or platform was erected; on this stood the king, encircled by the nobles, who were dressed in cloaks of crimson velvet, with plumed hats. The troubadours, who are keepers of the records, sang the annals of Dahomey, and heralds proclaimed the triumphs of the king. A Court fool, whitewashed from head to foot, and wearing a gold-laced hat, danced about. The Amazons sang: '*We were women, but now we are men. We are born again: Gelele has born us again. We are his wives, his daughters, his soldiers, his sandals. Gelele has born us again. War is our pastime; it clothes us, it feeds us, it pays our debts; to us it is all!*'

The victims were brought up on the platform They were lashed hand and foot, and tied down into baskets or small canoes. They were dressed in white robes,

with a tall red cap upon their heads. Then the eunuchs sounded their bells; and the heralds announced that these men would be sent to King Gezo, in the Land of the Shades, to inform him that next year Gelele would attack Abbeokuta, according to the oath that he had taken.

A number of men, stark naked, with clubs in their hands, came and stood beneath the platform. 'Feed us, O King,' they cried; 'we are hungry!'

An alligator, an ape, an antelope, and a vulture were brought up on the platform and killed. The alligator was to carry the news to the waters under the earth, the antelope to the plains, the ape to the forests, the vulture to the air. Then the human victims were given each a glass of wine; one was ordered to go to the market-places of the Shadow-Land and proclaim the intentions of Gelele, another to the streets, another to the wells; the rest were to go to Gezo himself.

Again the naked men cried out, 'Feed us, O King; we are hungry!' The crowd surged to and fro, and their breath like a steam ascended in the air. The white men from Whydah sat upon their chairs, smoking cigars.

Then the king spoke a word: the canoes were thrown off the platform, and the men with the clubs dashed out the brains of the victims, and cut off their heads. The blood-stained earth was heaped into baskets and carried off to the temples. Skulls were filled with blood and eagerly passed from hand to hand. The king then

scrambled cowries among the Amazons and soldiers. It was thus that they were paid.

Similar scenes were enacted for several days, and then the Grand Customs were ended; and the white men, much to their relief, were permitted to depart.

Zoindi had watched the lovers at the Customs, and when Odoto had received his life from the king she saw a look pass between them. She had no longer any doubt of Merita's guilt. This girl had broken her oath: she loved a man. To her she had been false, and had concealed the secrets of her heart. She knew it was her duty to denounce her to the Female Grand Vizier, and thenceforth Merita would be environed by spies; and if, indeed, she was guilty, could not escape detection. Zoindi had taken the officer's oath, and was bound to report even a suspicion. Yet she had a tender affection for Merita; she could not bear the thought of taking her life. And might not she herself be under a delusion? Was it strange that a man should look at the woman by whom he had been wounded and captured alive? Might she not have mistaken the expression of the eyes? But no, she was not mistaken. Since the Customs, Merita had been happy; she sang and danced all the day. There could be no doubt she was rejoicing because Odoto's life had been saved.

For several days affection and duty contended within her. At last she conceived a plan by which Merita might be saved.

The Dakolos are lay-sisters who serve the Amazons

in their communications with the outer world. They go to the market with cowries and buy them their food; they take messages to their relations and friends. These women, selected with care by the female grandees, are spies upon the Amazons, and are themselves strictly supervised. But there was a Dakolo who was bound to Zoindi by ties of blood; upon her she could rely. To this woman she explained her suspicions, and instructed her how she should act.

One day as Odoto was sleeping in his hut a woman's hand was placed upon his shoulder, and a voice whispered in his ear, 'Merita bids you meet her to-morrow night at this hour beneath the silk-cotton tree, by the northern gate.'

'Tell her,' he said, 'I will be there.'

'Give me something,' said the voice, 'that she may know I have delivered the message.'

'Take her this cord,' he said; 'it is that with which she tied my hands, and my heart.'

The next day the Dakolo came to Merita and said, 'Odoto bids you meet him to-night beneath the silk-cotton tree, by the northern gate. He sends you this cord, as a sign; and he says that with it you tied his hands and his heart.'

It was Zoindi's intention to hide herself near the tree, to surprise the lovers as they met, and to promise that they should not be betrayed if they would swear to give up each other. But as she was leaving the barracks she was delayed, and did not arrive at the tree till

after the appointed time. The lovers were not there. She hastened back to the barracks, hoping that Merita had not gone. But she was nowhere to be found; and when at midnight the watch went its rounds, and her absence was discovered, the alarm-drum was beaten, the Amazons were called forth, and hundreds of women, bearing torches in their hands, plunged into the forest encircling the town. At the same time swift runners were sent to all the neighbouring villages and towns, so that before the day dawned the whole country was up, searching for an Amazon who had escaped.

When Merita and Odoto met, they discovered that they had been ensnared, and ran into the deepest part of the forest. They ran on and on till they reached the borders of a pool, upon the waters of which the moonbeams were shining. 'Here let us stay,' said Odoto. 'For to-night we are safe: to-morrow they will take us.' 'A night of love,' she answered, with a smile; 'a whole night of love with thee: it is more than a lifetime in the palace of the king!'

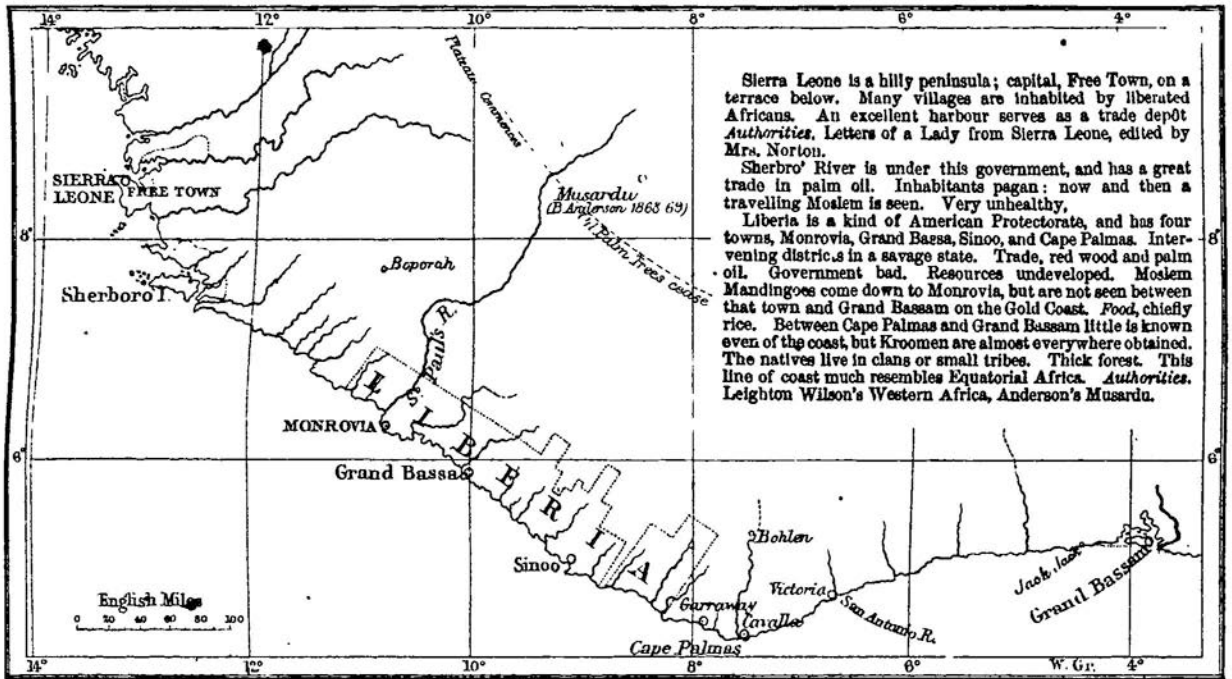
The next morning the Amazons arrived at the brink of the pool, and were looking at its waters, when the bodies of Merita and Odoto arose and floated on the surface, entwined in each other's arms. At a little distance they found her accoutrements and dress, thrown aside and cut into pieces, as if in scorn and defiance of the king.

Next year the Dahomans marched against Abbeo

kuta. The story of the siege has often been related. The Egbas made a gallant defence, the missionaries fighting beside them on the walls; and the Dahomans were repulsed.

An Amazon was the first to climb up the wall; her right arm was cut off at the shoulder, and as she fell back she pistolled a man with her left. She was taken, dying, to the presence of Gelele, and prayed him that she might be buried in Merita's grave.

LIBERIA.


14°
12°
10°
8°
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4°
8°
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Sierra Leone is a hilly peninsula; capital, Free Town, on a terrace below. Many villages are inhabited by liberated Africans. An excellent harbour serves as a trade depôt *Authorities.* Letters of a Lady from Sierra Leone, edited by Mrs. Norton.
Sherbro' River is under this government, and has a great trade in palm oil. Inhabitants pagan: now and then a travelling Moslem is seen. Very unhealthy.
Liberia is a kind of American Protectorate, and has four towns, Monrovia, Grand Bassa, Sinoo, and Cape Palmas. Intervening districts in a savage state. Trade, red wood and palm oil. Government bad. Resources undeveloped. Moslem Mandingoes come down to Monrovia, but are not seen between that town and Grand Bassam on the Gold Coast. *Food*, chiefly rice. Between Cape Palmas and Grand Bassam little is known even of the coast, but Kroomen are almost everywhere obtained. The natives live in clans or small tribes. Thick forest. This line of coast much resembles Equatorial Africa. *Authorities.* Leighton Wilson's Western Africa, Anderson's Musardu.
SIERRA LEONE
FREE TOWN
Plateau Centennials
Musardu
(B Anderson 1868 69)
Path Trees course
Baporah
Sherboro I.
Paul's R.
LIBERIA
MONROVIA
Grand Bassa
Bohlen
Sinoo
Victoria
San Antonio R.
Garraway
Lavalla
Cape Palmas
Jack Jack
Grand Bassam
English Miles
0 20 40 60 80 100
W. Gr.

Stanford's Geog Estab.t 6 & 7 Charing Cross

London: Smith, Elder & Co

BOOK VI.

LIBERIA

MONROVIA

AFTER my trip to Whydah I had still a month to spare before the Governor-in-Chief would return to Sierra Leone; and I intended to visit Liberia. But in Western Africa man proposes and fever indisposes. When the steamer arrived at Monrovia I was shivering under three blankets, and so preferred going on to Sierra Leone. But after I had made my exploring journey I passed three months in the negro Republic, which is almost unwritten ground. I shall depart from chronological routine, and here relate my Liberian tour.

In 1816 the slave-owners of the States began to be alarmed at the number of free negroes in the South, and formed a coalition with a section of the anti-slavery party in the North for the exportation of negroes to Guinea—an unholy alliance which the Abolitionists bitterly attacked.

'We were not exactly kidnapped,' said an intelligent

mulatto, 'but inveigled away under false pretences.'[1] The Colonisation Society drew up a Constitution for them, based on that of the United States; and, as in the stepmother land black men were not admitted to the franchise, so in Liberia white men were prohibited from holding property in houses or land. The flag is a lone star. The Government consists of a President, who gets 200*l.* a year; a Secretary of State, a Secretary of Foreign Affairs, a Secretary of the Interior, a Postmaster, a Comptroller of the Customs; and there is also a Senate and a House of Representatives, a paper currency, and a public debt.

The nominal territory of Liberia is extensive, but it only contains four settlements or villages — Monrovia (the capital), Sinou, Bassa, and Cape Palmas. The intermediate regions are in a savage state; the Liberian traders do not develop the resources of the country; and have furthermore made it a law that European vessels shall not trade at these intermediate villages, or *native ports*, as they are called, but merely at the four above-named settlements, or ports of entry. This Chinese policy has been defended on the plea that similar regulations exist in all civilised and commercial lands. But most of these native ports have no means of communicating with the ports of entry; for, although the Liberian Government forbids the natives to trade with foreign vessels, it does not forbid them to make war on one another.

[1] Laird and Oldfield.

This jealousy of Europeans is not difficult to understand. The lower classes in Liberia are emancipated slaves, who suppose that Monrovia is the metropolis of the earth, that all white men desire to possess it, and that, if they could only obtain a footing, would reduce them to slavery again. The governing classes in Liberia are traders, whose policy it is to prevent Europeans from doing business on their coast, that they themselves may be employed as agents for European firms; but as honesty is not one of those virtues for which Liberians are famous, foreign capital is coy, and trade, accordingly, is stagnant.

When I landed at Monrovia I was surprised at the quietude which prevailed. The town had been laid out like Washington, on a very ambitious scale. It was 'a City of Magnificent Distances:' the streets were green, the houses were silent, and all the inhabitants seemed to be asleep.

I presented my letters to the President (Mr. Roye), an amiable man in private life, but not altogether fortunate in his Presidential career. Shortly after my departure from the Coast he quarrelled with the Senate and House of Representatives. The disputes at first were verbal, but afterwards Mr. Roye made war upon the town, and, going out into the street, flung hand-grenades in every direction. The people, in return, loaded a cannon, and fired a ball into his mansion. He was afterwards arrested and put into prison, from which he contrived to escape, and, stripped to his waist,

with a bag of money at his girdle (probably part of the Liberian Loan), attempted to swim off to a vessel that was lying in the roads; but he was over-weighted by the coin, and was drowned.

Great Britain has no representative at Monrovia—not even a Vice-Consul. The United States, however, have appointed a Minister, who is also minister of a Baptist chapel. I went there one Sunday evening, and found the pious diplomatist upon a platform with a negro preacher on either side. One of these men was bellowing platitudes, to which the congregation attended with that air of Christian resignation which may be observed in similar assemblies elsewhere. But one woman near the platform was yelling and groaning, and kicking against the sides of the pew. When the preacher had ended, the other negro arose and delivered his text in a strong Yankee accent. The woman gave a few preliminary groans, and the preacher, looking round him with a smile, observed, 'Brethren, I guess the Lord is here to-night;' to which flattering remark the lady responded with a volley of kicks. However, at the Episcopalian church I found that the service was conducted with as much decorum as at home. But to this tranquil school of religion the susceptible slave-classes are decidedly opposed. 'Why, they make you feel,' they say, 'and then they won't let you shout!'

I visited the House of Representatives, which reminded me of the Capitol at Washington. Spittoons are provided in both establishments, and frequently made use

of; feet are put up on the tables. One of the members, knowing my vocation, went round and whispered to the others; upon which, when they rose to speak, they were so guarded in their language and evidently so ill at ease, that I thought it best to withdraw.

The only question of interest which occurred when I was there, was whether the planters might be allowed to make arrangements with the native chiefs for the supply of labour. The Bill was rejected, as savouring too closely of the slave trade.

If the Liberians are not a virtuous people, at least they keep up appearances; and decorum has a moral value, since it imposes self-restraint. No citizen or foreigner may live in open concubinage; he is forced to marry the girl, or to pay a heavy fine.

All those who have any property at all are engaged in trade with the natives; the clergy being no exception to the rule. In a certain Liberian village it was the beginning of the palm-oil season, and all the citizens were on the look-out for the first arrival of oil from the bush. It was a Sunday, and the population was at church. Towards the close of the service, the minister being in the pulpit, as in a watch-tower, saw through the window, natives passing by with calabashes of oil upon their heads; he gave out the longest hymn he could find, and slipped from the church. Before the hymn was concluded he had bought up the oil.

The leaders of Liberian society are intelligent and well educated. Their faces are black, but their minds

are white; they look at everything (including themselves) from the European point of view. For instance, a negro said to me: 'Is it not curious? The men in Africa have wool instead of hair, and the sheep have hair instead of wool.'

'Have you ever seen any handsome women in Africa?' said a Liberian young lady. 'All those I have seen are simply hideous.'

I might have said that she herself was a very pretty girl; but I replied that though the native women of Liberia were not very good-looking, I had seen really beautiful women on the Gold Coast and also in Gaboon.

'But are they—are they *Africans*?' she asked.

'She means,' said her mother, 'have they got woolly hair like us?'

They then told me that a Liberian who had been in the interior had met with many handsome women, and had advised young citizens to choose some of them as wives. This proposal appeared to them as strange as miscegenation would appear to us.

Liberians who have been in England talk a good deal of their *bonnes fortunes*. They seem to admire European women. One of them, however, confessed to me that the white skin had in his eyes a sickly appearance. It looked very well in the distance: but sometimes when he came close, and saw the blue veins, 'it gave him quite a turn.' It is evident that if Cleopatra had offered him 'her bluest veins to kiss' he would have respectfully declined.

Another Liberian who was in the habit of praising everything black, declared to me that he thought the women of the interior often better-looking than the women in England. 'You must allow,' said I, 'that whenever you consider an African handsome, it is one who has a European cast.' 'Yes,' said he, 'you are right; there can be no beauty without an approach to the Greek type.'

It is certainly quite a mistake to suppose that the Africans admire flat noses and thick lips, as so many travellers have asserted; I have always found that the native women whom I admired were also admired by the natives themselves, and I have also remarked among the natives of the Coast that they know a good-looking European when they see one. There was a young officer at Senegal whom the Jollof women named Gauthier, 'the handsome,' and he was a handsome man according to the European standard. But this much at least may be conceded—that they do not like the colour of our skin; that they look on blue eyes with aversion, and that they think our noses too long and our lips too thin. But they admire nothing so much as a European woman's long hair.

The President introduced me to Professor Blyden of the Liberia College, a pure negro by birth, an excellent classical scholar, and also acquainted with Arabic. He informed me that he was about to visit a chief named Momoru, who lived at a town called Boporah,

in the interior, and invited me to go with him. To this I agreed, and in a few days we were off.

A Mr. T. Anderson was also of our party, and a young mulatto student, who in spite of all remonstrances carried a revolver. Some slaves of Momoru were staying at Monrovia, having brought down produce to sell on behalf of that chief, and them we engaged to take the goods which were to serve as presents, and also to carry us in hammocks.

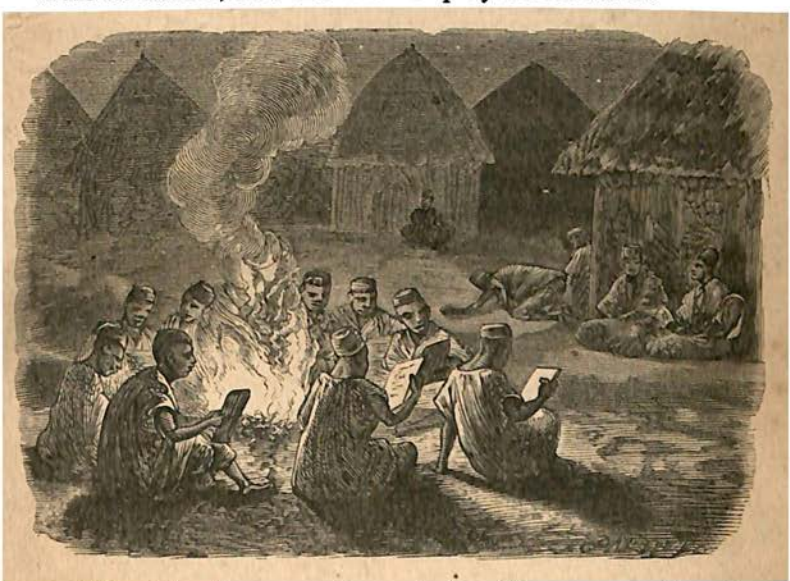
Mr. Blyden's chief object was to establish a school at Boporah; Mr. T. Anderson, a candidate for holy orders, was to settle there as pedagogue; the young student was travelling for pleasure and information.

The country behind Monrovia had been explored by a Liberian negro, Mr. Benjamin Anderson, who passed a year in the interior. He worked his way with infinite difficulty through the tribes near the Coast, and the wild mountaineers beyond, and finally reached the open plateau. He there found himself in an open country with large walled towns. The inhabitants were Moslem Mandingoes.

These people visit Monrovia as traders, and have founded settlements here and there among the pagans. Boporah itself is a semi-Moslem town, and we found Momoru residing at a pagan village called Totokorie.

It was an interesting sight to observe the night-school of the boys at Boporah. As soon as the supper was over they made a bonfire of brushwood in the square, and then assembled round it, each boy with a wooden

board in his hand, and recited their lessons aloud, swaying their bodies to and fro. The elder boys and also some men sat a little way off the fire, reading books in loose sheets; for the art of the bookbinder is unknown. When the school was over, the boys rushed off with shouts of joy, just as we used to do when we were at school, and the hour of playtime arrived.



The Mandingo settlers vied with one another in bringing us dinners of fish and rice; some of these were served in calabashes or gourds, others in wash-hand basins; and one venerable patriarch entered our hut with an article of crockeryware in his hand which certainly had not been manufactured to be used as a soup-tureen. What metaphysicians have termed the 'Association of Ideas' forced us to decline the con-

tents, and Mr. Blyden thought it best to explain the 'vile uses' of the article in question. Not a muscle moved in the face of the dignified old man; he bent his head and calmly withdrew; but a few minutes afterwards there was a yell of merriment outside; the whole town laughed.

A little incident occurred upon our journey which I did not find altogether pleasing at the time. Mr. Blyden and I had an altercation respecting the management of the march, and some hot words passed. He walked off from the hut in which we were seated together, and presently I heard the young mulatto cry out: 'No! no! no!' and looking behind me I saw Mr. T. Anderson, the candidate for holy orders, tugging at the butt of the revolver, while the other one pulled at the barrel. It seems that this Christian teacher intended to blow out my brains. The natives rushed up and carried him away, and then apologised to me for this untoward occurrence. 'I must not judge of black men,' they said, 'by those people at Monrovia.' What a satire on semi-civilisation!

On our return to Monrovia this affair created no little excitement. People collected in crowds in the street, and discussed the several versions of the story; however I was treated with the same politeness as before.

I was invited to attend a meeting of the Sunday School which was held in the church, and when it was over I was asked to say something about the school which had been established at Boporah. A wicked

idea came into my head of saying that Mr. T. Anderson was excellently fitted 'to teach the young idea how to shoot;' but I would not violate the laws of hospitality, so declined to speak upon the matter.

There are no real politics in Liberia; though terms borrowed from the States, such as Democrats, Whigs, Old Whigs, &c., are in frequent use. The real parties consist of mulattoes and negroes. A mulatto and a negro are always run against each other at Presidential elections; and the offices of State are filled with men of the same colour as the President himself. The mulattoes are aristocrats, and call the black men niggers. 'Shake hands with him!' I heard a mulatto lady say; 'no, my hand is too white to go into his.' The negroes, on the other hand, call the mulattoes bastards and mongrels, and declare that they are feeble in body and depraved in mind. Their opinion is that of the negroes on the East Coast, who say that God made the white men, and God made the black men, but the Devil made mulattoes.

However, there are other elements of discord. The provincials do not love the Monrovians; and Cape Palmas talked of seceding when I was on the Coast. There is also a planter interest and a trader interest, and the question of compulsory labour may create disunion between them.

This at least must be said for Liberia, that the St. Paul's has a more civilised appearance than any other

river on the coast. Along its banks appear neat red-brick villas, surrounded by coffee plantations and sugar-cane fields; and there are actually boiling-houses, with steam-engines at work! I do not suppose they have been paid for; but that is an additional proof that the Liberians are an ingenious people. A little while ago two of these children of nature came to London, and extracted 100,000*l.* from the breeches-pockets of the Britishers—not in the way of benevolence, but business. It seems ludicrous to those who have lived among the Africans, to hear people declaring that they are only fit to be slaves, and that they can never attain to average intelligence of the European kind. If, in the above commercial transaction, any defect of intelligence was displayed, was it on the part of the white man or the negro, may I ask?

There is at a place called Crozierville, a settlement of immigrants from Barbadoes; and while I was staying at a planter's, one of these negroes, John Padmore by name, came over and asked me to pay them a visit.

Barbadoes being overcrowded, these people had been persuaded by some agents of the Colonisation Society to migrate to Liberia, which was represented to them as a land flowing with milk and honey. When the vessel anchored off Monrovia, and they saw before them a town that would be called a village in Barbadoes, they burst into tears and lamentations. However, they could not return, and having received their land they set to work, and formed the settlement of Crozierville.

At least half of them died from the seasoning fever, aggravated by starvation. The others, however, were doing pretty well, and could get a living, they said, without having to work so hard as at Barbadoes. They grew chiefly arrowroot and ginger. The Liberians considered them a dirty people, and called them 'black Irish;' but I was much struck by the intelligent expression of their faces. In spite of their complexion, they looked like European peasants.

'Well, sir,' said one of them, 'so you have come to see our poor country!' Another said, 'We are a poor labouring people.' A third remarked, 'You see, sir, we are trying to build up a nation.' Then he shook his head, and gave a doubtful smile. 'We are British subjects born,' said another, 'and we are glad to see an Englishman among us.' And to some remark of mine, he replied: 'No, sir; we shall never forget the pap that gave us suck.'

The negroes undoubtedly possess the genius of imitation. They are human chameleons, assuming the colour of the soil in which they are placed. The Liberians are Yankees to the core; the negroes of Sierra Leone are Britishers to the backbone. A constable at Freetown was sent to arrest a Frenchman for some misdemeanour; the fiery Gaul pointed a pistol at the negro's head. 'Ah, you cowardly Frenchman!' he cried; 'I t'ink you forget we win Waterloo!' Another Sierra Leone negro, being insulted on board a steamer,

declared that he was ready to shed his blood, like Nelson, on the deck.

Now although imitativeness, from one point of view, is monkey-like, and appears to indicate inferiority of mind, yet it is by imitation alone that a savage people can improve. The Red Indians are not imitative; they have therefore no capacity for progress, and are being rapidly destroyed. In the same country the negroes multiply and prosper, and have become a political power. Nor is it by any means certain that the negroes will always remain in the imitative state. All men of genius were imitative in their youth. The most original artists—Molière, Goethe, and Mozart—began by being copyists and reflectors of other men's style and ideas; and it seems to be a law that by means of imitation men learn to invent. If this be the case with individuals, why should it not hold good with nations as well?

However, I must confess that this Negro Republic has failed.

The Liberians have no money, immigration is slack, they do not intermarry with the natives, and the population is decreasing; they acknowledge themselves that their prospects are gloomy in the extreme. Nothing can save them from perdition except the throwing open of the land; the free admission of European traders, and of negro settlers from Sierra Leone; or, in other words, the free admission of capital and labour.

I shall always remember with pleasure my visit to Liberia; it is a quiet, respectable, well-ordered com-

munity; but if any American negroes should happen to read this book, I advise them to stay where they are; and I think that the greatest blessing that the Colonisation Society can confer upon the Africans is to vote its own dissolution.

HISTORY OF A CHAMELEON.

I BELONG to the Croboe tribe, and was born at Odumassie on the Volta. My earliest recollection is that of being carried on my mother's back, and my head bumping against the low doorway of the house when she stooped to go in. I distinctly remember that she slapped the door, and that my infantine rage was thereby appeased.

My next reminiscence is also connected with slapping; but this time it was not inflicted on the door. I have observed in my travels that the method of punishment for children in every country is the same; and must have been employed by the Mother of all Mankind.

I also remember some one teaching me to walk, by making a bird (caught, I suppose, in a snare) hop just before me; I had the intention of wringing its neck, if I could once get it into my hands. At this period of my life a slave-girl used to wash me every morning at the river-side, and thereby incurred my deadliest hatred. I used often to bite her, and then burst into tears, for which she was soundly flogged more than once. But let us no longer dwell on these touching recollections of infancy. I will now pass on to my more developed existence as a child.

We lived in a large court-yard surrounded by huts. In the middle of the square was a tree, sacred to the gods, and planted in memory of a woman bringing forth twins. There were also posts and stalls, to which, in the evening, some goats, and sheep, and a bullock were attached. My mother, with two slave-girls and myself, inhabited one of the huts. Other women, with their children and their slaves, lived in the other huts; but in one hut dwelt an old man whom we all, including the slaves, addressed as 'Father.' One day I said to my mother, 'Is that old man really my father?' To which she replied, 'He thinks so, my dear.' 'But if he is not really my father, who is?' said I. 'God only knows,' she said, raising her eyes to heaven. Upon which the slave-girls burst into a laugh, and they all made faces at the Father, who was just at that moment crossing the yard.

There were six wives in the yard, besides some others who lived in the plantation, and farmed the ground. I observed that the town wives were handsome, and the country wives strong. These six women took it by turns to cook for the Father, a week at a time. Each, when her turn came, jeered at the others; who did not neglect to return the compliment in due course. When my mother was 'in power,' she used to put me in the Father's lap, and warmly declare that I was the very image of my sire—which might indeed have been true, for I did not resemble *him* in the least. But he thought otherwise, and seldom failed to make

me a present of cowries, or gold-dust, or cloth. My mother taught me how to ingratiate myself into his affections; how to fondle him and flatter him; how, by pretending to praise the other wives and their children, to say things which would lower them in his esteem. Thus I acquired at an early age considerable knowledge of the human heart, the best kind of education which can be given to a child; and I have profited much in my after life by the lessons received from my mother. To that excellent woman (under Providence) I am indebted for the affluent and honourable position which I now enjoy.

She gave me a religious training, and made me kneel beside her every day, and unite my prayers to hers. Taking an idol out of a chest, she would place it before her, and say, 'O Spirit! you are the greatest of the ghosts. There is no other ghost but you. You fill the heavens and the earth. Give me plenty rice. Give me plenty gold. Make the Father soft as mud to me, and hard as stone to the other wives. Make them ugly. Make their sons die. Make my son prosper. Selah.'

'But, my dear mother,' said I, one day, 'how can you talk like that? You know that our Family Spirit is not the only spirit in the world. Have you not told me yourself that the water and the woods are full of them; that in countless numbers they float in the air and dwell under the ground? Are not the stars also spirits? Do we not call them the Children of the Sky?

While I said this my mother was holding the idol, and she at once put her hands over its ears, and packed it away in the chest before she replied. 'That is all true enough,' said she; 'but do you think he would do what I asked if I did not give him sweet mouth?'

'When I was about eight years old the Father said it was time I made myself useful, and employed me to drive away the birds. A string, to which were attached shells and strips of white cloth, was stretched across the field, and whenever the birds came I had to pull the string; then the shells jingled and the streamers whirred round, and the birds flew away. I was also taught the use of the paddle and the hoe, and to weave cotton, and to make baskets, and to throw a javelin and load a gun.

I was a favourite with the Father, who often gave me money, with which I used to amuse myself at draughts, or the African backgammon, or in spinning nuts, or at a kind of hazard, which was played with shells instead of dice. As a vulgar prejudice exists in many countries respecting games of chance, I shall here take occasion to observe, that, in the first place, there is no such thing as chance; and religious people should abstain from using atheistical expressions. Secondly, it is this element of uncertainty which constitutes the fairness of the sport, equalising the strong and the weak, the wise and the foolish, the young and the old; making the poor rich and the rich poor; brightening the monotony of ordinary life, stimulating

the jaded spirit, and surpassing all philosophical systems as a means of tuition to the mind. The experienced gamester acquires the art of suppressing his emotions, and of governing his passions; he is taught, by the vicissitudes of his favourite pastime, to endure with fortitude and patience the ups-and-downs of existence; he is sober in prosperity, hopeful in adversity; neither unduly elated nor depressed, for he knows that the luck is sure to turn.

Having more money than other boys, I used always to play with men. One day I was exceedingly unfortunate, and lost all that I had. I wished to play on credit, but my antagonist refused. I then offered to stake my mother, but he said that, as I was not of age, and as, moreover, her husband was alive, the stake could not be accepted. I offered to mortgage her for a thousand cowries, but this reasonable offer was also declined. I then staked my arms, and lost; I staked both legs, and lost. Never was there such a run of luck. My opponent said he was tired of playing, and sent a message to my Father to come and redeem my limbs. I might not move either legs or arms till he paid the amount against which they had been staked; but this duty was enjoined upon him by the customs of the country. He had, however, the bad taste to keep me in that disagreeable position for the whole of the afternoon.

I was seated with my mother, relating my adventure —but suppressing the part which related to herself, out of filial regard for her feelings—when the Father sent a

slave to call her to his house. A little while afterwards, Orussa, my half-brother, came into the hut. 'My dear friend,' he said, 'the Father has ordered me to tie your hands; have the kindness to hold them out. I tie the cord tightly,' said he, 'that it may not trouble you by coming undone.' He then produced a scourge with six lashes, to each of which a cowrie was tied. 'The Father has ordered me to flog you,' he said; 'but I shall merely brush the surface of the skin.' He then laid into me with all his might. 'You see,' said he, 'I am only pretending to flog you; but you must not betray me.' With that he gave me a cut which made the blood spurt up in his face.

The years passed: I became a young man; but I did not forget the injurious treatment which I had received, and I determined to be revenged on Orussa. He was the suitor of a girl called Adumissa, and I planned to marry her myself. I went down to the brook every evening and filled her calabash for her, and helped her to place it on her head; I told her anecdotes of Orussa which did not serve to raise him in her regard; and also extolled her charms. She was, indeed, a beautiful girl. In the words of an English poet who alone appears to have formed correct ideas on the beauty of women—

> Her skin excelled the raven plume,
> Her breath the fragrant orange bloom,
> Her eye the tropick beam.

In a short time Orussa was dismissed, and I was

accepted in his stead. 'I regret, my dear brother,' said I, 'that I have felt it my duty to prevent you from marrying this girl; but I act purely from regard for you, and sacrifice myself on your behalf. There can be no greater mistake than to marry a handsome woman. You know the proverb—"The face of water is beautiful, but it is not good to sleep in it." Adumissa would not do any work, and she is sure to be run after. You, my beloved Orussa, do not possess sufficient attractions to preserve her to yourself. Your face is pitted by the small-pox, and I regret to see that you are suffering from the yaws. I fear that you are not long for this world. Pray let me persuade you to marry some aged person who is acquainted with the use of herbs, and upon whom you may depend to nurse you with fidelity in your last moments.'

I saw with delight that every word which I spoke cut into him as deeply as the scourge which he once applied to my skin. He became sullen and moody, and often spent two or three days wandering about the woods, an object of just contempt to all well-regulated minds.

It is a law among the Croboes that no girl shall be married until she has passed a month in a kind of nunnery, or 'Retraite,' among the mountains. During this period of seclusion the girls are placed under the priests, and perform certain rites which they may not afterwards reveal. They are sometimes allowed to come into the town, but must always return at night. They wear a

curious dress, viz., a high cap on their heads and a cloth round their waist, with the end falling down behind, like a tail. Strangers call them the tailed women.

Adumissa went to the mountains; and as soon as she returned my Father paid the marriage-money and her Father prepared the marriage-feast, which he declared should not cost less than the money he had received. Bullocks were slaughtered, and barrels of rum were brought up from Accra. My Father gave me a gun, a house, and a piece of land for my farm, and I was allowed to wear the *toga virilis*, or man's cloth of our country. Boys may never wear a cloth in one piece: a strip is always cut out.

Boom! boom! went the big drum of the town. All the young people assembled for the dance; the rum went around. Adumissa was beautifully dressed; great nuggets of gold weighed down her arms so that she could not lift them from her side; and she wore a necklace of aggry beads.

The feast was at its height; the dancers were mad with music and rum, when we heard the doleful beating of a tom-tom, and the mother of Orussa, with his sister and their slaves, advanced into the street; their faces were gashed and their bodies painted as the bodies of those who mourn. The music ceased, the dancers stood still; all seemed to inquire what this might mean, yet no one uttered a word. And then we saw the crowd part on one side; Orussa, with his eyes glaring like those of a wild-boar, and a musket in his

hand, rushed up to the place where we were seated with the elders, and cried with a loud voice, '*I kill myself on Adumissa's head!*' At the same time he put the gun to his forehead and blew out his brains.

According to the law of the country Adumissa was compelled to slay herself likewise. To Death she was espoused: and she spent a honeymoon of mourning. Then she came forth into the square and shot herself with bullets of silver. Poor Adumissa! the girls of Odumissie sing to this day a ballad which tells the sad tale: and a favourite cloth is called after her name.

The loss of Adumissa caused me much discomfort and annoyance at the time, and I perceived the folly of placing one's desires and affections on a thing of such a transient and perishable nature as a woman. Henceforth I determined to give up my mind to the making of money, and my mother applauded this virtuous resolution. 'Poverty is folly,' said she; 'the poor man has no friend; if a poor man makes a proverb it does not spread. But gold is sharper than a sword; it will buy you the esteem of men and the beauty of women.'

The suicide of Orussa created a domestic revolution. The Father sent off his mother to the farm, and made her work like a slave. She appealed to her relations, who brought back the wedding-money and demanded a divorce. This was given, with the usual forms. The Father called her before him, took some white clay and

sprinkled it upon her head and rubbed it on her shoulders and arms, and told her she was free.

The other women rejoiced at this event, but they soon had reason to mourn, for the Father married a new wife, who was young, handsome, and extravagant. She cost him a hat-full of money only to pay the marriage fee; and she soon ran him into debt. He was obliged to borrow money at native interest (fifty per cent.), and to give one of his family as pledge, or pawn, for the repayment of the debt. The new wife had taken a violent antipathy to me, because I was the favourite son, and ordered my Father to send me as the pawn. Instead of beginning life on my own account, I was sent to serve in the house of a stranger. A pawn is little better than a slave; he cannot be sold; but he is forced to work like a poor relation. I soon found that kind of life insupportable, for I was by nature of a proud, independent spirit; nothing was more loathsome to me than to hoe the vile ground or to paddle a canoe. I therefore ran away to the Temple of the Forest, and entering the sacred grove, demanded the protection of the priests. According to the law of the country, which also holds good for fugitive slaves, I had now no longer a family; I became the servant of the gods. The priests took me into an enclosure hung round with palm leaves, and laid me on the ground. They brought a large pot full of medicine, with which they washed me from head to foot; they then shaved half the hair off my head, and covered me with a white country cloth; killed twenty-four white

cocks, and poured the blood on my head; with paints of red wood, white clay, and soot they drew three stripes across my brow. They sprinkled blood on a piece of granite, painted it also red, black, and white, and put it on a mud pedestal. Twelve chameleons were killed; six of them were laid on the stone; the six others were made into medicine, with which they anointed my head, saying: 'Now your name is no longer *Lati*, but *Agamoso* (chameleon); and when you are called you must answer *Dede* (slowly).'

Thus I was given the name of a slave; for in my country the slaves have always proverbial names, and when they are called, instead of saying '*Yes*,' or '*I am here*,' give proverbial replies. For instance, when a man takes a slave in a season of trial, he will perhaps call him a name which signifies *My-enemy-is-near;* and the slave, when called, will reply, *Do-not-fear.* If he buys a slave in a better season, he will call him *God-is-good*, and the slave will reply, *Yes,-truly,-he-is-gracious.*

I remained with the priests two years, and hoped that I should be able to acquire some useful information. But I was only employed in a menial capacity, and the management of the oracle remained as much a mystery for me as for the people who came to consult it. When I complained of this the priests laughed, and said that perhaps when I had grey hairs they might begin to teach me a little.

I now saw that I had acted too rashly, and that my life would be wasted for the benefit of others unless I could manage to escape. But where was I to go?

One day a priest came from the sea-coast, bringing with him a barrel-organ he had purchased, and which thenceforth was employed to represent the voice of the spirits. I longed to go to the country which produced such wonderful things, and forthwith formed my plan. I knew that I could run away, but I wished to try fair means at first; and therefore told the High Priest that, although I was ardently devoted to the gods and their noble representatives on earth, yet I had one failing—it was filial affection—and I desired permission to pay a short visit to my mother. I also said that I had a natural desire to exhibit myself before my family in the honourable costume of the priesthood, and to watch the envy which would be imprinted on their features when they saw me with my head half shaved and the three sacred colours on my brow.

The priests conferred privately together, and I saw that they cast suspicious and malignant glances upon me. It had not escaped them that I was a discontented and dangerous man. However, they came to me with smiles upon their faces, and said that my sentiments obtained their approval, and that I was at liberty to go home and to stay as long as I pleased. In a short time my preparations were made, and I was leaving the yard, when they asked me to stop for a moment, and the High Priest made his appearance with a gourd of palm wine in his hand. He drank first from it himself, and then handed it to me. I thanked him gratefully and drank, taking care not to swallow more of it than himself. But

before I had gone very far I remembered that when these priests administer the water of ordeal they drink from it first themselves, which shows that they have accustomed their body to the poison; and secondly, they are reputed to possess a poison so subtle and minute that sufficient to kill a man can be contained within the finger nail. After they have drunk, they shove the tip of their finger into the wine as they hand it to their victim, who afterwards dies in exquisite torments. Upon this I sweated profusely, and fear acting as an emetic, my stomach was emptied and my life was saved.

I have often had reason to congratulate myself that I am of a timorous nature; for had I been brave I should probably have died long ago. Nothing is so common as for other people to praise those qualities in a man which are detrimental to himself. Hence a brutal insensibility to danger, an insane rashness, which is often absurdly employed for the advantage of others alone, is considered a virtue; while a refined feeling of self-respect, an exquisite sense of that which is injurious, is stigmatised as cowardice, poltroonery, and so forth. But if I had not been afraid of death, had not my stomach and my mind been equally sensitive of danger, I should not now be writing my life, and mankind would have lost a narrative which, whatever may be its faults of diction and style, will prove, I trust, of the highest moral service to the young.

I went to Quita, the nearest place on the Coast, and there met Parumba, a man of Odumassie, who had spent

all his houses and land, squandered his relations, and absconded to escape being sold for a debt that he was unable to pay. But a loss is a gain: he who never fell knows not how to rise. He was now better off than he had ever been before; he had bought with his wages and the profits of his trade, houses and lands, and a new set of relations superior to those which he had lost.

He received me with joy, gave me a room, lent me a wife, and told me to make myself at home. It afforded him a pleasure to hear his own language again, to be told the news of his country, and to talk of past times. I pitied and utilised this weakness; and to the hundred questions that he asked gave him the answers which I thought would please him best. I called him the friend of my youth, flung myself into his arms, and wept into his bosom—having previously squeezed a red pepper into each of my eyes. He responded to my transports with equal warmth, and at last declared that he would introduce me to his master.

I was delighted with this offer. 'Is he really a white man?' I asked. 'White! yes, as white as the devil,' he replied. 'Is he rich?' said I; 'has he got any cloth?' 'Cloth!' he replied; 'a fine canoe, as big as a town, comes out every month, and brings him a mountain of cloth.' 'I suppose,' said I, 'that one man could hardly carry all the cloth he has upon his head?' Upon this my companion roared out with laughter, in a very ill-bred way, and danced about the room.

Mr. Thompson, the agent at Quita, was a very

curious character. He had come out to Sierra Leone as a custom-house clerk, and, having a taste for trade, used often to buy little matters at sales and dispose of them at a profit. A slaver was brought into the port as a prize, and broken up in Destruction Bay. She was only equipped for the traffic; she had not purchased her cargo; and as slavers always buy with cash—their build being unsuited for cargoes—it was known that bullion must be on board. A strict search was made, but without result; and the authorities, therefore, could only suppose that it had been thrown overboard. The effects on board were put up for sale at an auction, and Thompson purchased a barrel of soap. He took out a bar for his private use; and found that it was of an enormous weight; he broke it, and found it contained a roll of doubloons. He had really purchased a barrel of gold.

Fearing that the money might be claimed by the Government, he emigrated to Quita, which at that time was a Danish possession, kept his secret to himself, and set up as trader in a small way. By being able to find cash whenever it was required he soon realised a fortune. But instead of going home he remained all his life on the Coast, becoming a kind of king, and living after the manner of the land. He sometimes, however, visited the Settlements for purposes of trade, and many anecdotes are related of his curious sagacity. On one occasion a schooner was to be sold at Accra. He ascertained that it would only be sold for cash, and would not be bought in. A few days before the sale he went round to all the

agents, and making some ingenious excuse, borrowed from them every shilling they had. When the vessel was sold no one could bid but himself, and he bought it for a song. It was he who created the ground-nut trade in the Gambia, and he there possessed a splendid stone house and spacious stores, the like of which did not exist upon the Coast. A fire broke out in his oil-store, and all his buildings were burnt to the ground. The loss was estimated at thirty thousand pounds; for offices in London will not insure property upon the Coast. Every one supposed that he was ruined; but he only shrugged his shoulders, and said, 'Well, it might have happened to a poorer man!' This remark was repeated, and his credit did not suffer in the least.

In spite of his isolated life, he took the keenest interest in the doings of the European world. Newspapers from every country and the newest books came out to him every mail. The wonder was how he could find time to read; as from six to six he never attended to anything but business, scarcely taking time enough for his meals. But his restless and eager mind did not permit him to sleep except for a short time; and a light was always to be seen in his chamber, however late the hour might be.

This remarkable man took a fancy to me, and encouraged me to educate myself. He had taught Parumba the business of the day-book and the ledger; but, like most native clerks, he could not read print. The five years that I lived with Mr. Thompson were

industriously employed by me in reading books, after my day's work was over; and before I left his house I was able to write his business-letters and to converse with him on literary subjects. At first I studied books in the belief that they contained magical knowledge, and that it was from them the white man learnt the arts of making steamships, gunpowder, &c. But afterwards I learnt to love knowledge for itself; and I was also firmly convinced that in some way or other it would enable me to become a moneyed man. All white men (so I thought) were rich; all white men (I imagined) read books. It was not till some years afterwards that I discovered that those who devote themselves to literary pursuits are more distinguished for poverty than wealth.

In the meanwhile my friend Parumba found that I had stepped into his place; but he did not seem to take it to heart, and we remained friends as before. It happened that a slaver came into the roads for a cargo, and Parumba sold one of his slaves for mutinous behaviour, and also assisted the captain in various ways. In return he was asked to dinner on board; and as he assured me the captain would be glad to see any friend of his at the table, I went with him in the canoe. I found that he had told the truth; for after he had spoken to the captain, who was a Portuguese, the latter came up, shook me by the hand, and invited me to join the repast. We had champagne, followed by punch, which liquor I had never tasted before. The captain

pressed me so earnestly to drink that the cabin soon began to go round and round, and I dropped off to sleep.

When I awoke I found myself lying on the floor; but the cabin was still on the move, so I turned round and slept again. The next time that I awoke I was sure that I was sober, but the cabin still jerked backwards and forwards, and the deck heaved up underneath me. Had I been like my ignorant countrymen, who think that ships are alive, I should certainly have supposed that the vessel had been drinking; but this I knew could not be, so I arose and climbed up on deck. There I saw water all around me. I called to the captain and asked him to go back to the land. He laughed, and said that I should never see Quita again, but that I was going to a much more agreeable country. To make a long story short, Parumba had told him that I was his slave; that for some time past he had treated me as a friend and a brother, but that my impertinent behaviour had made it necessary for him to send me away. He had asked the captain as a favour to take me off in the manner described, that his too susceptible heart might not be turned from its purpose by my prayers and lamentations.

'Well,' said the captain, when he had heard my tale, 'it is certainly a hard case for you; but, on the other hand, I have bought you, and paid the money. But this I will do: you shall serve me as steward in the cabin, and when we get to Brazil I will try and obtain

for you a benevolent master.' At this I raged and swore, and said I was a free man, and that I would not be kidnapped; I would not be sold. Whereupon the captain gave an order in Portuguese. Two sailors opened the hatches. The captain led me to them by the arm, and made me look down. 'Do you see that?' said he. 'Yes, sir,' said I. 'Do you smell that?' said he. 'Yes, sir,' said I. 'Very well, then; choose between that and the cabin.'

The slaves were packed like cloth in a bale. They were forced to squat on their hams, with their heads between their knees; and when one moved the mass moved. Every morning some sailors went down and fetched up some dead bodies, which were thrown overboard. They were stiffened into a bent posture; and it often happens that those who survive are never able to straighten themselves again, and walk about with their heads bent down to their knees.

Most of these ignorant creatures supposed that they would be eaten as soon as they arrived in the white man's land. It is a common belief among the negroes that the red caps of the trade are dyed with black men's blood, and white soap manufactured from their brains. So many of the captives refused their food, upon which their mouths were forced open with a surgical instrument called *speculum oris*, used in cases of lock-jaw, and they were fed against their will. The captain and sailors had an interest in the slaves, and displayed a benevolent solicitude in the preservation of

their lives. The vessel was over-freighted, and many 'bales' were lost; and in fact the whole cargo was damaged more or less thereby. But this was an error more of the head than of the heart. The slaves were aired every day, the hose was turned upon them, and they were soused with salt water from head to foot; they were even indulged with the music of the drum and encouraged to dance upon the deck. Yet such was their ingratitude and baseness of disposition, that several of them sprang overboard, and as they sank waved their hands in triumph at having effected their escape.

Sometimes when the slaves were re-packed I crept to the hatchways and peered down through the iron grating into the dark gulf below. What moans and groans and despairing cries arose! There, side by side, men were dying and women bringing forth children; which perished at once, struck dead by the foul air.

'Well, Pedro, my friend,' said the captain—for he gave me that name—'what do you think of our saloon?'

'A kitchen,' I answered, 'is not a happy place for a fish. I hope you will let me stay in the cabin.'

'Well, mind you behave yourself,' said he.

'No fear of that,' I replied. 'If my hand is in a man's mouth I don't strike him on the head.'

Just then, the boatswain cried out that a sail was in sight, and in a few hours we were boarded by a cruiser. Our captain appeared on deck dressed in shore-going clothes, with blue spectacles, and an umbrella under his

arm. He was supposed to be a passenger. However, he was taken, with the officers and crew, on board the man-of-war; and an English officer, with half-a-dozen sailors, were put on board the prize, to take her to Sierra Leone. This officer did not seem to relish the business; and the others who came on board to look at the slaver made many facetious remarks, wishing him a pleasant voyage, and hoping that he had laid in a good stock of eau de Cologne.

The very next day a large steamer chased us, and fired a shot across our bows. We lay to, and she sent a boat on board. It was filled with men armed to the teeth, and in the stern sheets sat a young man of elegant appearance. He came up on deck, and saluted the officer with much politeness, and said to him in English: 'You have taken this vessel as a prize?'

The officer looked at him sternly, and said, 'What is your ship?'

'*The Black Joke.*'

The officer drew his sword, but before he could raise his arm, I threw my arms affectionately round his neck, and pulled him down. He was soon tied hand and foot. The young man nodded to me, and said to his boatswain, 'Take the slaves on board.'

'The Black Joke' was a vessel which made itself famous by lying off the coast, and catching slavers that were bound for Cuba or Brazil. She did not take or destroy the vessel itself, but merely transferred the contraband cargo to her own slave decks, and then ran to

New Orleans, where slaves just then were in demand. This was in 1859.

As soon as the slaves were shipped on board, our captain ordered the officer to be released, and said, 'I regret, my dear sir, that you will lose your prize-money on the slaves; but you will have a more agreeable voyage now that these people are under my care, and the vessel will fetch you in something.' To this the Englishman replied that the captain would swing on the gallows before he had done, and that he would go a hundred miles to see him; and made use of other injurious expressions which were scarcely warranted by the occasion. For where was the difference between the two? Here, in the first place, is a Portuguese who equips a vessel, sails to the coast of Africa, and honestly buys at the market price a certain article of produce. Then comes a man-of-war, belonging to another nationality, seizes this vessel, on the high seas, takes the slaves to an English possession, and receives from the English Government so much a head. The 'Black Joke' had merely done to the English what the English had done to the Portuguese.

On arriving at New Orleans, the captain told me that as I had saved his life he would sell me to a man who would save my soul, which would be more than repaying the obligation. 'It is a pity,' said he, 'that Mr. Thompson should have neglected your religious education; but that will be remedied for the future.' I begged him to give me my freedom, and assured him

that I would employ it in studying works of devotion. But he said that he had agreed to sell me for five hundred dollars to his friend, and that he could not break his word.

My new master was a celebrated preacher in New Orleans, and I served him as his valet. His favourite subject of discourse, both in the pulpit and his easy chair, was the divine origin of slavery. 'It is not only the letter of the Bible,' said he, 'but also its spirit which supports this paternal institution: St. Paul orders slaves to obey their masters.'

'But St. Paul tells slaves to be free, if they can,' said I.

'Yes, my dear boy,' replied the preacher, 'but he does not tell them to be free if they can't. If I ever give you your papers, and you have religious scruples about accepting them, then we can discuss the text to which you allude. In the meantime, follow the golden rule, and put yourself in my place. If you had a nigger, how would you like him to be idle and ill-behaved?'

This reverend gentleman had a text for every event of the day. I had orders to call him in the morning at six, and neglected to do so two or three times; whereupon he remarked that 'he who knows the will of his master and doeth it not shall be beaten with many stripes,' and told me to go and fetch him the cow-hide. I humbly argued that the passage was to be understood in a metaphorical sense. 'My dear Pedro,' he said, 'you think the text is metaphorical because you wish

it to be so; I think it is literal for similar reasons, and I being the stronger have my own way. Such is the history of religious controversy.'

However, my master behaved to me very kindly as a rule, and I do not think that a happier race of men existed in the world than the livery slaves of New Orleans. We had plenty to eat, plenty to drink, and little to do; the most charming soubrettes were our sweethearts, and we amused ourselves with dances, singing parties, and various diversions. But unhappily my master's son ran into debt in New York, and I was put up at auction and knocked down to a 'soul-driver,' who was taking a coffle of slaves to the plantations of the far South-West. Unhappily, I was then in the prime of life, and in splendid condition. The man felt my muscles, and looked at my teeth, before the sale, and determined to take me as a field hand. I was bought from him by a planter who set me to picking cotton, and when I had learnt the business, he sold me for a thousand dollars to the owner of a large plantation in the South, or rather to the bailiff who managed his affairs.

The next year which I spent was the most unpleasant of my life. We slaves were not subjected to unnecessary cruelty or caprice; but on the other hand we were condemned to an inflexible routine and a supervision which nothing could escape.

At dawn the plantation bell was rung, and with a short interval at noon we were made to work all the

day, overseers standing beside us with whips in their hands. If we dared so much as to raise our eyes from the ground, we heard the crack of the whip and the warning voice: it was the labour of the prison and the hulks. Escape was almost impossible; those who did run away could only take refuge in the dismal swamps by which the plantations were surrounded.

On Sunday we had a day of rest, and at night we were allowed to amuse ourselves as we pleased, and even sometimes to visit the neighbouring plantation and to join its slaves in the dance. But for some reason this permission was suddenly withdrawn; our huts were frequently searched; and the mean whites who led a kind of gipsy life round about were hired by the bailiff to patrol the plantation with rifles in their hands. We also observed that the overseers frequently conversed together in the day, and had almost always newspapers in their hands.

One day we heard a curious booming sound like thunder in the distance. All the white men on the plantation taking their rifles and mounting their horses galloped away, leaving us to ourselves. One of the horses returned to the stable by itself, and the slave grooms said that there was blood upon the saddle. But the men did not come back, and in the morning the bell did not ring.

The sun was about three hours high when we saw a number of men in blue coats, and armed with guns and swords, march up towards the house. Shortly

afterwards an officer on horseback rode past our huts, and turning in his saddle towards us said, '*Niggers, you are free!*'

We were forwarded to Washington as contraband of war; for Mr. Lincoln had not yet emancipated the slaves, and I was sent on to Cambridge, near Boston, where I obtained employment as a copying clerk.

My friends and protectors, the abolitionists, congratulated me on having arrived in the freest country in the world—a country, they said, where all men were equal; where the class distinctions of Europe were unknown; where no bloated aristocracy trampled on uneducated serfs. After which they sent me to dinner in the kitchen.

One day I thought I would visit Boston, and was stepping into the horse-car, when the conductor said, 'We don't take coloured people in the cars!' So I had to walk. On reaching Boston I was weary and dry, and went into an hotel. 'We don't serve coloured people here,' said the man behind the bar. 'But I have plenty of money,' said I, 'and I will pay you beforehand, if you like.' 'It tain't that,' said he; 'we don't serve coloured people; you must go to some place where they do.'

In the evening I went to the theatre, and was passing in at the door when a gentleman put his hand upon my shoulder. 'You can't go in there,' said he, 'no coloured people are admitted.' 'Surely,' said I, 'you must be mistaken. What! forbid a man who is perfectly sober and decently dressed to go into a place of public amuse-

ment, because his hair happens to be curly, and his skin darker than your own.'

'That is one of our regulations,' said he.

'But,' said I, 'we are not in Europe, remember; we are not in a country where accidents of ancestry and birth can influence the opinions which men form of one another. We are in America, the land of the free. We are in the *U*nited States. We are dwelling under a Republic; no crowned despot rules o'er the land. What says the Declaration of Independence? *We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.* Now, I am in pursuit of happiness; and I want to go into that theatre.'

The man said in his broken English to a friend who was standing by his side, 'I'm darned if this nigger ain't running us!' and, in the most ungentlemanly manner, knocked me down.

I found that the pursuit of eternal happiness was also attended with difficulty in the freest country in the world. In some churches coloured people were not admitted at all; in others, they were made to sit in a place by themselves; in the Catholic churches alone they were allowed to kneel and pray where they pleased.

However, the public library at Boston was open to me, and there my leisure hours were passed. In the society of great men's thoughts I learnt to forget the little *parvenu* people among whom the Fates had forced

me to dwell. A true temple of learning is that library of Boston; not only rich but hospitable; no introduction is required for the reader; and books are lent to all those who ask for them. The stranger who is passing through the town can go to the library, and take a book to his hotel. He is merely asked to write down his address.

If I found no friends in New England at least I found plenty of patrons; and money was placed at my disposal in order that I might pursue my studies all the day. For this assistance I was glad, but I cannot say that I was grateful; for even when the negrophiles gave me the greenbacks, I saw them wince and shudder as their hands touched mine.

A speculator came to me and proposed that I should give lectures at the Everett Institution, and afterwards make a tour through the States. The subject of this course should be my own life; first I should relate how I was taken as a slave; secondly, my servitude down South; and, thirdly, my happy escape to the freest country in the world.

'If you will follow my instructions,' said he, 'I will guarantee you so much a night, pay all expenses, and take all the risk. If your lectures succeed, as I do not doubt they will, you will make money and so shall I. We can both be of use to each other.'

'Exactly,' said I, 'the right hand washes the left hand, and the left hand washes the right. To-morrow I will bring you an outline of my life.'

The next day I gave it to him; and I saw that his face grew longer and longer as he read.

'Don't you like it?' I asked. 'Are there many faults of style? Is the English less pure than that which is usually spoken in the States?'

'I do not say that,' answered he, 'the style is admirable; but the incidents won't do.' He then took some paper and a pen.

'You were born,' he said, 'of poor but industrious parents, in a little village on the Guinea Coast. Your days were spent with your father and mother in the labours of the field——'

'My dear sir,' said I, 'every respectable person in my country has his work done for him by slaves.'

'Don't interrupt me,' he said. 'You earned your bread by the sweat of your brow. A slaving vessel from the South anchored off the Coast; the captain and some sailors paid a visit to your hamlet. They were hospitably received. The patriarch brought them yams and rice, and killed his favourite goat in their honour. He—what else would he do?'

'He would lend his daughter to the captain,' said I.

'Well, you must not say that. In the dead of night, when the unsuspecting natives were asleep, the Southerners rose and set fire to the village, and seized the people and tied them hand and foot——'

'Such a thing has never been heard of,' said I.

'It has been heard of here, if it has not been heard of there.—Tied them hand and foot, and carried them off to the vessel, which sailed to New Orleans. They

were all sold at public auction. The wife of your master was a New Englander by birth; she privately taught you to read and write, and gave you religious instruction. In so doing she broke a law of the State, and, being detected, was sent to prison for a twelvemonth; while you were bought by a soul-driver and driven south-west in a herd or coffle of slaves. Your master was cruel; but one day he overheard you praying for him: his heart relented, and he treated you more kindly. He allowed you to marry. You had two children. Your master gambled his property away; the slaves were put up for sale, and your children were torn from your arms. Your wife was sold with you; but, alas! a fresh calamity was at hand. Your new master took a fancy to her; you endeavoured to defend her; he tortured you in an abominable manner, and then sold you to another plantation. Your wife, preferring death to dishonour, drowned herself in the river.'

'How do you mean, dishonour?' said I. 'It was surely no dishonour that a white man should admire her and want her for himself. If you have a fine horse and I covet that horse and steal it from you, it is no dishonour to the horse, but rather the contrary I should say.'

'This terrible misfortune preyed upon your mind. You became sullen; you refused to work; and at last you ran away. The bloodhounds were set on your trail. To escape their fangs you climbed up into a tree; your master arrived, and aiming at you with his rifle, threatened to shoot you if you did not come down.'

'Shooting his thousand-dollar nigger!' said I, with a sneer. 'Go on, go on.'

'Passion blinded him to interest. His finger was on the trigger. Then a gun was fired from the bushes: the miscreant fell to rise no more; a band of gallant Northerners appeared, and you were saved! We will have these incidents painted on canvas to illustrate the lectures; and I prophesy that they will be a great success.'

He was not mistaken: a little fortune was made by my lectures, of which the greater part went into his pocket; but of that I could scarcely complain, as he had composed my adventures, and also those compliments to the freedom of the North, which seemed always to give the audience more pleasure than any other portion of the lecture. In all my travels I have never met a people with such a capacity for swallowing praise. When I described my sensations on entering the first Free State, the fraternal manner in which I had been welcomed, and the impression made upon me by the superior civilisation of the North, it was marvellous to see how they all, with one consent, from the oldest to the youngest, opened their mouths and took it in, and thumped the floor with their heels, while the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their hands. I always finished up by saying that America was the noblest country on the face of the earth, surpassing Africa in fertility, and Europe in culture; that its public men by their probity, and its private citizens by their elegance and refinement, set a bright example to the effete and

corrupt society of England and France. This last sentence was invariably followed by loud applause; and even the most aristocratic persons who were present would often take the quids of tobacco from their mouths in order to cry out, *Bully for you!*'

A philanthropist at Portland was so much pleased with my manners, and so tenderly sympathised with my sufferings, that he took me into his household and treated me as a son. His wife was just such another as himself; and they were never tired of hearing me relate how the cruel soul-drivers tore my children from my arms. And when I described how my wife (a beautiful quadroon) sprang into the river and floated down the stream, her hands clasped, her eyes upraised, sustained for a time on the surface of the water by her long and abundant hair, these soft-hearted and soft-headed old people would sit and weep and wring their hands, and suffered, I am sure, infinitely more than I should have suffered even if my story had been true.

With the money I had made by my lectures, and the pocket-money which Mr. Putnam gave me, I at first supposed that I was rich; but I soon discovered that I had not enough for my necessities. I am by nature of a generous, compassionate, and sociable disposition. I spent large sums of money in relieving the wants of young females, who, separated from their families, wandered in the streets, often hungry and always thirsty, seeking for a friend. Seldom did these poor creatures appeal to me in vain. I also was partial to evening

entertainments where those who go down to the sea in ships obtain solace and relief from the dangers and hardships which they have undergone ; where the music of the violin and the mazy figures of the dance—where the ballad and the bowl—serve to while away the weary hours of the night, and to wean the mind from the slothful sensuality of sleep.

Mr. Putnam one morning after breakfast, requested his wife to leave the room. He then, in a very vulgar manner, proceeded to criticise my conduct, accusing me of dissipation and debauchery, and applying to my female friends certain low words with which I shall not sully these pages. I calmly replied that the afflictions to which I had been subjected by his countrymen—for he could not deny that the Southerners were Americans—made me subject at times to a profound melancholia, which could only find relief in such company and scenes as those of which he disapproved. I begged him to remember that men of genius were never to be judged by the same narrow standard of morality which was with perfect justice applied to the conduct of ordinary men. I protested that I had merely followed the example of many illustrious individuals, whose names were the proudest heritage of man. I mentioned Alcibiades, Mahommed, several Popes, Lord Somers, Charles Fox, Mirabeau, and Byron. But the foolish old man was only irritated by a rational and moderate defence, for which he had not been prepared. Unable to refute my arguments, he resorted to the law of might, and said that he

had taken a passage for me on board an emigrant vessel bound for Liberia. If I chose to go, he would give me five hundred dollars to begin life again in my native land. If I refused to go, I should not have a cent and he would turn me out of doors.

I gave a dignified assent to his proposal, and three months afterwards landed at Monrovia. I started a newspaper, and astonished the natives with my French and Latin quotations. But I found that only a few numbers could be sold, as they borrowed it from one another, and would wait a month for the 'latest news' rather than pay five cents and read it at once. I earned a little money now and then by praising a citizen, or more frequently by threatening to expose the faults of his private life if he did not purchase my silence. But, after all, what could one do with moneyless men? I sold the journal and bought a cutter, with which I went trading to the Sherbro.

At a little distance up that river was a house and barracoon belonging to a slaver. He stored therein the slaves which he purchased from the natives, and then sent them off to various parts of the coast, according to the information which he received respecting the movements of the cruisers. I heard that he was in want of flour and provisions, so sailed up the river and went on shore. After we had ended our business he invited me to dinner. That same afternoon a coffle of slaves was brought in. I walked round with my host and inspected the captives, several of whom were suffering from sickness,

and we discussed the various methods of diet and medicinal treatment.

The slaves were not to be paid for till they were shipped; the natives, however, were entitled to receive a small sum in advance, and they came for the money while we were at dinner. The slaver rose from the table, and going to the corner of the room, opened an iron safe and took out a rouleau of dollars. Through the open doors of the safe I perceived silver piled up in heaps.

Then a feeling of loathing and disgust came upon me. I longed to rid the world of a monster who traded in flesh and blood. Was I not a Liberian? Was I not myself a freed slave? Was it not incumbent upon me to rescue my unfortunate countrymen from the horrors of the middle passage and from life-long servitude in Cuba? These reflections passed quickly through my brain, and received an affirmative response; but I concealed my emotion, and talked of indifferent matters. After dinner I told the slaver that I had some American fowls on board, and if he would allow me I would give him a pair. He thanked me. I said I would call the next day; and he replied, 'You will dine with me, of course.'

I had on board three men and a boy, and brought them on shore, leaving the Krumen in charge of the cutter. The men were served with dinner in the yard: the slaver and I dined alone. I made an excuse for sending his servant with a message to my men, and that message was the signal which we had arranged. As the

infamous man-trader was helping me to soup, I drew a revolver and shot him through the breast. At the same time my men pistolled the men-servants and closed the gates of the barracoon. I then hoisted the Liberian flag, which I had brought with me on purpose. The natives crowded to the gates, and I informed them that if they took any hostile proceedings, the Government would make war upon them.

That night I retired to my bed with the keys of the safe in my pocket, and with that tranquillity of mind which follows a virtuous action. But only one thing weighed upon my mind, namely, what I was to do with the slaves. After all, thought I, these men are naturally slaves, and freedom might be a dangerous gift which they would abuse. Besides, they did not belong to me, and the property of others should be respected; I therefore resolved that if the natives would load my cutter with oil I would give them the slaves, and also make over the house and barracoon which I had taken at the risk of my life. To this proposition they agreed. I packed up the silver in a chest of clothes, and shipped it on board the cutter without my companions suspecting its contents; but the oil and house furniture, and other articles belonging to the slaver, I divided generously with them.

On arriving at Monrovia I took the mail steamer for Liverpool, and spent six months in London. I procured introductions to various firms trading with the Coast, entertained them at my hotel in grand style, and obtained an agency in Liberia. I set up a factory at

Bassa, and bought, with the goods which the merchants sent out, large quantities of red-wood and palm-oil, which I disposed of for cash. The London firms, supposing that my goods had been given out on credit, continued to send more (at my request); and it was not till three years had passed that they began to suspect the truth. But now let me explain the principle by which I was guided in this matter.

The unequal distribution of wealth is a problem which has always engaged the attention of philosophers. No one can deny that it is a serious evil; and therefore whoever corrects the abuse, even in a slight degree, and within his own sphere of action, merits the gratitude of mankind. Now here were two London merchants rolling in ill-gotten wealth. They bought palm-oil and made it into soap: such was the nefarious traffic in which they were engaged. The swarthy sons of Africa, who obtained the nuts from the tree and brewed the oil, remained naked and poor; the industrious working-men who bought the yellow soap to cleanse, on the Saturday night or the Sunday morn, the honourable stains of six days' labour from their hands, they also remained in a state of lamentable indigence; while the cunning speculators, the hardened capitalists, amassed enormous wealth. I resolved that the wrongs of labour should not be unavenged; and I therefore restored to Africa (as represented by myself) a part of the treasure which had been wrung from her soil. The firm commenced proceedings against me in the Liberian courts of law; but I sum-

moned a mass meeting, and made an eloquent speech. I called upon the people to defend their liberties and rights. I bade them resist the encroachments of the stranger; I reminded them of the Stamp Act, and the Tea Tax, and the American Revolution. 'Does Great Britain think,' said I, 'that because we have left our mother land, and have returned to our grandmother land, that we are therefore to be trampled on? Shall it be said that Liberians are slaves? Gentlemen, this attempt to rob one of your humblest citizens of his little all—to place him in the felon's dock and the condemned cell; this, gentlemen, is the thin end of the wedge. If this attempt be successful, look to your houses, look to your plantations, look to your liberties, aye, even to your lives. Before long the British policeman may patrol these peaceful streets and tell us to move on; a Newgate may arise on this water-side and frown upon the deep; the tragedies of the Old Bailey may be re-enacted on these shores. Then, gentlemen, then the star of Liberia shall set to rise no more, and the clanking of fetters succeed the soft strains of the banjo and the bones.'

This speech was received with tumultuous applause; and having thus enlisted public opinion on my behalf, I sent the Chief Justice a case of champagne, and gave his wife a silk mantle; and the plaintiffs were non-suited.

I returned to the United States, taking with me some coffee and sugar of the planters to sell on commission. But they did not fetch a good price; and in fact the money thus obtained was insufficient to requite

me for my trouble. This money, in justice to myself, I retained; but, in justice to the planters, I did not charge them my commission.

The war was now over, and I heard that land in the South was being sold for a song. I purchased the plantation on which I had once laboured as a slave; engaged negroes on the co-operative system—that is, I paid them a share of the profits; and in three years had realised a large sum of money. I sold the plantation, making cent. per cent. by the transaction, and then went back to New York.

I possessed ten thousand pounds, thanks to my own industry and foresight. Such a sum, I was aware, would not last for ever in New York, London, or Paris, and would, even while it lasted, in no way distinguish me above the crowd. The American negroes now had votes, and were treated civilly enough. The hotels, the cars, the theatres, and churches were thrown open to them by the law; but the law could not prevent people from edging away when I sat down beside them, and from looking at me with an expression of disgust. Even in Europe the African is often annoyed by this prejudice of colour. It therefore occurred to me that the wisest thing I could do would be to return to Odumassie. There my fortune would make me the Rothschild of the land; and I am quite of the sentiment of Cæsar: better to be first in a village than second in Rome.

Three years have passed, and I have no reason to

regret my resolution. I already feel myself at home; my own language has again become familiar to my ears. I have built myself a magnificent house, purchased two hundred slaves, and married twenty-three wives, to which number I shall add, little by little, at the rate of two or three a-year. In course of time I hope to rival the Scriptural patriarchs not only in their piety, but also in the number of their children. My mother superintends the plantation, and I sell palm-oil to the traders of Quita and Accra.

I am rich, and I am happy. It is not prosperity alone which gladdens my heart and bathes it in perpetual sunshine, but also the consciousness that my wealth has been honourably earned. Throughout my chequered career I have faithfully studied my own interest and welfare; I have never proved disloyal to myself; I have never been guilty of an action which had not for its object my own profit or pleasure. I have never suffered a passing inclination to decoy me from that feeling of SELF-DUTY which has been my principle, my conscience, and my guide. Well, I am enriched, and virtue is rewarded. I now publish these memoirs that I may increase the obligations which I have already conferred upon my fellow-men; and I trust that the reader will not misunderstand the moral of my tale.

CAVALLA

CAPE PALMAS is a small but virtuous community, the citizens of which regard Monrovia as a kind of Paris, the abode of elegant and splendid vice. Chapels abound; taverns and grog-shops, there are none. Once upon a time a semi-temperance hotel was kept by a Mr. C——, who set forth that nothing was more painful to his feelings than for ardent liquors to be called for by his guests; still, if they *would* have them, such and such was the price; which he made very high, doubtless to deter his customers from sin.

The religious denominations of Liberia are Episcopalian, Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian. Churches are built and repaired, and the ministers salaried by American money. The foreign missionaries no longer labour in the Liberian settlements, but occupy a village called Cavalla, near the river of that name, a little to the east of Cape Palmas. They have also a female school at the Cape; and as white men cannot hold property in Liberia, the mission-house is nominally owned by a lady of colour. A little while before my arrival an interesting event occurred at this school. Freemasonry is popular in the Republic; as in the mysteries of the Greeks and the Africans, all young

men of position are initiated.[1] It is said that a kind of masonic society is also in existence among the Liberian ladies; and the imitative propensities of children are notorious. One morning the lady teacher observed that most of her young pupils made a wry face as they sat down upon their forms, and on making inquiries was told that they had all got boils. It was a perfect epidemic, and, strange to relate, the little sufferers were all unwilling that medicine should be applied. Finally it was discovered that one precocious young lady, ætat twelve or thereabouts, had formed a secret society, marked the novices with a red-hot poker, made them each pay her a cent, and told them to come to her every Friday, and that she would talk to them.

Mr. Nelson, from the West Indies, was a white man in appearance, but possessing that one burning drop of negro blood which sufficed to constitute him a citizen of Liberia. He traded at Cape Palmas, and asked me to explore the Cavalla River, and to give him an opinion respecting its resources. He paid the expenses of the trip, and gave me men, cotton goods, tobacco, coffee, and tinned meats.

Thus provided, I went off along the beach, and arrived at Cavalla. There I met a young missionary who had served in the American War, and who related the following anecdote, which shows how difficult it is to shake off the military character. Shortly after his arrival, the elders of the town came to see him, and as

[1] The poor man is never initiated.—*African Proverb.*

usual, pestered him with requests for tobacco. His patience being speedily exhausted, the youth drew a revolver, and, pointing it at their heads, declared that if they did not make a move, he would blow their brains out, seriatim; upon which they went off in a state of delight, chuckling and rubbing their hands, and saying, 'This be proper *war-man* for true!'

Cavalla is a village-state, and is often at war with its neighbours; and therefore a fighting missionary is more to their taste than one who preaches the mild doctrine of the Gospel. However, my young friend soon found he had mistaken his vocation, and returned to his native land.

The Cavalla Mission has a number of inland stations under native catechists along the banks of the river. The most distant of these is Bohlen, to which I went up by canoe. I stayed with the catechist and his wife a few days, and then, having engaged two young men in the service of the mission, started off for the interior.

We walked through a virgin forest; the villages were about twenty miles apart; the natives were cannibals, and in a very primitive condition. On the night of the third day I got a hint from my interpreter that we should not find it easy to get on. In the night I heard a squealing sound, and knew that Mumbo Jumbo was at work. In the morning they let me go on to the next village, which belonged to their relations; and there I was stopped, according to the order of the fetish, delivered the night before. They told me that the people of the next tribe

were bad, and that among them my life would not be safe. It was therefore purely from regard for myself that they forbade me to proceed.

This did not take me by surprise, for I knew that in such a region as Cavalla it is impossible to make a considerable journey. Population is scanty; food is scarce; a large party cannot be fed, and a small party is completely in the power of the natives. Every village is an independent state, the inhabitants of which have never travelled more than two or three days' journey from their home: there is little intercommunication; there are no trading roads; in every fifty miles a new dialect is spoken. Such a country is impenetrable; and though Moslem tribes inhabit the open country behind this forest belt at no great distance to the east, none of their traders have reached the region of Cavalla. Yet no doubt they are working towards that end, and probably in fifty years' time Mandingo traders and writers of charms will be seen on the coast at Cape Palmas, as at Monrovia and Grand Bassam.

The products of Cavalla are palm-oil, red-wood, and wild coffee; but the resources of the country have not yet been developed, owing to the want of capital and enterprise on the part of the Liberians. The natives still grow their own tobacco to a great extent, not being able to buy the American leaf in sufficient quantities, or at a sufficiently low rate. The wild coffee tree grows to a considerable height; in the Rio Nunez there is a large export trade, and the

berry, on account of its richness and strength, is used in preparing the essence of coffee. In East Africa the berries are eaten by the negroes,[1] but in Cavalla the coffee trade has not yet commenced: the natives do not know the uses of the fruit, and have not even a name for the tree.

Gold, it is said, was once discovered near Bohlen, and the natives went to the oracle to enquire whether they might work it. The oracle replied that the gods gave their consent, but that first a human being must be sacrificed to them. Now men are valuable in this thinly populated country, and the people could not afford one. So the gold remains undisturbed.

The people of this region are Krus in the wild state; the men are fine-looking, but the women are extremely plain. Such I have found invariably the case among tribes of a degraded or rather of an early type; and a similar rule obtains throughout the animal world. Here then are two phenomena which require explanation: first, in what manner the males of the lower kingdom acquired their superior beauty; and secondly, in what manner the women of civilisation have become more beautiful than the women of former times.

Mr. Darwin has found the clue to this mystery in the law of *Sexual Selection*.[2] Animals not only struggle for existence, but also for the propagation of the species. Partly owing to the custom of polygamy, and partly

[1] Burton's 'Lake Regions.'

[2] See 'The Descent of Man.'

to other causes, matrimonial competition is severe. In most cases the question is decided by the duel; the rivals fight, and the best man wins: in this manner not only physical strength, but also courage and amorous ardour are gradually developed and improved. But every species or nation has fashions of its own, and in other cases the female runs from her lovers, like the nymph of the Greek legend, and the swiftest suitor becomes her spouse. In other species the females follow the leap-year custom of proposing to the males; they have the power of selecting their husbands, and offer themselves to those who are distinguished for their personal attractions. In the course of countless generations, the most handsome males being always selected, and comely variations being thus preserved, and afterwards inherited, the males acquire a beauty of their own, and are distinguished from the females not only by superior strength, courage, and activity, but also by gaudy colours, flowing hair, and elegance of form. In the same manner, among singing birds, the best musicians are selected, and so in course of time the cock bird becomes a songster, while the hen can only pipe and twitter in a small way.

The primeval men were probably polygamous; the strongest male was the lord and master of the females in the herd, and defended his harem with tooth and claw. As soon as a male arose in the herd stronger than himself he was dethroned.

Among savages of the forest type the wives are

usually obtained by theft from other tribes, or as plunder in war. The most daring and dexterous men would therefore become the proprietors of wives.

When some members of a clan, either by means of commerce or war, have become wealthier than the rest of the community, they take a larger number of wives, and also begin to select. At first, their wives being slaves, they choose them merely for their strength.

But when prisoners of war are domesticated, and the wife becomes an article of luxury, she is then selected for her beauty; and thus, in process of time, the beauty of the females is developed by the fancy of the males, as in the lower kingdom the beauty of the males was developed by the fancy of the females.

The hair of the negress does not appear to be longer than the hair of the negro. The long flowing tresses of the female sex are just as much an artificial production as the pouter breast of the pigeon, or the monstrous cabbage head. It is entirely the work of *women fanciers*, a creation of the male sex; and therefore strong-minded females are right in cutting theirs as short as they can.

Boys from this country often run away to sea. They serve on board ships and make their fortunes, and then either settle at Sierra Leone, in the colony of Krus, or return to their homes, and marry as many wives as they can afford. In this manner only can the money of the savage be invested. His principal is represented by his wives, and the interest by his children. His wives are

farm labourers; his daughters are saleable commodities; and his sons, up to a certain age, are also his slaves.

Many of the wealthier Krumen, however, go for their wives to the Veis, a tribe of Mandingo extraction, near to Cape Mount. The Vei women are remarkably handsome, and the men are not less intelligent. A man of this tribe, Duaru by name, invented an alphabet, which is said to be used by the Veis for purposes of business correspondence. The idea of a written language did not spring forth fully formed from Duaru's brain; he had seen Europeans and Mandingoes practising the art. I was, moreover, informed that he had been taught Arabic when a boy, and had forgotten the characters; and therefore memory as well as imitation had something to do with the invention. Yet for all that it was a remarkable achievement of the mind.[1]

A Dr. Peter Greenhill told Lord Monboddo that there was a nation east of Cape Palmas, in Africa, who could not understand one another in the dark;[2] and I fully believe that among such a people as those of Cavalla the darkness would interfere with the feast of reason and the flow of soul. In their language, as Herman Melville says of his Marquesas Islanders, 'one brisk little word is obliged, like a servant in a poor family, to perform all sorts of duties; for instance, one particular combination of syllables expresses the ideas

[1] The Vei alphabet was discovered by Commander Forbes. See the Appendix to his work on Dahomey.

[2] Quoted in Tylor's 'Early History of Mankind,' in his excellent chapter on gesture language and word language.

of sleep, rest, reclining, sitting, leaning, and all things analogous thereto, *the particular meaning being shown chiefly by a variety of gestures, and the eloquent expression of the countenance.*'

I used to think that the origin of language was a mystery not less unfathomable than the origin of matter, a subject lying beyond the horizon of the human mind; but since I have studied savages with a special view to the solution of this problem, and afterwards read by the light of a traveller's experience what Condorcet, Herder, and Darwin have written on the subject, I begin to see, or believe that I see, something in the darkness.

Let us imagine the semi-human herds roaming in the forest, struggling for existence, defending themselves not only against wild beasts of a foreign species, but also fighting, herd against herd, for root and berry grounds. It is evident that the herd which most closely combines will tend to survive, and come off victorious in the terrible never-ceasing Battle of Life. Thus the affections become weapons offensive and defensive, beneficial to those that possess them and injurious to their foes; and are developed and improved, according to the Darwinian law, as teeth and claws are developed [redacted] improved.

N[redacted] affections had dilated it would natura[redacted]embers of the herd should desire [redacted]us their language, which at first [redacted]l cries, and other signals and

sounds necessary for their mutual protection, would become more varied and complete. The love-calls and gestures of endearment, which were once only interchanged between males and females in the amorous season, or between parents and their offspring in the period of the nest, would become perennial, and diffused throughout the herd. The more this language was developed the more efficiently the herd would be united; and so, the affections and intelligence acting and reacting on each other, a true language would finally be formed.

The language of our progenitors probably passed through three periods or stages: 1. The period of intonation. 2. The period of imitation. 3. The period of convention.

The first period is musical, instinctive, and prevails throughout the lower kingdom. We use this language to our dogs; when we reprove them we speak in a gruff voice and frown. They look at our faces, they listen, and they understand. When we wish to express our love and approbation we smile, and speak to them in a caressing voice—often in falsetto. In the same manner we know by their voices and the expression of their features when they are joyful or sad, proud or ashamed.

In the second period our progenitors probably expressed their ideas by imitative movements and sounds. Thus, supposing a *Homo Darwiniensis*, or Faun with hairy pointed ears, wishes to show that a leopard is near: he would shape his features to resemble those of

the animal in question; he would crawl stealthily along, with his belly close to the earth; then he would assume the expression of alarm, and would point in a certain direction. Or suppose that he had found a honey-nest in a tree: he would give signs of delight, smack his lips, suck his fingers, and buzz like a bee. In this stage certain words are invented, the meaning of which is expressed by an imitative sound; as, for instance, *Ba-ba* for sheep, and *Moo* for cow.

Thirdly, when some man, or semi-man, first put his hand on a tree, and pronounced a syllable, and it became a custom and convention in the herd that the syllable should signify the tree, then the language of convention —the true human language—commenced. At first it would consist of substantives alone; each word would be a sentence in itself; but, once arrived at this point, it is not difficult to understand how verbs and adjectives were afterwards invented, or rather afterwards grew up.

One thing at least is certain, that pantomime, which now is merely an art upon the stage, was once a part of speech. By pantomime I mean gesture and expression. Nothing appears so ridiculous to those who have not lived among savages, or patiently studied these subjects in travellers' books, as the imitative origin of language. The average country gentleman, or rural-minded rector, will never be brought to believe that such cases as those of the leopard and the honey could possibly have occurred. Yet something of the kind I have witnessed myself. In the savage mode of speech there is still a

residuum of imitative gestures and expressions, as in all languages there is a residuum of imitative words.[1]

Nor can I doubt that there is a musical element in language. The peasants of all countries sing in their talk; and as for savages, they are just like the people in the Opéra Comique. They sometimes speak, and sometimes sing; their language is half-in verse; and prose I imagine to be a comparatively recent invention. In this country, as Sterne says (of the South of France), 'music beats time to labour.' The blacksmiths are all harmonious; the cooper drives in his hoops to a cadence; the canoemen sing in chorus, the leader tapping the side of the canoe with his paddle in the style of Costa or Arditi. Whenever these people experience an emotion they express it, like the birds, in a song. When I have roused my weary Krumen and forced them to their oars, they have sung a melancholy air. When a man with a heavy burden on his head approaches a steep hill he sings to cheer himself up to the work. Now, what is the meaning of all this? Why is it that we whistle or sing when we get out of bed 'on the right side' of a morning? In thus giving voice to the gladness of our hearts, we *revert*, and resemble the lower animals from whom we are descended.

'O gentle reader, blush not that your origin is humble; cling not to the shabby-genteel belief that you have

[1] Such words are daily invented by children; and new imitative words occasionally come into popular use, as the *ping* of a bullet. See on this subject Lubbock's 'Origin of Civilization.'

seen better days, and are a degraded and degenerate creature fallen from a nobler sphere; but rather rejoice that you have risen in the world.

Yet if you persist in the angel hypothesis, let me call your attention to an interesting fact. Go and look at a skeleton; observe that little bone at the end of the spine, modestly tucked in between the legs, as if trying to hide itself away. Do you know what that means? The dreadful truth can no longer be concealed—*we are all of us naked under our clothes, and all of us tailed under our skins.* The body of man is a palimpsest, in which the art of the anatomist discovers historical inscriptions, which, if they have any meaning at all, must mean that we were successively marine invertebrates, fishes, reptiles, quadrupeds, and apes.[1]

As the body of man, once a base congerie of cells in the dark salt waters of the primeval sea, has been developed throughout the long ages to a form of symmetry and strength; as the mind, once a mere instinct of self-preservation and self-continuation, has become the creator of Genius and Love; as the Language of Words, at first composed of merely imitative syllables, has become the splendid instrument of orators and poets; so Music, the language of intonative sound, has been exalted to a science and an art. But its true origin should not be denied. Let everyone have the credit that is fairly their due; and music, it appears, was invented by a spider.[2]

[1] 'Descent of Man,' ii. 389.

[2] Ibid. ii. 331.

Let us return to the wives of Cavalla. These women belong to their husbands, body and soul; and the arrangement between Hortensius and Cato is one of the customs of the land. The hospitable African not only provides his guest with a hut and a daily repast, but also places a spare wife at his disposal. To decline this offering of friendship is an insult to the host.

To take a wife without permission is a theft. The lady gives up the name of her lover, and has often arranged with her husband beforehand to do so. The co-respondent is fined, and sold or killed in default; but when the money is paid, he and the husband remain just as good friends as before. If the woman will not betray her paramour, she is tortured in a terrible manner; and many African women have nobly perished as martyrs to love.

Ladies of the blood royal in Ashanti can intrigue with whom they please. It is stipulated only that their lovers shall be young, strong, and good-looking; and these noble women are always the first to set an example of submission to the laws of their country. Nobody likes to marry a princess; in the first place, because she is above the marriage law; and secondly, because, if she dies, her husband is expected to escort her to the under-world.

Jealousy, in the proper sense of the term, is not known in such countries as Cavalla and Gaboon. It has been introduced by the Moslems, and wherever their power or influence extends the Africans entertain

the same exclusive ideas respecting their wives as ourselves. The criminal wife and her lover are flogged, and the consenting husband is despised. In course of time the sentiment of chastity is formed; and women not only believe but feel it to be wrong to prove unfaithful to their husbands. Thus female virtue, like female beauty, is a modern and gradual creation. Virtue is, in fact, the beauty of the mind; and, as said the Greeks, if she could be made visible, men would fall down and worship her.

I did not stay long at the village which had turned me back, and set out on my homeward path. On arriving at the next hamlet, I discovered that one of my shirts had been stolen. My interpreter went back to the previous village, fetched the head man, and in my presence demanded the shirt. He said they had it not. 'Very well,' said my interpreter; 'the next time a man of your tribe comes down to the sea-side with palm-oil or a cow, we shall take that instead.' Upon this the shirt was produced.

Such is the African law. I had hired two men of the Grebo tribe; this made me one of the tribe. When a man is wronged, the tribe to which he belongs always take up his cause, and hold responsible the tribe of the offender. They make their reprisals on the first person that they meet; for they recognise only the guilt of the tribe, and all its members are equally guilty in their eyes. If the offender himself is to be punished, it must

be by his own people; but when a theft or murder is committed, it is usually done with the concurrence of the clan—the actual offender being merely the weapon or hand of the community.

Some travellers describe savages as demons incarnate, while others describe them as angels of light. It is not difficult to reconcile their statements. The savage outside his clan is almost without virtue, and inside his clan is almost without vice.

Virtue and crime are equally inherent in the human mind, and spring precisely from the same source. They are both due to the principle of self-preservation.

In the wild forest state the various clans are always at war with one another. If the members of a clan do not live according to the golden rule, they must inevitably be destroyed. The interest of each is the interest of all; the interest of all is the interest of each. The public security depends on the welfare of every efficient individual; and the welfare of every individual depends upon the public security. Such people, therefore, have not only community of goods, but also community of actions. They are One; and although self-preservation is the principle by which they are united, it must not be supposed that they are conscious of the fact. They have a true sentiment of love for one another; they feel it to be wrong to injure a clansman; and in such a case their conscience would reproach them, even should not the crime be detected.

Such is the virtue of savages; yet, after all, it is only a kind of honour amongst thieves. They resemble those criminals who were excellent fathers of families, and never deserted a 'pal,' and whose lives cannot be read without a shudder. The more a savage can rob and murder outside the circle of his clan, the more he is applauded by his comrades and by 'the divine monitor' within him. His crimes are useful to his clan, just as his virtues are useful to the clan.

The history of morals is the extension of virtue, and of the conscience, its guardian angel, from the clan to the tribe, from the tribe to the nation, from the nation to the members of the same religious faith, and from them to all mankind.

When tribes pass out of the state of war, and begin to traffic peaceably with one another, when intercourse with foreigners has become essential to their daily wants, they discover that acts of violence and fraud against their neighbours are injurious to themselves, and such acts are not only forbidden within but also without the clan. Finally, crimes are considered hateful in themselves.

It is utterly absurd to draw any kind of comparison between the savage and civilised man in respect to morality and virtue. A recent traveller has said that savages act up to their simple moral code as well or better than ourselves. This undoubtedly is true; and it is also true that a gorilla acts up to his still simpler moral code as well or better than a savage. If the living according to one's conscience is to be taken as

the test of moral excellence, then many thieves and street-walkers must be considered the most virtuous members of the community; for it is quite certain that persons of low intellectual capacity and educated in a vicious sphere are seldom troubled by any conscientious scruples whatever.

The primeval men were bestial and sinless. They were naked and were not ashamed, incestuous and innocent, and murderers without guile. The savages of the clan type sometimes, but rarely, commit a sin; that is to say, they sometimes, but rarely, in defiance of their conscience, do wrong to the other members of the clan. The citizen or member of a nation finds virtue more difficult: compared with the savage he is a wiser and better, but also a more sinful man, for he more frequently offends against his conscience. Lastly we come to those refined and delicate beings, existing only in civilised life, who can feel remorse even for their thoughts, and seldom pass a day without self-reproach.

'Is sin, then,' says Hawthorne,[1] 'is sin, then—which we deem such a dreadful blackness in the universe—is it like sorrow, merely an element of human education, through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could otherwise have obtained?' No doubt this subtle-minded writer has here touched upon the truth. The primeval innocence of man was simply that which the lower animals possess; and from this we are

[1] 'Transformation.'

being raised (let us hope) to another condition equally sinless, when our vicious and criminal propensities, vile remnants of the old four-footed life, will be finally subdued, and when all men will feel towards all mankind that love which unites the savage to his clan.

SIERRA LEONE

IN the last century it was the custom for planters to bring over to England their favourite domestic slaves. The position of such people was somewhat anomalous in this country. Slavery, or villeinage, had died out of itself; there was no express statute on the subject, and precedents were various. It was, however, a general impression that no negro who had been baptised could be held as a slave, and many negroes were encouraged to present themselves at the font, obtaining as their sponsors respectable, well-to-do men, who declared that they would defend their god-children if it came to an action at law. Hatred of the planters, who were as unpopular as Nabobs afterwards became, had probably more to do with these charitable actions, than compassion for the negro.

The Planters in their perplexity went to Messrs. Yorke and Talbot, the Solicitor and Attorney-General. The opinion of Yorke and Talbot was as follows: That slaves breathing English air did not become free; that slaves on being baptised did not become free; and that their masters could force them back to the plantations when they pleased.

The Planters, being assured that the law was on their side, at once used it to the full. They advertised in the

papers for their runaway slaves. It was not uncommon to see a negro being dragged along Cheapside or the Strand; and sometimes they were sold by auction at the Poultry Compter. Kidnapping came into vogue, and no coloured person was safe. Many free men were seized, gagged, and conveyed to vessels lying in the river; and when once they reached the West Indies there was little hope for them there.

Mr. Granville Sharp could not believe that slavery was legal in England; he studied the law-books, and discovered precedents which overthrew the opinion of the two great lawyers; he wrote a pamphlet on the question, and also acted in the cause. A certain Virginian planter, having a turbulent slave, James Somersett by name, sold him to a captain bound for the West Indies. Mr. Sharp heard of this proceeding, obtained a habeas corpus, took Somersett's body from the ship in which it was confined, and produced it before a court of law. Did Somersett's body belong to himself or to his master? The case was argued at three sittings, and caused much excitement in the land. Lord Mansfield, who was an honest but timid man, proposed a compromise; but this the Planters very sensibly declined. The judge then said, *Fiat justitia ruat cœlum.* 'The negro must be discharged.'

Several hundred doors were opened, and several hundred negroes bowed out into the street. They wandered about hungry and in rags, sleeping in glass-houses, sitting on the steps of their former homes, weeping and

cursing Granville Sharp. It was resolved to do something for them ; a company was formed, and the emancipated negroes were sent out to occupy some land which had been purchased for them at Sierra Leone. As if there were no women in Africa, the philanthropists shipped on board a number of unfortunate females. The society of these ladies was not conducive to the moral or physical welfare of the emigrants, eighty-four of whom died before they sighted land, and eighty-six in the first four months after landing. Many others went off to the bush ; and those who remained quarrelled with the natives. Of the *Granvilles*, as they were originally called upon the Coast, a mere handful remained at a place called Fourah Bay.

But Sierra Leone was now replenished from another source. In the American War many slaves had deserted to the royal standard, in consequence of proclamations offering liberty to those who would leave their masters ; and some free negroes of Virginia were Loyalists, or Tories. These people of colour were taken over to Halifax ; but the climate was not to their taste, and it was decided to transfer them to Sierra Leone. In 1817 Clarkson, the brother of the famous philanthropist, brought over eleven hundred of these *Nova Scotians*. I saw at Freetown an old woman, one of the survivors. Her memory was not very clear, for she thought that Halifax was in 'Virginny ;' but she told me how all the country was bush, and how they landed singing hymns, and pitched their tents upon the shore. The American

element thus introduced may still be detected in the architecture of the houses and the dialect of the people.

The next batch of emigrants were brought from Jamaica. The *Maroons*, or wild negroes, are of Gold Coast extraction, but are said to have Spanish and Carib blood in their veins. They rebelled against the Government, and resisted our troops for some time with success. But having spent their ammunition, and having heard that bloodhounds had been imported from Cuba, they capitulated, and five hundred and fifty were sent to Sierra Leone. Just as they reached the settlement the Nova Scotians also broke out in rebellion, on account of a quit-tax which had been imposed upon them, whereas they claimed the land as having been granted to them by the Crown. The Maroons fought on the Government side, and the rebellion was quelled.

Meanwhile, the movement against slavery which Granville Sharp inaugurated at last bore its fruit, and in 1807 the slave-trade was abolished. The prize-vessels were brought into Sierra Leone, and the slaves deposited on shore. They elected head-men, or kings, and lived under their own laws. The Church Missionary Society educated these 'Liberated Africans,' or 'Captives,' and rendered a great service to the colony. Many of the slaves, however, were Moslems, who established a mosque, and also proselytised among the newly-arrived.

The colonists soon began to trade in a small way, and some of these men are now shopkeepers or even merchants of considerable wealth. Other negroes are missionaries or native pastors, supported by their congregations. Others are mechanics; others have adopted the agricultural condition; others have returned to their own native land to trade or to preach, apparelled in white men's clothes. The Settlement is active and thriving; and for my part I think it may be considered a success.

But certainly much remains to be done, or rather begun, in Sierra Leone. It would be fortunate if negroes were competent to fill the posts of colonial secretary, colonial surgeon, collector of customs, harbour-master, &c. &c., and to act as agents and clerks for European firms. But these negroes are not sufficiently honest; that is, are not sufficiently intelligent; that is, are not sufficiently educated to take positions of confidence and trust. Trial by jury in civil cases is at present impossible in Sierra Leone; verdicts would be given and damages awarded according to the nationality and colour of the parties concerned. Such defects are due not to the mental constitution of the negro, but to the force of circumstances and the want of education. Government schools on the Indian principle should be established in our African settlements, and the most promising scholars should be sent to England and educated at Government expense, with a view to their taking the minor colonial posts.

If boys were removed at an early age from semi-civilised society, and brought up with the sons of gentlemen at home, they would acquire something better than book learning—namely the sentiment of honour. My long and varied experience of the African race has brought me to believe that they can be made white men in all that is more than skin-deep.

THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER

ZACHARY MACAULAY was an Ibo by birth, rescued from a slave-ship, and educated at Sierra Leone. He was named after the father of the historian, who was a professional philanthropist, one of the founders of Sierra Leone, and for some time residing as a merchant in the town.

Zachary was diligent and well-behaved: he was admitted to the Fourah Bay College, and afterwards to the Seminary of the Church Missionary Society at Islington, where he remained two years. Returning to Sierra Leone, he was appointed as a native pastor to the cure of souls in the village of Regent. He married the daughter of William Wilberforce, also a liberated slave, who had begun life as a hawker, and had now one of the largest stores in the town. Zachary and his wife lived happily together: they were poor, but frugal and contented: their marriage was blessed by the birth of one child—a little girl.

Sierra Leone is a mountainous peninsula, near the mouth of the river of that name, Freetown itself being built along a ledge or terrace at the foot of the hills. A number of small villages, each with its church and pastor, are scattered over the peninsula plateau; and of these Regent is the nearest to the town. It is situated in a charming valley, through which runs a blue and

white streamlet over granite rocks. At a little distance, the Sugar-Loaf Mountain towers up in the air to the height of 2,000 feet above the sea, its sides clothed with forest, and its summit enveloped in clouds. Regent is a favourite resort of the Freetown residents, who there seek a purer atmosphere, as Londoners go to the seaside. In December 18—, the Governor's lady herself paid a visit to the mountain valley, and took a cottage for a month. She liked Macaulay and his wife, and quite fell in love with their little girl, who was then about twelve years old. Lady James was on the point of sailing for England, and offered to take Anna and treat her as a daughter and send her to school. The poor parents wept and consented: it went to their hearts to part from their one beloved child; yet they thought that for her sake the offer should not be refused.

Lady James went home; but every month, when the mail came in, the Governor sent up his servant with a letter from Anna to her parents, enclosed in his wife's letter to him; and with an invitation to dine and sleep at Government House. After dinner Sir Henry would read out what his wife said about the child.

Thus time went on. Anna's handwriting became more delicate and feminine; and they saw, as it were, their daughter being formed into a lady. But Sir Henry James received another appointment, and when Anna was nineteen she announced (rather suddenly) that she was about to return. Her letters were full of affection: she longed to see her dear parents and her happy

mountain home. She remembered so well the fuchsias in the garden, the grey parrot in its cage in the verandah, the brook, and the mountain, and the mangrove wood. 'Give my love to them all,' she wrote; 'give my love to them all, dear papa and dear mamma, and say that I shall soon come and talk to them myself.'

Anna had lived with Lady James in London till she was fifteen years old, and had then been sent to school at B——. Her trip into the country had not been agreeable. In London the people sometimes stared at her rather hard, and sometimes a *gamin* made a remark; but she had not been much annoyed on account of her complexion. In the country it was a different affair: at the railway stations people crowded to the window of the carriage: children screamed and blubbered when they saw her: at B—— she was hustled on the platform, and as she stepped into the fly a dog flew at her and tore a piece out of her dress, while its master laughed so much that at first he could not call it off.

The school to which she was sent received colonial young ladies; there were two half-castes from Madras, and one semi-Mongolian young lady from Canton. But Anna was the chief curiosity. There was a general titter when she was brought into the school-room; and at supper she heard a little girl whisper, 'I'm sure that her ears can't be real; they're not nearly so dark as her face.' When bed-time came, the girls collected in one corner of the room like a herd of curious startled deer, and watched her undress with a kind of awe. She

became at once the butt of the school; it was in vain she tried to make friends; the little girls were frightened and the big ones contemptuous. They nicknamed her Miss Gorilla. They used to sing, *Ba! ba! black sheep, have you any wool? Yes, massa, yes, massa, one head full!* At night they would say, 'My swarthy young friend, can I assist you with your back hair?' The wit of the school, a demure-looking girl, used to pretend to take her part. 'My dear girls,' said she, 'how kee-an you be so unkee-ind? Am I not a woman and a sister?'

> Fleecy locks and black complexion
> Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;
> Skins may differ, but affection
> Dwells in black and white the same!

All this was borne by Anna with a gentleness and patience which at last conquered her tormentors. Finding she never lost her temper, or told tales, and their eyes becoming accustomed to her black skin and yellow palms, they began to tolerate her. It was even acknowledged that she had a very good figure, and beautiful eyes, and that her skin was like velvet. Her hair was hideous; but she covered it with a cap. They even condescended to question her about Sierra Leone; but she had no anecdotes to tell of the snakes, and tigers, and cannibals, which these young ladies supposed to exist in thousands on the beach.

In the holidays she went on visits to various Evangelical clergymen, who were connected with the C.M.S. She was also patronised by the Buxtons and the Gurneys,

and went to a party at Sutherland House, where she met Mrs. Beecher Stowe, the warm-hearted champion of her race.

Sometimes people of fashion, who were not philanthropists or lion-hunters by profession, were pleased with this soft-eyed, gentle-hearted girl, and asked her to their houses. She was staying at —— Park, when she met Captain Montague, of the 6th West India Regiment, who had just come home from Sierra Leone, and was acquainted with her parents. He took her down to dinner, and they passed the whole evening on a *causeuse* in the drawing-room, talking about Regent and Freetown. The lady of the house thanked the captain for having paid so much attention to Anna, and placed her under his charge. She was not subjected to the *convenances*, being protected from scandal by her colour, and regarded as a child. So the captain was allowed to take her out walks in the country, and to be with her from morning till night.

Miss Hamilton, a former schoolfellow of Anna's, was staying at a neighbour's house. While they were at school together she had never given Anna a single kind word, and had always spoken of the B—— seminary as a low establishment, where all sorts of people were admitted. But now this young lady's disposition was entirely changed. She came over to —— Park again and again, to see her dear schoolfellow and friend. Once she met her out walking with Montague, and took them to a little wood, which she said was filled with anemones,

blue-bells, and other wild flowers. They gathered some nosegays together; and Miss Hamilton said, 'Will you come and meet me here to-morrow, darling Anna? I have so many things to tell you.' And Anna, who could bear no resentment in her heart, any more than she could have worn an ugly weed in her bosom, at once complied; and Miss Hamilton tenderly embraced her, and said, 'Captain Montague, you will see that she keeps her word, if you please. Bring her by force, if she won't come without.'

If it had been rainy weather during the fortnight that followed, this tale would not have to be written. But as it happened, it was fine every day; and every day Captain Montague took Anna to the grove, and every day Miss Hamilton appeared more glad to meet her again.

When Anna's visit was concluded, Lady James announced that Sir Henry had been appointed Governor of Barbadoes, and that she was going to accompany him there. So Anna had to go home. She spent a week at Government House with her parents, whom the new Governor invited to meet her; for she had brought letters to him from persons of distinction. This week being over, she was taken up to Regent.

She did not there find the life of her childhood so agreeable as she had expected. Instead of tea or coffee at daybreak, as at Government House, her parents drank a sour maize gruel called *agadi*. They lived chiefly upon vegetables. Roast meat, white bread, and tea, were luxuries only placed upon the table when visitors

were present. It was some time before Anna regained her African palate; and strange as it may seem, the black face now appeared to her as strange and repulsive as it does to Europeans when they first arrive. Many young men paid her their respects, but she had lived among people of fashion, and could not endure them; their manners and speech were awkward and absurd; so she treated them with the same frigid politeness which grand ladies had sometimes bestowed upon her.

England was the home and birthplace of her heart; she was home-sick, poor child, and languished to return; but that she knew could never be. And where was *he* now? What had become of him? Why had he not written to her as he promised? Would he ever come out to Africa again?

Her favourite resort was the Brook. She sat on a log of wood which spanned the stream just below the cascade, with her feet on a granite foot-stool. She loved to look on the stones which, covered with moss, reminded her of England; she watched the sunbeams quivering on the broad-faced rock before her, and the white shiny water falling in a curve—a foaming and dancing mass below; around her were convolvuli, and some blue delicate flowers nestling in the twilight recesses of the rocks. One day she tried to pick one, but found that they were out of her reach. 'They are like *forget-me-nots*!' she cried, 'yet they will not let me come near them. Oh, Arthur, I forget thee not! I forget thee not!'

Then she heard behind her a well-known step. Her heart stood still: the burning invisible blushes poured upon her cheeks, and she trembled from head to foot.

'Well, dear Anna,' said a calm and gentle voice, 'you see that we meet again.'

She turned, and he took her hand in his.

'What, have you the fever too?' said he.

'Have you been long at Sierra Leone?' she asked.

'Two months,' he said, 'and got the fever already. So I have come up here for my health.'

She felt a momentary pain. How strange that he had not been to see her before! But, with the divine sophistry of love, she made some excuse for him to her heart.

'I did not know,' said she, 'that you were coming out here again.'

'I did not intend to,' he said with a sigh. 'But I have no choice. Since I saw you, dear Anna, I have gone through a hard trial.' Then his eyes filled with tears; he bit his lips, and turned for a moment away. 'But come,' said he, 'take me to see your father and mother.'

Poor infatuated girl! Cannot you see that you have no place in this man's heart? But no, she resolutely closed her eyes. Alas! when we love it seems so natural that we should be also beloved. But indeed she scarcely reflected at all: as the birds and insects live in the sunshine, so she lived in his presence, for now she had him to herself, all to herself. His fever did not

return; and they spent the day together by the side of the brook, or in the vaulted shade of the mangroves, walking and talking together; or sometimes in his cottage, she busy with her needlework, and he reading to her a poem or a novel. Her parents made no opposition, taking it for granted that all was perfectly proper according to English etiquette, of which Mr. Macaulay, although he had resided two years in the Church Missionary Institution at Islington, did not know very much.

In every glance and gesture of Arthur she saw a tacit declaration of love; and in truth he looked at her with affection, and there was a caressing tone in his voice when he addressed her. His eyes were acclimatised, and to him she appeared a very pretty girl. But he loved her or liked her purely and coldly, as if she were a child; he was not a Don Giovanni; and besides he was under peculiar circumstances at the time. His very fondness for her arose partly from association.

One day he did what he had never done before. When she came into the cottage, he threw his arms round her neck and kissed her again and again.

'My dear, dear Anna,' he said, 'I am so happy! Do you see this letter? It comes from her—from Julia —Miss Hamilton—her father has consented at last. We are going to be married. And I had almost given up all hope! You see I am packing up: I am going home at once — urgent private affairs — and she will

come out here with me for a twelvemonth, and after that we shall settle down in England.'

She stood there motionless, with a dull dead feeling in her brain, a kind of sickness at her heart. She could not look at him; but he was too happy to observe her. With his arm still round her waist, he told her how it was owing to her that he and Julia, who had parted for ever, as they thought, were able to meet each other again. He called her his dear dark little sister, and said that when he came back with his wife she must pay them a good long visit. At this moment his servant came in. Anna murmured a few words, and then, bidding him good-bye, ran out of the cottage.

She climbed the Sugar-Loaf Mountain; up, up she clambered, over stones and through brambles, where the grey moss drooped down in long tresses from the trees where the clouds, like a small misty rain, drenched her to the skin. She reached the summit of the peak, and there, far away from man, where none could see her or hear her, she uttered piercing shrieks and flung herself savagely upon the ground, biting at the grass, striking herself, weeping tears and blood. In the evening she returned home, crept to her chamber, and cried herself to sleep.

She hid her sorrow in her breast, and spoke of it to none. She tried to interest herself in her father's pursuits, and taught the children in the school. She determined to drive the image of Arthur from her mind, never to let it rest there for a moment, to turn her thoughts to something else when it appeared. Some-

times she succeeded; sometimes she succumbed. Often his memory came upon her unawares; before she was quite awake in the morning, or while she was dozing in a reverie, she would suddenly discover that he was in her heart. Oh, how could she drive him away? The only pleasure she had was to recall his face, and his voice, and his caresses—yes, even those heartless caresses which had not really been bestowed on her, but on another. It was not her that he kissed, but Julia; it was his betrothed that he so tenderly pressed in his arms.

I am mad, she cried to herself, to think of him now. I will not! I will not! I will not! She put a palm-oil light in her room to remind her of this resolution. Yet often she could not sleep, and how could she pass the long lonely hours without thinking of her love? But when the cold grey morning appeared, when the fire of her heart was extinguished and nought but the black ashes remained, she felt bitter shame and remorse at her want of self-command. When the next night came, his spirit again returned to torment her; again she yielded, and again he pressed her in his arms.

She took a piece of charcoal and made great marks on the whitewashed wall whenever she broke her resolution. She wrote the most humiliating confessions in her diary, and forced herself to read them every day. She took an oath upon the Bible—but all was in vain. And then, having perjured herself for him, as she believed, she abandoned all attempt at self-control. Like a poet, she composed imaginary scenes of love and de-

light, and whispered to the air and kissed the air, and drew the phantom of Arthur to her breast—not, as before, in unguarded hours, but now always, always, always: she possessed him in her fancy, and enthroned him in her mind. Her life became a rapture and a reverie; she drank thoughts like poison, and dishonoured her mind to an idea. Farewell, Anna, to thy innocence and happiness and health: thou art fallen, thou art fallen, and can rise no more!

Her parents remarked the strangeness of her manner: she seldom spoke to them, and never to any one besides. In the daytime she walked beneath the mangroves or sat beside the brook; and soon after dusk she retired to her room.

One day, at dinner, Mrs. Macaulay gave an exclamation and seized her husband by the wrist. He looked at her in surprise. She slowly raised her hand and pointed to their daughter.

Anna was sitting at table, with the knife and fork in her hands; her eyes were closed, and her breathing was tranquil and regular. She was fast asleep.

The two old people exchanged a look of horror. '*Anna!*' said her mother sharply. The girl opened her eyes, but only half-way, as if there was a weight upon the lids. Mrs. Macaulay asked her a question. She replied to it with an effort, and then her eyes closed again.

The father and the mother took each other's hands and sank upon their knees. 'O Lord, thy will be

done!' they said, and bowed their heads upon their breasts.

The hours passed; the sun sank in the sky; its rays gleamed in through the window, and then retreated from the room; the dusk of evening descended on the earth. And there knelt the two parents side by side; and there slept Anna, sitting upright in her chair, and still holding the knife and fork in her hands.

* * * * *

It was a sultry Sabbath morning in December; the steamship 'Athenian' entered the river of Sierra Leone. Mrs. Montague was seated on the deck in a Madeira cane chair, encircled by admirers. When the steamer entered the purple shadow of the mountains all the passengers broke forth in cries of admiration, excepting two palm-oil traders, who had not a soul for scenery, and were taking their tenth B.-and-S. at ten o'clock A.M. Mrs. Montague looked at the landscape through her eye-glass and condescended to express her approval. The 'Athenian' anchored; the brass gun, as usual, was fired: Mrs. Montague, as usual, gave a scream; and the palm-oil traders took each another six of brandy and a soda 'split.' The shore-boats jostled one another at the ladder, the men shrieking for fares; and several negroes came on board, clad in all the colours of the rainbow, and saluted a coloured friend of theirs who was a passenger. It happened that one of these dandies chanced to touch one of the palm-oilers just as he was raising the brandy and-soda to his lips, and he in return called him a 'nigger!'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said the other, with much dignity, lifting himself up on his toes and puffing out his cheeks. 'I gentleman; 'spose you call me Nigger I go put you for court and make you pay me defamation of my character.' ('Nigger' among the Africans means slave, as 'Yankee' among the Americans means a New-Englander.)

'You had better take care, Mr. Jones,' said the chief officer; 'they've got it all their own way out here.'

The dandies gathered together and confronted the palm-oiler.

'They're a nice lot, ain't they?' said he. 'It's a monkey that's the father of them. I've seen a better man on an organ.'

'Mr. Cheetum,' said the negro passenger, 'dis only an oil-ribber man. I t'ink you had better leff'm. Dem people got no manners.'

'The baboons they take about in the streets is better than them,' said the Oil-River man pursuing the same vein of satire. 'They don't cheek you anyhow—because they can't talk.'

Here the fort-adjutant came on board, shook hands with Montague, was introduced to madame, and assisted her into the boat. A pony-carriage took them to a house on the Fourah Bay road, and Mrs. Montague was informed that she was at home. A porter followed with their luggage, and demanded sixpence extra for breaking 'him sabby day.'

The troubles of a housekeeper at Sierra Leone can

best be explained by the following letter, written two weeks after their arrival :—

'My dearest Amelia,—A fortnight is gone, Heaven be thanked! I shall count every day till the twelve-month is over. This place is simply detestable. There is not a soul worth speaking to. The men drink brandy-and-water like fishes, and talk scandal like old maids. There is not a civilised woman in the colony. I cannot apply that adjective to the missionaries' wives, who are the most wonderful dowdies in the world. It is not their fashion to call upon the military; from that visitation we are happily preserved; and that, I must inform you, is the only indication of an overruling Providence that I have yet been able to discover in this part of the world.

'Our house is large and cool, with a piazza, or ve-randah, supported on pillars, between the open spaces of which are large blinds, or mats, to let down in the heat of the day. Here Arthur can walk up and down in the shade. Our servants are negroes and negresses, of course, and pilfer everything that is not put under lock and key. Our footmen are barefooted, and shake the house when they walk: the light tread of the savage is a delusion. But lucky it is that they do not all wear boots. Our major-domo is a perfect nuisance. He chose, it seems, the most creaky boots in the shop, saying, he did not like them unless they "talkee good." I was advised not to bring out a lady's maid, as they are sure to get married or die almost as soon as they arrive. So I had to seek for

a damsel of the land. My first was a tall young woman, elegantly dressed in a light cotton print, with a scarlet moreen petticoat, and a yellow silk shawl. Her fingers were loaded with rings of silver and gold; she waddled like a goose, and talked in a *patois* which I could not understand. The nobility of her appearance was surpassed by the refinement of her manners. Arthur bought me some needles that I wanted; they were all too large; but he said that they had no others in the colony, and that so I must make shift with them. Upon which my Abigail sprawls her hand across her face and says, "Oh, massa, massa, how can you say 'shift' like that clean off? What for, you no say *shimmy?* Dat more genteel."

'Finding that this young person's character was already formed, I thought I would take a little girl and cultivate her mind. So Arthur went to the King's yard, where a cargo of slaves had just been unloaded, and got me for ten shillings a child about twelve years old. At first she was firmly persuaded I had bought her to eat, and winced whenever I spoke, as if I was going to strike her. But now she is beginning to improve.

'The living here is as abominable as everything else. Having heard that the people keep milch-pigs, I have given up that beverage. The meat is no better than what poor people get at home; and, bad as it is, cannot always be procured. I have just received the following epistle:—

'"Please, madam, I am sorry no mutton live in market this morning.

'"Your affectionate butcher,

'"JAMES WILLIAMS."

'There are no parties, no amusements, no one to dress for, nothing to do, and the climate has a debasing effect on the mind. Arthur breakfasts in his shirt-sleeves! He is often very peevish, and complains of my temper, which I am sure is angelic, considering all that I go through. I suppose that we shall soon get the fever and die. *Il ne manque que cela!* But my paper is ended; so I must bid you adieu. Do write and tell me what people wear, and the last scandal, and the births, marriages, and deaths of our acquaintance. To-morrow is Christmas Day: we are going to breakfast at the colonial surgeon's, who is, they say, a curious character. I hope you will be merrier than us.'

This grammatical expression was followed by a long postscript respecting certain articles of dress to be selected and sent out by her friend; but that will not interest the reader, who shall be introduced, instead, to the colonial surgeon, Dr. Huntley, who in many respects resembled Mr. Thompson, of Quita. He had resided in Africa all his life, and yet was not only rich, but also a man of intellectual tastes. He lived in the native style, had a family of many colours, and often declared he could see no beauty in a white woman. Science occupied his mind, as commerce that of Mr. Thompson. His

paper on the Nature of Malaria had been read before the Royal Society, and he had been elected a Fellow of that august corporation. He was one of the first to show that leprosy is a non-contagious disease, and to substitute quinine for calomel in the treatment of fever. He had sent a splendid collection of skulls to the Museum of the College of Surgeons, and had measured with callipers and tape many hundred negroes from more than a hundred different tribes. He corresponded with all the great scientific societies of Europe, and laboured in every department of natural history. His house was a palace in dimensions, and was said to be half-harem, half-museum; but Europeans were seldom admitted even into his apartments of reception, and no male being ever went beyond. He was skilled in the treatment of native diseases, and never took a fee from a negro. His favourite resort was the Hospital of Incurables, at Kissey, and he was taken there in a hammock every morning. Such was the character of Huntley, who might have been one of the world's great men; but he possessed an Oriental temperament, and shunned the cold skies and social restrictions of the North. When the day's work was over he passed from his gaunt, bare rooms, where bottles and bones were piled in apparent confusion, into luxurious apartments; and there, surrounded by houris, drinking champagne, and moderately smoking the *liamba*, or African haschisch, surveyed, as from a Mahomet's paradise, poor, earnest, struggling Europe with disdain.

Immense excitement was caused when the chief officials of Sierra Leone received cards of invitation from the doctor to breakfast on Christmas Day. In virtue of his vocation he was acquainted with them all, but made a practice of seeing his patients at their houses, not at his own. Captain and Mrs. Montague were included, with two military ladies at the fort, who were much too inquisitive to refuse the invitation; and it was decided that they all should go.

A little brown girl received them at the door, and ushered them into a drawing-room magnificently furnished in the Eastern style, with Ottomans and Persian carpets. Vast mirrors covered the walls, with pictures between them, all of which were veiled. The Doctor was not present, and kept the guests waiting some time. The little girl ran about from guest to guest, receiving their caresses. Mrs. Montague took her in her lap. Just then a female form passed along the verandah, her head covered with a Madras handkerchief. 'Who is that?' said Mrs. Montague. 'That is one of papa's wives,' said the little girl, innocently.

Difference of longitude, difference of latitude: the ladies laughed as freely as the men, and at that moment the Doctor came in. He was a tall man, with aquiline features, and a cold, severe expression of face. One would have sworn that he was incapable of indiscretion; but in these matters there is no judging by appearances. He bowed in a stately manner to his guests, and offering his arm to Mrs. Montague, led her into the dining-room adjoining.

This apartment was unfurnished, but the table would not have disgraced a Parisian maître d'hotel, with its massive silver plate, snowy napkins, and many coloured glasses of exquisite form. Two magnificent epergnes were filled with gorgeous and fragrant flowers—China roses and African lilacs, the pride of Barbadoes and the marvel of Peru—imported to the gardens of Sierra Leone. Humming birds, stuffed by the Doctor himself, who rivalled Waterton in the art, were hanging on these flowers, and appeared to be alive.

Behind each chair stood female slaves belonging to the Doctor's wives, dressed in the costume of the ancient Greeks, and copied from paintings on vases. The breakfast was served in the French style: the Doctor's cook, though a woman, being a proficient in the art. Of the wines it can only be said that they were too good to be fully appreciated by the guests.

These were eight in number, so that the conversation was general. It ranged over a variety of subjects, and at length turned, as conversations on the Coast always do turn, on the fever. Then other medical subjects were discussed, and *the Sleepy Sickness* was alluded to. 'It is rather curious,' said the Doctor, 'that just at this time I have a patient under my care in the house.'

The two military ladies interchanged a look. Here was a chance of penetrating into the arcana. 'Oh, I should like to see it,' said one. 'So should I, above all things,' said the other.

'That will not be difficult,' said the Doctor. 'At

twelve o'clock I am going to make an experiment upon her, and you can all be present if you please.'

'It is nothing horrible, I hope,' said Mrs. Montague.

'No,' said the Doctor, 'the experiment will only be made upon her mind. It is what we call in medicine an heroic remedy, such as may be tried when there is absolutely no hope of recovery by ordinary means.'

'But what is the Sleepy Sickness?' asked Mrs. Montague.

'Persons afflicted with this disease,' replied the Doctor, 'sleep all day and all night, merely waking up once in the twenty-four hours to take their food.'

'And what is the cause?'

'Whatever debilitates the nervous system may cause this disease; and never yet, that I know of, has anyone recovered. It may result from mental depression; in this case the girl was crossed in love.'

'What! Can these people love?' said Mrs. Montague, with a laugh.

'You shall judge for yourself,' said the Doctor drily; and rising, he went, followed by his guests, to the end of the room, and drew a curtain, behind which was a couch, and an old woman seated beside it.

The ladies were disappointed in their hopes of exploring the Doctor's house: the patient was in the same room as themselves.

'Ah!' said the Montagues together; 'it is Anna Macaulay.'

'That is her name,' replied the Doctor. 'Well, nurse, what have you to say?'

'*The hour is at hand*,' said the crone, rocking herself to and fro.

'She means that the girl will soon wake up,' said the Doctor; 'you see her dinner is put by the bed.'

'*The hour is at hand*,' said the woman, and she looked at Montague.

They waited for several minutes. So deep was the silence that they could hear the white ants gnawing the roof.

Presently Anna moved on the bed, put her hand to her brow, opened her eyes, closed them, opened them again, and yawned. Then she put out her hand, and feeling the plate, raised herself to a sitting posture on the couch, and began to eat. She looked up for a moment with her heavy eyes. Then they opened wide.

'*The hour has come!*' cried the nurse.

Anna gave a piercing shriek, and stretched forth her arms towards Arthur. Then they heard a gurgling in her throat.

'The experiment has failed,' said the Doctor. 'Good morning to you all.'

BOOK VII.

THE SWANZY EXPEDITION

OR

THE ADVENTURES OF AN AUTHOR IN SEARCH OF A REPUTATION

I. Freetown.

Vox clamantis in deserto. I am in the wilderness; you are in the world. You are clad in velvet and fine linen; I am wearing out my old clothes—they are quite good enough for Sierra Leone. You are of course surrounded by adorers; I have no one to adore. *Candida me docuit nigras puellas odisse,*[1] which means that when I think of your golden hair I cannot admire the sable beauties of the land.

But that is not the worst. I am soon going to start for the interior, and to become a creature dwelling in a hut. Of what use would it be to send you a letter? I shall not be able to inform you where I am when you receive it, or whether I continue to exist. I could not decently ask you to write to me, 'W. Reade, Esq.,

[1] A *grafito* on the wall of a house in Pompeii.

Africa, the Earth, or elsewhere,' and I do not wish to confirm you in a habit to which you are already predisposed, of not answering my letters at all. If I am writing now, it is not for you but for myself; it gives me pleasure to speak, even on paper, to my dearest friend, and I mean to do so very often. I have just had the idea of writing you letters whilst I am in the Bush, recording my first impressions, and sketching my life from day to day. Thus I shall make you my companion, and instead of putting down in a diary such entries as this, 'January 5—Walked ten miles; arrived at Oboura; killed a goat,' I shall be stirred up to exercise my mind, and attend to its toilet as if I were at home. When I see you again I will give you these letters, and rehearse my adventures to you before I present them to the public.

In the first place, I wish to interest you in my work, but that will not be so easily managed. I am sure that you do not care about Africa, and, perhaps, like many of your sex, you never read a book of travels in your life. However, the difficulties of my task give it an additional attraction, and I have solemnly resolved that you shall read these letters—every word. I will *not* be dry; I will *not* be stupid; I will *not* be statistical; I will *not* be 'ological: I will *not* be skipped by you, or by anyone else! I shall avoid Minerva, who has Morpheus so often at her back; my Muse shall be a woman of the world; and I faithfully promise that whatever I write, apart from the story of myself, shall be

really *useful* information. By this I do not mean what is generally called useful, but is really useless information —such as history, and dates, geography, and the names of capital towns; I mean information that can be afterwards used at a dinner party, or five o'clock tea. When authors read, it is with a view to writing; and when women read, it is with a view to conversation. The profession of each is to please.

First I will relate how Africa and I became acquainted, and how she decoyed me out here a second time. I will then introduce you to this Land of my Love, and describe her manifold charms.

In 1861 I was wild, youthful, and ambitious, with a mind burning in my body, and money burning in my pocket. I heard some curious stories of the Coast, thought I had discovered a short cut to glory, travelled more than a twelvemonth in the country, and came back with body and pocket none the better for the trip, and glory as far off as before.

However, my mind in cooling had expanded, and was drawn out from the narrow circle in which it had hitherto been confined. The vast solitudes of the forest and the ocean taught me to commune with Nature; the strange and savage life which I had led induced me to study Earth and Mankind. I read books of science, which excited me more than romances, for they discoursed on subjects mysterious and sublime— the architecture of the skies, the loves of the plants, the unity of animals, the fossil worlds which lie beneath

the soil. I took up the study of medicine, and as the time passed on, began to hunger after Africa again. In the first place, I think that whatever one attempts to do should be carried out till it succeeds. Now, my travels had not been original, and my narrative had failed. I aspired to open up a new region, and to have a red line of my own upon the map. But, besides this, I was engaged on a variety of problems which a study of savage life might partially solve. So, one thing combining with another, I became frantic to come out here again; the idea possessed me like a spirit: I could think of nothing else. But how was it to be done? The expenses of travelling in Africa are enormous. I wrote to various firms, offering to serve them in the capacity of agent, intending to remain for a time patiently upon the Coast, making natural history collections, studying the native languages and customs, and so wait an opportunity of plunging into the interior. However, my proposals were declined, and I was beginning to fear that my dream would never be realised, when Mr. Bates, the famous Brazilian traveller, and Secretary of the Geographical Society, introduced me to Mr. Andrew Swanzy, a Fellow of the Society, and a merchant trading with the Gold Coast. He, it seems, was desirous to take a part in the great work of laying open Inner Africa, and considered it his duty to do something for the country from which he had derived his fortune. He suggested at first the exploration of a river on the Gold Coast; but in the course of

our discussions, the scheme was enlarged, and it ended with his giving me *carte blanche* to go where I please in this country, to stay as long as I please, and to spend as much money as I please. The expedition is placed under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, and Mr. Swanzy has made the Council understand that my mission is purely scientific, and not in any way concerned with his business, to which he never alludes in his letters.

I have now been some months out here, and I dare say he is rather surprised that I am still in the Settlements; but I will not budge till I can see a clear road through the coast tribes, who are always so difficult to pass. On the Gold Coast and Slave Coast, Ashanti and Dahomey stop the way. Other regions are entirely unknown; the map is white down to the seaboard; but then they are quite impenetrable. Senegambia is open, and for that reason has been much travelled over; its soil is exhausted, and will not yield a reputation. The difficulty is to find a route that is new and also practicable. I am now waiting here for the Governor-in-Chief of the West African Settlements, who thinks that a good journey might be made from the Sherbro River, and if his Council will vote the supplies I shall take charge of this expedition. If they will not, I shall take that route, or some other, for myself. I believe that hereabouts something may be done, and Mr. Swanzy's generosity makes me independent of governors and councils.

Am I not a fortunate man? And yet I may boast that my good fortune has been in a certain measure earned. Mr. Swanzy trusts me because I gave him a convincing proof that my heart was in the work, for to him, as well as to others, I offered to undertake a business which would have been most disagreeable to me, and which, but for the purpose I had in view, would have been degrading. But by that purpose it was ennobled: and there is no action in my life of which I am so proud as of my determination to be a quill-driver in an African factory rather than give up all hopes of becoming an Explorer.

II.

Freetown.

The great writers possess the power of creation. With a few strokes of the pen, as with the wand of a magician, they can make the past present, they can bring the distant near, they can raise before us an imaginary world as vividly as in a dream, and people it with human beings whom we are forced to love and hate as if they were alive.

But as for me I have not the gift of genius, and cannot paint you a miniature of Africa on a page of letter paper; a rude pen and ink sketch is the most that I can execute.

Beyond Morocco and Egypt to the south lies a prodigious expanse of sand, with brown waves rolling in the wind like the waters of the ocean. Here and there in this tawny waste are green oases, which re-

semble islands, except that they are not hills above the surface of the soil, but hollows or depressions. Ostriches, antelopes, and gazelles may sometimes be seen roaming through the Desert, and lions dwell in its rocky ravines. The people of the land are swift and roving as the ostrich, and not less fierce than the lion. They are the Tuaricks or *The Muffled Ones*, as the Arabs have named them, their faces below the eyes being covered with a cloth, to protect their mouths and nostrils from the sand which is ever floating in the air; they carry lances and a shield, on which is painted the image of a cross; they are mounted on dromedaries, which can trot for a week without repose. To them belong the oases and the salt-mines, the treasure-pits of the Sahara: they also levy tributes from passing caravans.

These caravans are camel-fleets which sail across the Desert once a year, laden with muskets, ammunition, writing paper, silk and cotton goods, under the convoy of armed dromedaries. They are bound for the Soudan or Country of the Blacks, their return cargo consisting of gold, ivory, and slaves.

Negroland, or the Soudan, is a vast plateau of marsh and forest, with the Sahara on its north, the Indian Ocean on the east, the Atlantic to its south and west. The Tuaricks are white people like ourselves; the caravan merchants are Arabs and Moors; but the people of Soudan are black, or more often bronze-coloured in hue, with broad nostrils and woolly hair. Their habits depend on the nature of the country. In the dark

deep forests are squalid and miserable tribes, dwelling in burrows, or in platforms on the trees. In the flowery plains of the Cape the negroes lead a pastoral life. In the open country adjoining the Desert they inhabit great walled towns, and slaves cultivate for them fields of cotton and corn.

The tribes which occupy the coast are engaged in commercial pursuits. They purchase from the people of the Bush, palm-oil, ebony, gold dust, hides, bees-wax, &c., with goods obtained from the European traders, and live upon the profits of the sale. As you may suppose, they do not desire the real buyers and sellers to come into contact with each other. They tell us when we wish to go into the interior that the bush people are bloodthirsty and ferocious. When the bush people want to come down to the coast, they tell them that the white men are cannibals, and that they, the coast tribes, obtain the cotton goods, rum, muskets, and tobacco at the peril of their lives. One of their stories is as follows: The white men come out in ships, to which the coast men go off in their canoes. As soon as these canoes approach the ship, a great bell is rung, and the white people, *having tails*, do not wish to be seen, and hide themselves below, leaving the goods spread out on the deck. The coast men take up the goods, leaving palm-oil, &c., in exchange.

In Sierra Leone, however, the inland people from a distance of five hundred miles come right into the town with gold in their pockets, and bundles of hides

upon their heads. This freedom of trade is owing to the stipend system. The chiefs of the maritime regions receive from Government so much a year to let the strangers pass on to Sierra Leone; this money compensates them for the loss of their profits as brokers, and they also exact *presents* from the travellers themselves. When these enterprising men make their appearance in Freetown they fall into the hands of the *Landlords*, who kindly invite them to their houses, board and lodge them gratis, take them to the factories and stores, serve them as interpreters, *assist them to sell their hides*, and make them a present into the bargain before they go away. As the virtuous are always rewarded, these Good Samaritans amass considerable wealth; they belong to the Mohammedan persuasion, and enjoy a plurality of wives.

Freetown is inhabited by liberated slaves, who have gathered themselves into separate wards or towns, according to their nationality. The most numerous tribe are the people of Yoruba, who are called Akoos from their usual salutation (*akoo, akoo*), as Englishmen might be called *How-d'ye-dos*. Then there are the Eboes, or people of the Niger; the Cormantis, from the Gold Coast; the Mokos from Cameroons; the Popos, from the Slave Coast; and the Congoes from the south coast, who are renowned for their stupidity: to do a thing 'Congo fashion' is not a complimentary expression. There is also a colony of Krumen, who have settled at Freetown in preference to

returning home, where they would be devoured alive by their relations. In former times the Akoos, Eboes, &c., used never to intermarry, and the Krumen had no wives at all, but formed a bachelor village. However, these national distinctions are gradually fading away, and the Akoo girls will sometimes even bestow their hands upon the Krumen, stipulating first of all that they wear pantaloons, and go to church on Sundays. It is just as well that these clans should be amalgamated; among savages Fidelity to the Clan is the law and the prophets: an Eboe constable will seldom apprehend an Eboe thief, and an Akoo jury will acquit an Akoo prisoner whatever the evidence may be.

I must say that I like these people of Sierra Leone. Whenever one meets a girl in the street, she gives a bright smile, and says, 'How do, massa?' and the men are not less genial and friendly. They are all rogues and beggars, to be sure, but some allowances must be made on their behalf; they are slaves, or the children of slaves. Is it not a wonderful thing that men who were set on shore in this town, not knowing a word of English, and without a rag upon their bodies, should now be wealthy shopkeepers, whose chief ambition it is to give their sons and daughters a fashionable education, and talk about sending them *home*, *i.e.*, not to Yoruba but to England? Yet more than one such person might be named.

When I first came out here in 1862, I could only perceive a burlesque of English manners and dress; and

when I criticised the missionaries, I could only point out what they had failed to accomplish. There is a hardness and sourness in youth as in all unripe things; but the mind mellows with age. I am not so fond of sneering and sarcasm as I was: I try to look at both sides of things, and to look a little longer at the bright side than the dark. These negroes speak and write abominable English; yes, but is it not to their credit that they can speak and write English at all? The missionaries are not good schoolmasters; yes, but had it not been for them, the naked liberated slaves would have learnt nothing whatever. The women are no better than they should be; yes, but at all events they are better than they are in savage life.

I shall go to live amongst these people in their native state; and experience has taught me that they are sometimes very *trying*. Well, I must not be impatient and ill-tempered; they are only grown-up children after all. Like children they dance and play, and tell one another stories by the fire-side, and sing the same song over and over again; like children they are greedy, cunning, sensitive, loveable, and fondling, easily excited to laughter or to tears; like children also their anger is a madness; like children also they are cruel; like children they pilfer on the sly, and beg, beg, beg, without any feeling of shame.

III.

Regent.

Christmas-day.—I have taken a cottage in this moun-

tain valley, and am now a thousand feet above the level of the sea. Regent is a kind of market-garden; the people grow fruits and vegetables, which their wives and daughters carry down to Freetown every morning at daybreak in large baskets or *bleis* on their heads. These women wear housemaid frocks with the sleeves cut short; their feet are bare; Madras handkerchiefs encircle their heads; and the waist-cloth of their ancestors is still worn over the frock, as the London milk-women wear the old-fashioned kerchief upon the high-necked garment which has taken its place.

To build a good house is the ambition of the negro at Regent, and here are mansions which have cost 100*l.*; but the usual dwellings of the people are square cabins of basket-work covered with red mud, and thatched with bamboo, standing within small enclosures laid out with yams, ginger, or coco, formed by rude fences of sticks which are hid by luxuriant tomatoes and capsicums, and shaded by papaws and bananas. As in England you may see a cage with a thrush or skylark outside the cottage door, so here you may see a grey parrot in the porch. If you go into a hut its mistress will rub a chair with her apron, and offer you a seat, and you will see the walls decorated with red shepherds and green shepherdesses just as if you were at home.

A Sunday in Regent is also just like a Sunday in the country. The old men in black coats and trousers with their collars up to their ears, walking to church with the dragging labourer's gait; the old women with

their bibles and prayer-books wrapped up in clean white handkerchiefs, and carried in their hands; the gorgeous village dandies; the girls laughing merrily together, and slyly glancing at their sweethearts; the people standing round the door to see the 'gentleman' come in; the clerk in his desk; the aged producing their spectacles; the loud unanimous responses; the sermon text eagerly looked out; the evident relief when the long morning service is over—it all seems real and yet unreal, like something performed upon the stage.

The clergyman, Mr. N——, is a native pastor, and is married to a daughter of Bishop Crowther. He has kindly asked me to eat roast beef with them to-day. His grandfathers would probably have invited me to dine upon *man*. Yet Mr. N——, with whom I have been a good deal, does not differ so far as I can see from an English gentleman and clergyman in manners, speech or disposition.

Christmas-boxes are not unknown out here, for every woman that one meets says in a whining voice, 'Please, massa, give me my Christmas.' I have just had a visit from a girl who came with a child of four or five years old. Declining to walk into my parlour, she sat down on a chair in the verandah. We conversed on various subjects, but she was taciturn, and seemed *distraite*. At last, in the middle of the sixth pause, just as I was wondering when she would go, she remarked that she would like some lunch. Now I have to send to Freetown for my steaks and loaves, and as I am going to

dine with Mr. N——, there is nothing in the larder. She cut short my profuse apologies with a haughty air, and said she would take some bottled beer. I told her I had none, upon which she said, 'I was a greedy man,' and departed from the house. The young lady I am told is respectable; such it seems are the manners of the land.

I have had the idea of a story, which I will give to you in outline.

* * * * * *

I think it might be made a pretty tale, and shall call it the Pastor's Daughter. The characters and incidents are entirely fictitious; Sierra Leone is such a small place that it would never do to put in real people, but the rocks and trees are at my disposal, and I copy them down in my note-book when I go out for a walk. I am beginning to love the log-seat by the brook, with the blue flowers in the twilight recesses of the rocks, and the silvery cascade; I sit there for hours, with my feet on the granite block which served as poor Anna's footstool; and often she comes and sits down by my side. There are times when I believe in the existence of this daughter of my brain, when her woes wring my heart, when I see her beside me with her head drooped upon her bosom, her hands lying listless in her lap, her large deep melancholy eyes fixed upon the stream. And yet I know that when I attempt to paint her image on the paper, a mere daub of words will result. What is that subtle charm of language, *le secret des mots puissants*

which poets employ in the expression of their thoughts, and which ordinary writers can never acquire? I do not believe that genius is merely a long patience; it is all very well for a man of genius to say so, but men without genius know better. The brain is like the voice; it is certainly worthless without cultivation, however sweet and powerful by Nature it may be; long patience is necessary for its perfect development, and practice alone will prodigiously increase its compass and power. But if a man's voice is naturally feeble and harsh, he will never be able to entrance the ear. He may be a true musician in his head and in his heart; he may know precisely how he ought to sing; he may even fancy as he sings that the feelings which agitate his mind are expressed in his voice; his eyes may be filled with tears, his whole being may dissolve in melancholy rapture, but those who listen to him will be merely annoyed or amused.

Sometimes a strain of thought sweeps across my soul, pathetic and divine as an adagio movement of Beethoven, but my poor one-octave brain can never yield the necessary notes, and gives forth only a few cracked sounds. Well, at least it is a gift to have a feeling for poetry and art; and these inward melodies, though they cannot be translated to the world, can afford a pleasure to myself.

And yet it is a curse to aspire and never to attain. To-morrow I shall be thirty years old. For more than ten years I have been writing and writing, and yet have

done nothing, absolutely nothing; and at length am learning the unpalatable truth that my fate is Mediocrity —that my books are literary insects, doomed to a trifling and ephemeral existence, to buzz and hum for a season —and to die.

Keep true to the dreams of thy youth! says the German; but it is hard to discover too late that they can never be anything but dreams. Ah, youth! glorious spring time of romance and vain imaginations—of proud self-reliance and sublime conceit, when the mind views itself in a magnifying mirror and casts gigantic shadows which lessen and lessen as the years roll on, and the sun mounts upward in the sky; with what sorrow and reproach we look back upon your follies and smile—and sigh—and wish that they would come again!

IV.

Freetown.

I have returned to Freetown, as the Governor-in-chief is daily expected, and I wish to lose no time. I have made the acquaintance of a Mr. Heddle, who is a member of the Council, and the chief merchant in the town. He is a man of intellect, has an excellent library, almost the only one upon the Coast, and enters warmly into my schemes; he fully understands the benefits which may accrue to the commerce of Sierra Leone by means of an exploring journey; but most of the Council are officials who have neither any enterprise themselves or sympathy for it in others. I hear that the

expedition is to be opposed, probably the grant of money refused. If so, it does not much matter. I shall go down to the Sherbo' all the same and see if there is a road open into the interior. It is quite virgin ground. Jules Gerard, the famous lion-hunter, is the only man who has ever attempted to explore it, and he was drowned in a creek or river not far from the Coast. It seems that wherever he went he insulted the natives, and the canoe was, no doubt, capsized with intent. It is certain, at least, that in smooth water the natives could have saved him if they chose; and the chief in whose territory the accident occurred was condemned to pay a fine to his liege lord, the king of the land.

The negroes will often rob and detain an unoffending traveller, but will never kill a European unless he has done them some wrong. Park was killed, but he shot his way down the Niger; Lander was killed, but he passed up the river in defiance of the natives. It is the climate alone I have reason to fear.

I told Mr. N—— that I wished to find an intelligent negro who could give me information respecting the customs of the people; and he gave me a letter to Mohammed Sanusi, a native of Yoruba, who was educated at Timbo, the capital of Fouta Djallon, a kingdom of the Foulas. I go to his cottage every day, and he translates Arabic manuscripts, or gives me *viva voce* information, which I copy down in a book.

He is a pure negro, black as a boot, but with a handsome intelligent face; he sometimes wears Euro-

pean clothes, sometimes the turban and tobe, or long flowing gown of the Moslem. In matters of business he is inclined to be exorbitant and crafty, and writes charms for sale, which he knows very well is forbidden by the doctors of the law. But apart from this, he is an excellent man; and the money that he makes by the superstition of the people he spends in buying books. I have given him the address of Mr. Trübner, the publisher of Oriental works, and Mohammed intends to purchase the Arabic classics, and to take in a Cairo newspaper. He has already a large collection of manuscripts, copied or composed in Negroland, and also some Arabic works, edited in Europe. He showed me yesterday the life of Mohammed, in Latin, and asked me the meaning of the word *pseudo-propheta*, which had been appended to the name of Mohammed, in the title page. I really felt ashamed to translate it.

We have gone through together a number of his books. Some are Arab compositions, others written by the Foulas, the Haussas and Yorubas, in their own language, the Arabic characters being used, as French and English are written in the characters of the Romans.

I took down the titles of these books, which are mostly mere tracts. I will give some of the subjects. An Arabic poem on Astronomy; a Haussa prose work of religious ceremonial; a poem on the method of slaughtering animals, according to law; a Haussa poem on the art of preaching; a prose work on religious law;

a Haussa prose work on Things Forbidden; a prose work on the duties of schoolmasters and scholars; a prose work on the art of writing *grigris* or charms, with diagrams; a poem on grammar; a Yoruba poem on religious exercises; an Arab book of proverbs; a translation from a French book of fables, by Sanusi himself; a specimen of caligraphy; a law catechism; a Foula war-poem; prayer of a Mecca pilgrim before starting from Sierra Leone; a Foula and Arab vocabulary in verse; a divining book, with diagrams; tracts on the entertainment of strangers, on the resurrection of the dead, on the unity of God, &c., &c.

In these Moslem sermons women are enjoined to veil their faces and keep indoors, not to talk in a loud voice, and not be jealous of the other wives. In some parts of Negroland the women are taught to read and write: there is a school or college for girls in a town not far from Sierra Leone. The Moslems may marry only four wives, which is a small allowance for an African, and each must have a house of her own, which the husband may not enter without her permission. He knocks at the door, and if she says *Bismillah*, *i.e.*, 'in the name of God,' he goes in. If she does not reply, he respectfully retires.

In the books which we have read I observe that the predominant idea is this, that the earth is merely a place of probation, and that men should live for the life that is to come. I select at random from my notes a few passages in illustration.

Extract from a Yoruba poem:—O all Moslems, who believe in the religion of Mohammed, open your ears to me, and answer to my call. Let us fear Him who made us, and who will kill us, and who will raise us again at the Judgment Day. It is the same God who made life and death. He made this world and the world to come. He put a day in the midst of this world as a day of trial, that He might know who will act well and who will act badly. We are now living in that day.

From a sermon in verse:—The religious thread that God gave us we weave into worldly cloth. This world we prefer to the world to come, is not a world to be glad of.

Miscellanea:—A man going into the grave without preparation is like a man going to sea without a vessel. You must get a strong ship, for the sea is deep; take enough provision, for the voyage will be long. Take no sin to be small; the sin you think small may seem great to God. If the tongue sins the body suffers; if the heart sins the angels weep. When daylight comes, if you think of food more than prayer you make two Gods. Give to the hungry; pray when others sleep; labour honestly for your bread. Love not the world; court not the company of kings; injure no one. Heaven is prepared for three kinds of men. He who leaves the world before the world leaves him; he who is ready for his grave before his grave is ready for him; he who is ready to meet God before he meets God. Be content with what the great God gives you. Men must not go

empty-handed, but their hands filled with good works to meet God. He who loves God, God will love him: he who loves those whom God loves will be loved by them: he who loves those who love those whom God loves will be loved by those whom he knows not in return.

V.

Freetown.

A salute of twenty-one guns booming from the Barrack Hill, and a gunboat in the harbour with a flag flying at the fore. The Governor-in-Chief has returned, and I shall soon be out of suspense.

VI.

Freetown.

It is midnight, but I cannot sleep. I am half mad with excitement, for to-day everything was decided, and my journey arranged.

I called on the Governor just after his arrival, and he asked me to dinner for this evening. In the afternoon I went to the house of the Government interpreter, who has given me much information about the pagan tribes of the vicinity. To-day I found three or four Landlords in his parlour: these men can all talk English more or less, and I was asking them questions about the interior, while the interpreter, saying that he had some old works of travel which I might find interesting, rummaged out a cupboard, and laid a number of books on the table. I have read almost every work on West Africa, but among these I found one that I knew only

by name. It is called 'Travels through the Timmanee, Korranko, and Soolima Countries, by Major Laing,' published by Murray in 1825. I opened it and found this map, of which I send you a copy. As you may see, the Niger is close to Sierra Leone. This was a revelation for me, but I concealed my surprise, and without changing the current of our conversation, proceeded to test the correctness of the map.

'Did they know a town called Falaba?'

'Heigh! yes, it was a heavy town.'

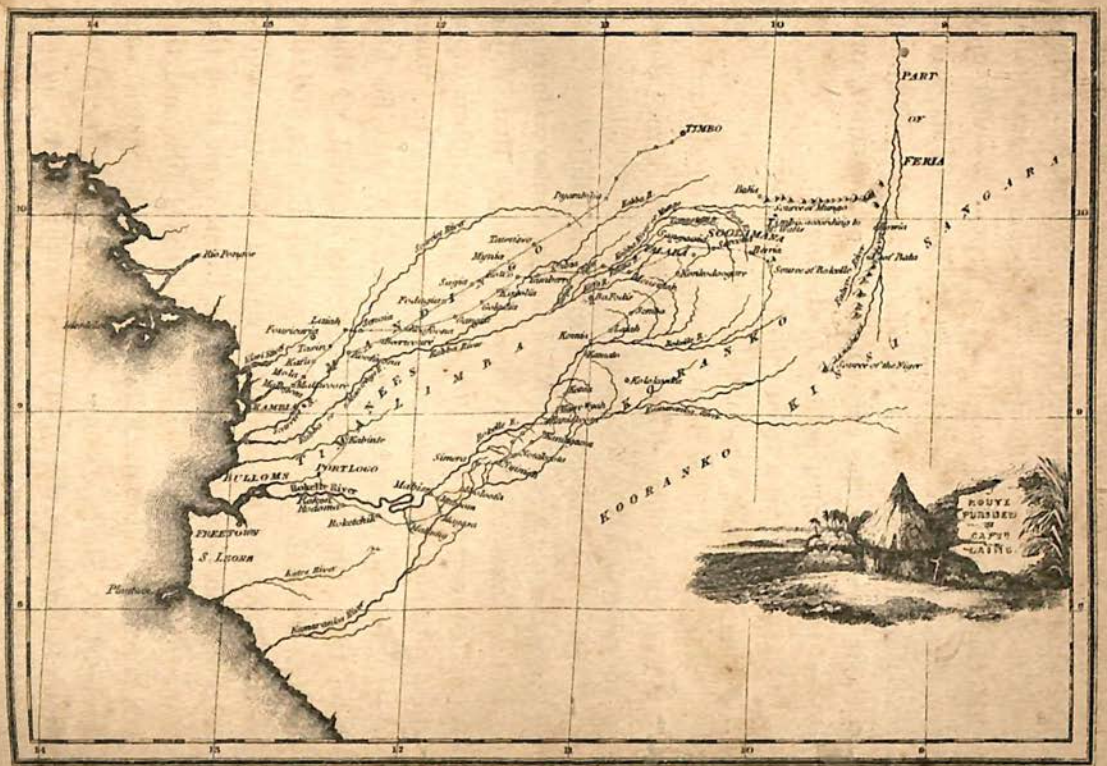
'Was there a large river anywhere near Falaba?'

'Yes, the Joliba (Great River) was three days' journey beyond it to the east.'

'Where was the head (source) of the Joliba?'

'On the borders of the Kissi and Koranko countries.'

These answers proved beyond a doubt that Major Laing had correctly laid down, from native information, the position of the Niger and its source upon the map. As to Falaba, his route-line showed me that he had been there himself, and a little way beyond. I then enquired whether a road was open to Falaba and the Great River. The landlords replied that the people who brought down hides to Sierra Leone came from the Sangara country, on the banks of the Joliba, and the road passed through Falaba. The gold which was brought to Sierra Leone came from a country called Bouré, also near the Joliba, but farther away inland. '*Yes*,' they replied, in conclusion, '*the road is open to the Great River*.'



Published as the act directs Feb.ry 16th 1825 by John Murray Albemarle Street London.

J. Walker Sculpt.

I went home, and throwing myself on the bed, read Major Laing's book at a draught. Falaba is the capital of Soolima, a military kingdom, and Laing stayed there three months; but, in spite of his earnest solicitations, the king would not allow him to pass on to the Niger or its source.

At that time it seems that there was no caravan-road between Falaba and the river, but that is all changed now. The landlords told me that the king's power extends to the banks of the Joliba; I have, therefore, only to reach Falaba, and then can easily pass on. As for discovering the source, that is a more dubious matter; but of course I shall try.

The Governor told me before dinner that he had sounded the Council, and feared that the expedition must be given up for the present. 'They talk of building a pier; so economy is the order of the day.' I explained the new project I had formed, and he offered to give me letters to the chiefs upon the road to Falaba.

I have no occasion now to go and reconnoitre the Sherbro. Here from Sierra Leone itself is a short cut to the Niger. How I bless the apathy of governors and West India officers who during fifty years have added nothing to the work which Laing so nobly began!

There are two illustrious rivers in Africa—one, I need not say, is the Nile; the second is the Niger. Herodotus was the first to hear of this river; Æschylus wrote of it in his 'Prometheus Unbound;' Pliny and Ptolemy bestowed upon it their investigations. If I

reach its banks from Falaba, I shall associate my name for ever with its course, and earn a place in the history of Africa, for I shall strike it higher by at least a hundred miles than any other European. It will also be of practical advantage to open up communication between our principal settlement upon the coast and the great artery of Central Africa.

VII.

Port Loko.

As soon as the landlords heard that I was not merely a taker of notes, but going into the interior myself, they would no longer give me information except for the purpose of deterring me from my design. They said that I should have to climb prodigious mountains, and to pass the Limbas, a savage tribe, who often attack caravans. I replied that to climb mountains was one of the amusements of my country; and as for the Limbas, if the Sangara people could get through them, why should not I? But the landlords continued to sneer or sulk, though why they should dislike my journey I cannot understand.[1]

However, the Government interpreter told me how to start. The country round Sierra Leone belongs to the Timmanee nation or tribe, and their chief resides at Port Loko. Receiving a large stipend from Government, he is well-affected towards us, and would give me

[1] They feared I should open up the way for Sierra Leone pedlars who would carry goods into the interior; and then the Sangara people, on whom the landlords live, would no longer come down to the coast.

guides to Falaba. After passing the Timmanee country I would reach the land of the Limbas, beyond which lies the Soolima country, the capital of which is Falaba. Accordingly, to Port Loko I have come, and to-night I start for the bush.

But first I must tell you all about my preparations. Mr. Heddle highly approved of my journey, and supplied me with goods at cost price. He also said that he wished the expedition to have more of a Government character, and spoke very warmly to the Governor-in-Chief upon the matter. The Governor has, it seems, a small fund at his disposal, into which he can dip his hand for a matter of this kind without a formal decree of the Council, and consented to subscribe 100*l*. He has also given me the authority of a Government envoy, as outward signs and tokens whereof I have received a policeman's uniform, in which I can dress one of my men. It is the custom to give the native chiefs who are friends and allies of Sierra Leone silver-plated medals, and I have also a number of these to distribute. These medals were first struck in one of the American wars for those Red Indian chiefs who fought on the British side.

I hear that after passing Timmanee and Limba the Mandingo language is everywhere spoken, like French upon the Continent. I can find plenty of men who are acquainted with that language; what I have been looking for is one who is a master of English as well. I want my interpreter, whoever he may be, not only to

translate my formal speeches as envoy, but also to give me information respecting the manners of the people. The success of my work will in a great measure depend upon him, for he will be my mouth, my ear, and my companion; with him, or through him, alone shall I be able to enjoy anything like conversation.

Now, I have not been very fortunate in this respect. A sergeant of police, Momadu Yellee (Momadu the minstrel), who is a Mandingo by birth, brought me one of his kinsmen, Abdullai Guaranguey (Abdullai the worker in leather, or cordwainer), who seems a good, faithful-hearted man, but speaks execrable English. He will do very well as second interpreter, for it is always best to have two, as one checks the other—when they do not combine. The Government interpreter said that he knew of no one in Freetown who would suit me; but there was a friend of his at Port Loko—a certain Mr. Sawyer—who spoke Timmanee, Susu, and Mandingo, and was a man of education as well. The Soolima people, I must tell you, belong to the great Susu nation, whose fame reached Barth in his travels in quite another part of Africa. Well, I found on coming here that Sawyer was secretary to the chief, or Al Kali (Alkadi, alcade), and had no taste for a journey in the bush. When he heard that I was going first of all to Falaba, and then farther on, he informed me that he was subject to the gout; and offered in his stead a young man named Saunders, who is also a linguist, and has been a clerk at Sierra Leone. But I do not like his disposition, so far as I can see it; he

is sullen-looking and reserved, and has always the air of an injured man. However, there is no one else to take.

People who travel in Africa have their board and lodging to pay for, though payments are always made under the semblance of a gift. The chief *gives* me a goat and rice, and I *give* him some cloth and tobacco in return. The words *host, gasthausen,* &c. would seem to indicate that a similar fiction at one time prevailed in Europe.

As my money consists of dry goods I have to employ a number of men; and the more goods I can carry the farther I can go; only there is a limit to this, for if I have too many men I shall not be able to feed them on the way; and also, the more a man has, the more he is expected to pay. I hired at Freetown six Akoo labourers, who are subjects of Queen Victoria, wear shirts and trousers, speak a dialect of English, and believe in the 'God of Sierra Leone,' to which deity I heard them allude the other night on the river. I have also obtained here six Timmanees, who are slaves, but domestic slaves, and faithful to their masters, who will give them, I am told, a part of the money I pay for their service. I have taken two volunteers; one of them, Joseph, is a Susu, from the Pongas, and educated by the missionaries in that river. The other is George, an immigrant from Demerara, who came to Sierra Leone to better himself, and heartily wishes he was back in the West Indies. Joseph is to serve as my valet, and George as my cook; but both carry loads.

In addition to these I have a guide, or road-master, Ali, a Mandingo, who has a wife at Falaba, and is a commercial traveller by vocation; and lastly, there is Asumanna Betto, a Timmanee gentleman, who is to 'stand before me' on the way, to show that I am under the protection of Port Loko. He wears the Kali's medal round his neck on a silver chain, and serves as head-man to my Timmanees.

These preparations, I fear, will be as tedious to you when you read them, as they have been to me; but it is an outfit of information which you will require for the journey, and now I think you are thoroughly equipped. But perhaps you may ask how the Timmanee chieftains like the idea of my journey? To tell the truth, I do not think they like it at all; but they cannot very well refuse a request of the Governor-in-Chief, and they know it would be useless if they did. There are several roads to Falaba; Major Laing, for instance, went from Ma-belle, another town on this river; so if I was stopped here I should merely select another point of departure, and Port Loko would lose the money it will make by the job.

The chief, Al Kali, himself is at another town, so I called there on my way up the river and made him his present. He sent a message to the acting governor and elders to tell them to let me go on; but an affair so strange and important as that of a white man visiting the interior could not be disposed of in a moment. A grand palaver was held; every father of a family and

master of a house delivered his sentiments upon the subject, each commencing his harangue with a recital of his ancestors according to Timmanee routine. Thank goodness it is all over now; the cotton and tobacco are packed up in bales, and we start in the cool of the evening. I allowed Cole, the head-man of the Akoos, to arrange the loads; and he made those of the Timmanees so much heavier than those of the Akoos, that two of the former have just disappeared. I cannot leave money behind, so have been obliged to give up my sextant and artificial horizon[1] and most of my clothes and books. A spare suit of clothes, Sale's 'Koran,' Major Laing's 'Travels,' and some manuscript books are the whole of my personal effects. I take no provisions, not even coffee or tea, brandy or wine, intending to live like the natives; my medicines are a bottle of quinine and two of chlorodyne. I wear a sword and carry a breech-loading carbine, with a small parcel of cartridges; but do not suppose that I shall require these weapons. My Akoos are unarmed, but all my native attendants wear swords hanging from the left shoulder. My instruments are left under the charge of Mohammed Sanusi. I wanted to take him, but his family objected; however, he has come here to see me fairly started on the road.

By the way, I have one attendant whom I have omitted to describe. As soon as I entered the yard of the house in which I am lodged I saw him standing before me. He is a *donkey*, not of the English but the

[1] These instruments were lent me by the Geographical Society.

Eastern type; his ancestors no doubt came over from Egypt into the Soudan. His skin is quite smooth, of a beautiful brownish grey, in parts shading into fawn-colour, with a glossy black stripe across the shoulders and along the back. Strange to relate, he has only one ear; the other has been amputated. But then what an ear it is! so full of movement and expression, sometimes bent forward, sometimes laid back and turned to every quarter whence a sound proceeds. I bought him for 5*l*. A friend had lent me an English saddle and bridle, for horses, I hear, exist at Falaba, and we have just caparisoned my steed. His profession is that of pack-ass. When the bit was put into his mouth he clenched his teeth close together; and on finding that his resistance was in vain, one big tear trickled down his cheek and over his milk-white nose. The animals can weep like ourselves: the elephants of Ceylon shed tears when they are captured; and from the beautiful eyes of gazelles roll tears of anguish and pain when the cruel hand of the hunter wounds them to the death.

The sun is low in the sky, dear friend, and my journey is about to begin. How can I describe to you my feelings? I can obtain no information; the land is dark before me; I am unable to form a conjecture as to my chances of success. Perhaps in a few weeks I shall return, plundered by these horrible Limbas, and covered with ridicule and shame. But this at least I have resolved: that I will never leave Africa till I have done something to make myself famous, or at least earned my own self-esteem.

The sun is low in the sky: the dark shadows of the trees are falling on the ground: already I hear the music of the minstrels, and the songs of the girls preparing for the dance. Mohammed Sanusi is sitting beside me writing a letter, which one of the Akoos is dictating for his sweetheart. Abdullai girds his sword upon his shoulder, he stands by the door, his eyes are turned towards the east; he sings an Arabic hymn, and the harsh yet solemn chant calls me to the wilderness, and commands me to bid you Farewell.

VIII.

Bokkari Uli's town.

I am at a town or village belonging to Bokkari Uli (the yellow Bokkari), and have made four days' journey. The first night we slept at a cluster of huts not far from Port Loko, and started next morning at daybreak. At eleven o'clock we reached a Timmanee town. I, in my innocence, imagined we could there breakfast, and afterwards go on, but was told that this could not be allowed; the chief would consider himself insulted if I passed him like that, and people would suppose that I had taken offence at something in the town. I would have to stay that night, and even then the chief would feel disappointed that I did not remain another day. On hearing this I went to the town-hall, and waited the arrival of the chief who was, probably, changing his robe. I said to Saunders, 'I suppose we had better make the present in advance. How much ought I to give?' Saunders said, 'Well, I don't know, sir,' (it was precisely his busi-

ness to know,) 'two or three pieces, I suppose.' '*Two or three pieces!*' said I, and looked aghast. At that rate my stock would soon be exhausted. Then a voice spoke behind me, in a clear decisive tone, 'One piece blue baft, one head tobacco!' I looked round and saw Abdullai Guaranguey. I ordered Cole to take out the blue baft, which they use here in making their blouses or shirts, and the head of tobacco. This herb is not sold chopped up, as at home, but in the leaf, and a *head* consists of several leaves tied up together in a bunch.

The chief came into the palaver-house. I told him the Governor had sent me through this country to give his compliments to great chiefs like himself, to make the road good (for trade), and finally to go on to Falaba. (I thought it useless to mention my projects respecting the Niger.) The chief thanked me for the present, but said even if I had given him nothing he would have been delighted to see me; for no white man had ever been through their country before. He thanked the Governor for his kindness, and as white men did not like long speeches he would say no more: a house in the village was ready, and I could go there when I pleased.

Shortly afterwards he sent me a goat, and in the evening there came a procession of women, walking in Indian file, each carrying a large calabash with a basket cover and lid. These gourds contained rice and palm oil, a dish not unlike the famous *risotto à la Milanaise.* After dinner they brought me a gourd-bottle of palm-wine frothing like champagne.

Next morning the chief begged me to stay, but I declared that I must be off; so he gave me a guide to 'stand before me' to the next town, where I was entertained and detained in a similar manner. The domains of the Timmanee chieftains are merely estates, and we soon pass from one lord of the manor to another. The country, for the most part, is forest, so that we are shaded from the sun; and moreover, before noon our day's march is at end. But yesterday we made a really good journey, for we had to cross a dry, waterless, uninhabited plain. We were thus exposed to the full heat of the sun, and I felt it strike me twice on the head: the sensation was that of a blow, and had I been a brandy-drinker, like most Europeans out here, these sunstrokes would, no doubt, have felled me to the ground. It is now the hot season, or winter, of the land. I call it winter because the heat produces effects similar to frost. The trees that are not evergreens shed their leaves, and are naked; the ground is hard, gaping, and cracked; many animals hibernate; dead birds are picked up on the road; insects perish in thousands; the grass is withered and dry. The first rainy month which follows this season may also be called the spring; for then the flowers rise from the ground, the trees bud and blossom, the birds begin to mate, and the land from brown turns to green in a night.

We did not reach the village of Bokkari till 2 P.M.: it properly belongs to a Timmanee chieftain, but Bokkari Uli, a Mandingo settler, is the Mayor of the Palace.

He gave me flesh, butter and milk, and the Timmanee chief brought me a bowl of rice, the Mandingo strangers being pastoral, the native pagans agricultural, in their mode of life. This morning I was up, as usual, at the dawn, and giving orders for the start; but Asumanna refused to go on. To travel every day as I did, said he, was absurd. It was offensive to my hosts, and wearisome to my people. I called Cole, and told him to get his men ready; but he had a bandage round his ankle and limped as he walked; though, shortly afterwards, when he received a dish of rice for his breakfast, he walked off with it to his hut at the rate of five miles an hour. Bokkari Uli came to me and begged that I would remain to-day; and I yielded, though with a bad grace.

And now came the palaver. I had remarked that Asumanna Betto had been out of temper ever since we had started, and his grievance, it seems, was this, that I did the palavering myself. It was his office, he said, to speak in my name, and to deliver the present: whatever I wished him to say on the part of the Governor-in-chief he would say, but the words must pass through his mouth.

Now there was a political meaning in this. If I spoke, it showed that the Coast regions belonged to the English, and that the Timmanees were merely my attendants: but if Asumanna spoke, it would seem as if I was an envoy of Al Kali. I therefore replied that no one but myself could speak in the Governor's name.

Asumanna Betto replied that if he was not wanted he would go back. Now, I did not see the use of Asumanna Betto, to whom I was paying a good deal of money; and therefore replied that he might please himself. But I soon found out I had made a mistake; for as soon as Asumanna announced that he was going back, the Timmanee bearers declared that they would go back too, and Cole, saying, 'This is the man who protect we,' ordered the Akoos to pack up their gear. In a few minutes the expedition would have been done for; two of the Timmanees in light marching order were already at the gate of the yard, when Ali, the guide, stopped them, and said, 'Go rest—go rest,' and Abdullai advised me to give in. Accordingly I sent word to Asumanna that he should have the right of speech. He sent to inform me that first I must 'give him kola,' that is to say, make him a public apology and a small propitiatory present. He was seated among the Mandingoes in Bokkari's verandah. I went up to him, gave him some tobacco, and begged his pardon. My blood boiled within me as I observed the haughty smile with which my apology was accepted; while the Mandingoes looked at me with an expression of pity and contempt. In this country it is considered more humiliating to make such an apology than it is even among gentlemen in England.

The degradations to which an African explorer must submit are sometimes so painful that one is ashamed to write them down; but I have resolved to endure every-

thing but failure. In climbing mountains, you know, one has often to go on all-fours.

This afternoon I went out for a walk with Abdullai, and we cursed the Timmanees to our hearts' content. We walked through some pleasant meadows and groves, where the silence of Nature was interrupted only by the cooing of doves; and soon all angry feelings passed away from my heart. I sat down on a fallen tree, with Abdullai at my side, and made him tell me the story of his life. He is a Mandingo, and was brought up among the Foulas of Timbo. He belongs by birth to the guild of cordwainers, but says he has never exercised the craft, his true vocation being that of schoolmaster, by which title he prefers to be called. He is, I suppose, about thirty-five years of age, and is dressed in the fashion of Foulas and Mandingoes, with a Liberty-cap on his head, and a shirt with long, wide, hanging sleeves, put on over the head; cotton drawers descending below the knees, and sandals on his feet. I scarcely know how to describe the expression of his face; it is gentle, kindly, pensive—but there are no words to explain its indefinable charm. How fortunate I am to possess one true, good, faithful-minded servant! I can hope to make him my friend, for I see that I have already won his heart. But here comes a bowl of rice and milk, my evening repast. Abdullai takes it from the woman's hands and brings it to me himself, with a look of love, as if he knew that I have just been writing in his praise.

IX.

Medina.

At daybreak he brings me a calabash of rice-gruel; the men pack up their night gear on the bales and tin boxes which contain my goods; the sky is of a pale and tender blue, and the morning breeze is cool and refreshing as the zephyrs celebrated by the ancients. At eight o'clock the sun begins to shine in our faces, and its slanting rays are difficult to bear. We often meet long lines of Timmanees with baskets of rice, ground-nuts, or a kind of oil-seed (beni-seed) on their heads. This produce is going to Sierra Leone, *viâ* Port Loko. Sometimes we meet some Mandingoes driving a bullock to the same destination. By this time I am dreadfully hungry, the more so as meat is scarce in the kitchens of this country; and as I look on the bullock I think with a sigh of the roast beef of Old England, and also of an inhuman but convenient practice prevalent in Abyssinia.[1]

I must inform you that the Donkey has fallen in my esteem. I never mount him except to ride through the brooks or quagmires which sometimes cross the road; but he could not go more slowly if he carried a load of salt, like his less fortunate brethren. Abdullai and I drive him before us, and take it in turns to whack his ribs, but it seems much like beating a wall. The Akoos apologise for him, saying that he does not understand English, and that if anyone talked to him

[1] Vol. i. p. 455.

country he would trot along briskly enough. But I fear he is incurably slothful, for Abdullai has revealed a circumstance which is quite sufficient to damage any donkey's character. The loss of his ear is not a misfortune, but a fault. In this country it is the custom, when a horse or dog or jackass offends, to cut off first the right ear; for the second offence, the other ear is removed; and then, if he is found to be incorrigible, summary measures are taken with the tail.

Towards the middle of the day we arrive at a village or town. I rest for two or three hours, and then go down to bathe in the brook. The weather is simply perfection; the evening air is balmy and soft; not a star is veiled from the sight by a cloud; and at night from the forest arises the music of insects and birds. There are at least three kinds of birds which sing in the darkness, and remind me of nightingales at home. Yet I cannot thoroughly enjoy the beauty of the heavens and the melodies of the earth, for my anxious and troubled mind is not in tune with this tranquillity of nature. Every day I hear worse and worse accounts of the Limbas; Ali himself thinks it probable that they will prevent me from passing through their land. Then I shall have to turn back and choose another route, at a heavy loss of money (Mr. Swanzy's money), and begin all over again.

We have passed through the Timmanees, and also the country of the Lokos, whose chief, Coba, was in two minds about letting me go by. He detained me a

day while the matter was under debate. I have now come to Medina, which is on the Limba frontier. It is a large town, belonging to Mandingoes, whose chief received the land in return for services in war. The city is surrounded by a red clay wall, flanked by towers, and having gates, crowned with a cupola, and with seats inside, where the elders sit in the manner of the East. They are dressed in snow-white robes, with rosaries round their necks, and are always telling their beads. The women wear blue robes, which are passed over the head in the form of a hood. Their faces are bare, but they usually cover their hands with their sleeves. The whole town is pervaded by a delicious bovine smell, and rich bowls of milk are brought to me at all hours of the day. In the evening, instead of the drum and the dance, fires are lighted in the yards, and boys may be heard reciting their lessons aloud. At daybreak this morning I was awoke by the cry of the muezzin, 'God is great! God is great! Come to prayers! Come to security! Prayer is better than sleep!'

Abdullai is in high spirits. 'Now,' says he, 'I am among my own people;' and I also feel as if I had entered a city of refuge—an abode of peace.

X.

Small Boumba.

Medina is a republic or municipal commune; the chief is merely a mayor, or chairman of the council. As some of the aldermen were absent at their farms, and

would not hurry in, a day passed before I was allowed to make my present to the town. However, I am learning to view such delays as a necessary part of my journey, like calms in a tropical voyage. In these countries of the sun, the same spirit of languor, broken by brief and furious storms, pervades all nature, inclusive of man.

At last Abdullai informed me that the elders were assembled, and conducted me into a large clay building. I had no sooner sat down than I remarked that the elders were whispering together and casting looks of disapproval upon me. I asked what was the matter. Abdullai replied that we were in God's house (the mosque), and they did not like my wearing my boots. I at once took them off, and told him to put them outside the door. These people take off their sandals when they enter a house, just as we take off our hats.

All faces brightened, and Abdullai acting as interpreter, I briefly stated the objects of my expedition, and gave them a handsome present. They received it with many thanks, and said that the first thing I did had pleased them (namely, the taking off my boots), and that they would send with me a person of importance to Big Boumba, the capital of the Limbas, and residence of the king Sankelle. They also gave me a heifer.

But now there was a cry, 'Where is Asumanna Betto?' They went to look for him, and after a good deal of trouble persuaded him to join the assembly.

He, it seems, was put out because I had not attended upon him to request that he would go with me to the mosque; and Abdullai had too plainly exhibited his triumph on finding himself in a Mandingo town. Now these Mandingoes of Medina trade with Sierra Leone, and do not wish to offend Port Loko, where they hire their canoes. To use the native expression, they fear to lose their waterside. So they gave Asumanna 'sweet mouth;' Abdullai was gently but publicly reproved; and I was told that if I wanted to drive a cow I must not pull it by the tail. The present was placed in Asumanna's hands, and he delivered it over again, giving first of all a brief, compendious 'History of Timmanee,' and secondly a narrative of the route. The next day we crossed the little Scarcies River, which flows beside the town, and entered the country of the Limbas. A few miles brought us to this town of Boumbadi, or small Boumba, which bears an evil reputation. The Sangara traders are here always subjected to extortion by its chiefs, and have more than once been forcibly robbed.

The town is without walls, but situated in a thicket, which answers the purpose of fortifications. Our Medina guide, who is a gentleman in manners and appearance, told us he hoped to get past at once, Big Boumba being but a short distance beyond. But it seems that Falaba is at war with some Foulas who have rebelled against Timbo, and form an independent tribe. These people have friends in Boumbadi, who did not wish me to

reach Falaba, as by means of my visit, Sewa, its king, would obtain money and prestige. An old one-eyed Mandingo, with a villanous expression of face, rose and made a long speech, putting up an old gingham umbrella to give himself a more distinguished appearance. He insinuated that I had been sent to Falaba to assist the king against the rebels, or Hooboos. But the man of Medina replied that the Government of Sierra Leone never interfered in native wars, except with the view of putting them to an end. The chief of Boumbadi (a Limba) said that was true: the white men were peacemakers. This statement was received with a murmur of applause; the one-eyed Mandingo shut up his umbrella and his mouth, and we were just going to move on, when that absurd Asumanna put his voice into the palaver, and began to relate how this chief had given us a goat, and that chief had given us a sheep, and how we had stayed a day here and a day there, &c., &c. The result of which was that the chief said I must stop a day with them as well, and they would kill a sheep as a sacrifice, to spill its blood for good luck upon the ground. I lost my temper and declared that I would go on; Asumanna said that I could go on if I liked; *he* intended to remain for the sacrifice. So again I had to give in; but I suppose my turn will come before long.

XI.

Big Boumba.

Big Boumba is picturesquely situated at the base of a mountain wall, from which bare peaks of granite tower upwards in the air. The mountain is full of ghosts, and the natives of Boumba are haunted men. Four wild cats appeared on the rocks overhanging the village,—wild cats in their outward form, but really spirits in disguise. This apparition portended some strange event; and shortly afterwards they heard that a white man was coming to the town.

I was surprised to find that the capital of Limba was only a small village; but the brothers of Sankelle dwell near at hand in hamlets of their own. They were sent for to join the palaver, and two days passed before they came in. I did not attend the debate, as I heard that it would be a long affair. I made them a large present, and they gave me a fine bullock in return; but their remarks were rather hostile and aggressive. If I had tried to go through the Limba country, said they, without coming to Big Boumba, they would have carried war against me; as it was they did not wish me to pass them. Other white men had been to Big Boumba, but there they had always turned back.

There was not a word of truth in this. On learning the state of affairs, I undid the parcel in which the medals were contained, and taking one of them, joined the palaver; it was being held in the open air, before the house of Sankelle, who sat in his hammock, which

was slung in the verandah. Asumanna had said his say and had failed. In spite of the opposition of Saunders, who has faithfully stuck to Asumanna throughout, as if he and not I paid him, I declared that I would speak. The man from Medina assented to this. Abdullai stood forth as interpreter, for Mandingo was understood by the chiefs, and I spoke to the following effect:—'This country belongs to Sankelle; if he said I might not pass through it, well, I should have to turn back. (Applause.) But the Governor had told me to go to Falaba, and to Falaba I would go. If I could not go by this road I would try and find another. If you send me back you will lose the friendship of the Governor; you will never see a white man in Boumba again. Why do that? See,' said I, producing the medal, 'the Governor offers you his hand. If you let me pass you shall have this medal; you shall become the ally of Sierra Leone. Here I opened the morocco case, and showed them the medal in its red velvet bed, shining like the best refined silver. Will you take it, or leave it?' asked I.

No one knew that I had these medals in my possession. Abdullai and Asumanna uttered exclamations of surprise; and the *star*, as they called it, was passed from hand to hand. The palaver was renewed, and finally it was arranged that I should put something on the present, and that then Sankelle would give me a guide who should go with me to Falaba. This new road-master was a young Mandingo, named Linseni, the adopted son of Sankelle. He says that he knows the

way like his pocket, and that we need not fear the Bush Limbas will give trouble when they see him standing before us.

Linseni brought me a letter which showed that many years ago Big Boumba received the grant of a yearly stipend from the Government, for having assisted some 'gold strangers' to pass down to Sierra Leone. Owing to their ignorance, and perhaps to some trickery on the part of the chief at Port Loko, they had only been paid the first year, and their arrears amounted to 50*l*. I wrote a letter to the Governor-in-Chief, stating the case, and Linseni will take it to Sierra Leone after he has been with us to Falaba. To-morrow we start.

The Limbas are nocturnal in their habits; they sing and dance all the night. Signs of fetish everywhere may be seen: stones tied round with cotton strings or covered with paint, and charms hanging over every door. The Foulas come here to buy slaves; some are procured by hunting, others are sorcerers sold for their crime. Whenever a Limba gentleman falls ill, some one is put to the ordeal. I have just been to Sankelle's harem, which is also the royal kitchen. It is merely a large hut, with a stove or fire-place in the centre, and stalls exactly like those of a stable form the sleeping places of the women.

In this town is a negress with blue eyes: I had no idea that such people existed.[1] Her skin is of the usual bronze colour. Abdullai informs me that she is

[1] I have since found that Richard Lander, and also Magyar, met with blue-eyed Africans.

'uncanny;' whoever married such a woman would not live long. Cows with blue eyes were equally dangerous; whoever killed one would soon afterwards die. He says that in the Kissi country, near the sources of the Niger, women often produce blue eyes by making incisions near the orbits, and putting medicine therein. He also showed me a man with a very black face, and said that was an evil sign. 'Black like me that good! but black all the same as blue baft (*i.e.* no light and shade) that bad, massa, for true!' Yet the blackest skins are the most beautiful among the dark races, as the whitest skins are the most beautiful with us.

Yesterday Abdullai and I were taking our afternoon stroll, when we were joined by Ali. I had been much pleased with his conduct in the palaver at Bokkari Uli's, and Abdullai tells me that he is on our side, but does not wish to offend the Timmanees. Ali expressed his sentiments respecting Asumanna and Saunders, looking all round him when he spoke, as people do upon the stage. Then he spoke of the city for which we are bound. 'Falaba is sweet,' said he, 'Falaba is 'sweet; there the horses are like rain, and the women are beautiful, and wear gold in their ears and are fond of strangers, and bestow the kindest favours upon them, while the husbands never complain.' Ali, who has a wife at Falaba, seemed to think that this was a state of society much to be commended. He spoke of the Niger source. It is worshipped by the natives (like the source of the Blue Nile) and oxen are sacrificed there at certain sea-

sons of the year. It is also a kind of Tom Tiddler's ground. It is the fountain and source of all the treasures that are found in the world; the waters are of gold, but when you take a calabash to dip into the stream it is whisked away by an invisible hand. I, in return, told him of men sailing in the air, and of cold making water as hard as a stone; and each of us pretended to believe the other.

A sad incident occurred to-day One of my Akoos put his head in at the door of my hut, and said, 'Please, sir, donkey not too well this morning, sir.' I found the faithful creature lying on the ground: he was paralysed in his hind quarters, and could not get up. This, I suppose, is the 'loin disease' which kills so many horses on the coast. The Limbas recommended the application of hot iron, and I have left him to their tender mercies. I will not be pathetic; the dying donkey was *done* a century ago.

XII.

Caballa.

A chain of mountains extends along the Western Coast of Africa, parallel to the sea, like the Ghauts of Hindostan. Heavy rains falling on these mountains, a multitude of streams run down their sides, stripping the soil away, and depositing the sand, pebbles and clay at the foot of the hills, filling up the sea, and creating an alluvial land which, in course of time, becomes of considerable size. Such countries are called *Recent* in geology, being only a few hundred thousand years old.

My journey from Port Loko to Boumba lay through an alluvial region. The land was laid out in forests and in meadows which are marshes in the rains. Rivers were numerous; only here and there was a waterless plain. Vegetation rich, rank and malarious; trees of enormous height; palms abundant; ferns in moist places; grey parrots very wild, flying high in the air.

On passing Big Boumba we came to the mountainous region and climbed up a kind of granite wall. I then supposed that we should find ourselves upon the surface of the plateau; but our journey has been all up-and-down-hill; only the hills to go down are never so high as the hills to go up, so that we remain a thousand feet or so above the level of the maritime lands. The hills are covered with high grass, and the trees are those of the coast; but instead of a great forest we have merely now and then a copse. Most of the Limba villages, like those of the Homeric Greeks, are built on the top of high hills, which practice indicates a state of war. The people are low down in the scale of humanity. They burst out singing when I make my appearance; when we leave a village in the morning they often hide by the path and peep out from between the trees, just like monkeys, to whom they are freely compared by my Akoos.

During my last week's march through this country I was ever anxious and troubled in my mind; the palaver at Big Boumba had alarmed me. I feared to be stopped again; and I could not always expect to make a hit, as

I had done with the medal. I declare to you that for several days I have never seen the roof of a house without a sinking of the heart. Just as in writing a story with an explorer for the hero, I should invent all kinds of dilemmas and mishaps, so now I imagined them for myself, and suffered almost as much from the fear that something might possibly occur as if it had really taken place. For instance, I thought that perhaps Asumanna Betto would let off his gun and shoot some one by accident. That would end the expedition. Or perhaps one of my Akoos would fall ill: we had not men enough to carry him, and we could not leave him with these savage people. The country I knew was full of man-traps. The Limbas plant corn close to the path, so that the passing bullock of the stranger may be attracted to graze; then the owner is arrested and damages are claimed. The wives are set by their husbands to decoy strangers into intrigue; then the husband throws a shirt across the path and the caravan is stopped. There are also many kinds of fetish regulations, like the meshes of a net. If you sit down on a rock by the wayside—who can say?—perhaps you are sitting on a god. In short, the Limbas make laws on purpose for travellers to break them; and it is difficult for the best-regulated caravan to escape a palaver.

However, thanks to Linseni, we travelled rapidly along without let or hindrance, and were only detained one day, namely, at Katimbo, a market-town frequented

by Foulas, who go there to sell cattle for slaves, a good fat bullock being equal in value to a Limba.

When the women of Katimbo saw my bales, and also the present I made to the elders, they clapped their hands and sang that their husbands must go to Sierra Leone and buy them fine things. This little incident shows how an exploring journey tends to develope trade. We met a Sangara caravan upon the road. It was composed of a hundred carriers, some with hides and some with calabashes, the native crockery-ware, on their heads. There were also some laden donkeys—which brought 'the lost one' to my mind—and a led horse. The mountains are trying to these animals: the donkeys often perish —we saw a skeleton upon the way—and the horses are liable to be lamed. In the rear of the caravan walked the two travellers, with muskets on their shoulders, and broad straw hats on their heads. Their faces brightened when they saw me, and they said that my journey would make the road good, and hinted that there was room for improvement. The Limbas were bad—very bad. 'O my brothers,' said I, 'they are Kafirs (infidels); how can they be otherwise? They worship no prophet; they know not the Book.' 'By Allah!' said the traders, 'O white man, you speak true.'

Abdullai is 'a general admirer,' and at Katimbo had a love affair. His innamorata was a Mandingo, and really a very pretty girl. Her ears were adorned with threads of red worsted plucked from our common red comforters, which have a great sale in this country, being

platted into sword-belts. Abdullai came to me and said that he wanted to take her to Sierra Leone when we returned; would I give my permission? I told him to bring the young lady, and then asked her why she wanted to leave her own country and go to Sierra Leone. She said, because Sierra Leone was *free*. If a woman did not like her husband she could leave him and marry another, and there was no palaver. So it seems that Freetown is free in a sense which was not contemplated by its philanthropic founders. However, I contrived to make Abdullai perceive that though that was an excellent reason for her wishing to go to Sierra Leone, it was also an excellent reason why he should not be the person to take her.

Now comes the great incident of the journey. Joseph can 'hear' Timmanee, a fact which he wisely kept to himself; and what should he hear the other day but Asumanna, Saunders, and the Timmanee bearers concocting a plan to strike for higher wages, on the plea that the way was more long and the hills more steep than they had anticipated when they made the agreement. Unluckily, this brilliant idea occurred to them rather late in the day. We were then approaching Konkoba, the last Limba town, and I found out on my arrival that I could hire some men to take the loads of the Timmanee bearers as far as this place, Caballa, which is almost within Falaba territory. I took Ali on one side with Abdullai, and told him that the hour had come: I was going to fight the Timmanees; and as I

was the stronger of the two, he had better be on my side. I also had an interview with the town-chief, and gave him a piece of cloth for himself, in case the affair should be brought before him as a judge. Moreover, I discussed the matter with Linseni, who promised he would stand by me. I called the Akoos, and found that they no longer feared Asumanna, for Linseni was now the Protector. Having thus made my preparations, I lighted two wax candles, placed the Koran open before me, laid my unsheathed sword upon it, and summoned Asumanna, Saunders, and the Timmanees.

I then told Asumanna that I had paid him good money to stand before me on the way, but instead of doing my bidding he had tried to be my master. I reminded him of his impertinent behaviour at Bokkari Uli's, Medina and Small Boumba, with various other offences which I have not mentioned in my letters. Lastly, he had perpetrated the crime of conspiracy, and had rightly forfeited his wages; I would not, however, deal with him too hardly; he should have his money; but he, Saunders, and the Timmanees must at once return to Port Loko; I would have them no longer in my service. 'I gave you kola at Bokkari Uli's, Asumanna,' said I; 'it is your turn to give me kola now.' This was cribbed out of Lucrezia Borgia:

> . . . . un tristo ballo
> Voi mi deste in Venezia. Io rendo a voi
> Una cena in Ferrara.

Saunders was taken all aback, and had not a word to

say, Asumanna denied the last accusation; Joseph was called and bore witness. Then Asumanna, speaking in a soft and humble voice, said that he had been ordered to go with me to Falaba, and that he could not leave me, however harshly I might treat him. I said that he could go on to Falaba if he pleased; I had not the power to prevent him. He was a free man, and the country did not belong to me; but I ordered him to go back, and if he disobeyed me I would not pay him a penny. I would also tell Bullatemba, the chief of Caballa, and Sewa, king of Falaba, that he was my servant, discharged for dishonesty and impertinence, and did not belong to my caravan. Asumanna withdrew, protesting that he loved me with all his heart, and that he could not tear himself from me. But he and Saunders and the Timmanees sat up all night talking the matter over, and in the morning came to me and said they would return; whereupon I wrote out the orders for their wages, and they at once set off. I then called Abdullai and said that henceforth he was my interpreter-in-chief, and gave him a rise of wages; and Ali, when it was necessary, should act as public orator instead of Asumanna Betto.

We then marched on to Caballa, but no sooner had we left the town than I observed something curious about Abdullai. I looked at him again and again, and could not at first make out what it was. *His face was changed.* His cap, shirt, and trousers were unaltered; but the gentle pensive expression had completely disappeared; and before the day's march was over he made

an impudent remark. I begin to think that Abdullai is a scoundrel. Fancy a man wearing a false expression, like a mask, for several weeks!

We halted at a plantation-village near Caballa, and I believe belonging to the town. Before we enter a place of importance we wait outside and send word in that we are coming. Ali told me to rest at the village, and that he would go on and shortly return.

Koranko is a large country through which lay the route of Major Laing, who purposely steered clear of the Limbas; a narrow strip or promontory crosses our route between Limba and Soolima, and here is the Koranko town of Caballa. Bullatemba, the chief, is an ally or vassal of Falaba.

In a couple of hours I heard the jingling of bells, and Ali appeared running beside a Moslem, on horseback, who when he saw me leapt down, shook hands, and made signs for me to mount. I found myself in a saddle peaked before and behind, and with stirrups so short that my knees were bent up in a very uncomfortable fashion. Everybody laughed when I got up, and also when I trotted. It seems that these people get up on the wrong side, as we should call it, and stand in their stirrups when they trot.

Presently I caught sight of conical roofs, and at the same time heard a sound like a piano. Two minstrels appeared, playing the *balafoo*, or gourd-harmonicon, with sticks, the ends of which were furnished with india-rubber knobs. This music was very agreeable, but the wives of

the Yellee men sang or bawled with hoarse voices. I was conducted into a large square, surrounded by huts. This was the yard of Bullatemba. He came forward to welcome me, and made me sit down beside him in the verandah. He told me that now my heart might lie down. I had passed through the Limba country, and had arrived among friends. Ali stood forth and related our adventures, to admiring cries of *Ali! Ali!* from the crowded verandah, corresponding to our gallery cries of *Brayvo!* We were then entertained with a Review. A young warrior named Salt-water, the general of the town, danced into the square, brandishing a sword, followed by Bullatemba's slaves with muskets in their hands. Salt-water danced and pranced, and moved his jaws as if he was chewing his enemies. His name was Salt-water, he said, and if people tried to swallow him they would find that he would disagree with them. He related the battles he had won and the prisoners he had made, and then charged an imaginary foe. This part of the performance was admirably acted, for the slaves looked as frightened as if they had been really going into action.

Bullatemba took me by the hand, as we do with children, and led me across the square to a large hut at the other end. Here I am lodged. I write this letter the day after my arrival, and remain in Caballa while Ali goes on to Falaba for bearers and a horse. He started this morning at 'cocky-peeky' (cock-speak). I am now tranquil and composed, for the difficult part of my journey is accomplished.

XIII.

A Cow-farm, near Falaba.

Ali often remonstrates with me on my passion for rapidity. He belongs to the school of the Tortoise, and maintains that the Art of Travel is contained in the snuff-box. When he comes to a town he does not at once blurt out that he wants to go on; he sits down in the verandah, takes a pinch of snuff, tells the news of the road and gives a pinch here, and gives a pinch there, and when he sees that he has made a favourable impression explains the objects of his journey. That is the way, he says, to travel in the black man's country.

No doubt he is right; and this method of entering men's hearts by their nostrils is decidedly ingenious. But though Ali may be just the man to work his way through suspicious tribes, he is not the man to travel express; and he kept me two days longer at Caballa than was necessary. However, at last he arrived with seven young men who took the place of my Timmanee bearers, and a horse which I saddled in the stead of my one-eared donkey.

On leaving Caballa we soon passed through the Koranko strip, and reached the Soolima country. We now entered the *Great Central African Plateau*. We left the forest-covered mountains, and journeyed through a flat country, intersected, however, by numerous streams. In the vegetable kingdom an abrupt and striking change took place. The oil-palms and wine-palms disappeared, and their place was taken by a strange monster of a tree,

with a short, squat trunk of monstrous size, and branches sprawling about in every direction, like the arms of an Indian god. This was the baobab. There was also the locust-tree, with feather-like leaves and blossoms like scarlet balls. Many other trees we saw that were strange to my eyes, and which reminded Abdullai of the days of his youth, when he was a schoolboy at Timbo. 'Now Fouta wind blow me!' he cried. ('Now I breathe my native air.') And he plucked with delight the leaves of the trees which he had not seen for more than twenty years.

When we entered a village or town I was not hustled by the people after the fashion of the Limbas, but found them seated in the square, and maintaining a grave and respectful silence. This subdued tone showed that we were in a despotic land: they dared not offend Sewa's stranger. My Soolima bearers told me I was not to make any presents in return for the fowls and rice I received, and with these instructions I somewhat unwillingly complied; but it seems the head-men will receive a part of the present I make to the king.

Yesterday we met a Sangara caravan, and the faces of my Soolimas brightened when they saw the slaves and donkeys in the distance. Whenever a Soolima nobleman travels, the villagers upon the road must entertain him, and he levies black-mail on all caravans that meet him in the path. So the Soolimas laid down their loads and sprang upon the carriers; one took a calabash, another whisked a man's cap off his head, and a third

seized a bundle of country tobacco. It was, perhaps, all the poor fellow had to buy himself food on his journey, and he hotly chased the Soolima. Swords flashed out in every direction, and there was a good prospect of a fight. The man who had taken the tobacco doubled like a hare, came bounding up towards me, and cast the tobacco at my feet. Then both stood still; all was silent, and everyone waited to see how I would act. Taking up the tobacco, I said, 'Who is the owner of this pretty thing?' or words to that effect. The Sangara man stepped forward, and I placed it in his hands. At the same moment the caravan-masters came up, and raising their hands, implored the blessing of Heaven upon me. In this part of the world a little virtue goes a long way, and I had performed a deed of benevolence and self-denial without precedent in the annals of Soolima.

This evening we arrived at a hamlet or cow-farm, two miles or so from Falaba. To-morrow morning we enter in state. I have received a hint that I ought to dress for the occasion; I shall, therefore, put on a coat, which is the most that I can do. Ali says it is not proper to say *Sewa;* I must always call him 'king.' Only members of the family can address him by his name. To which I reply that white men are kings, and that I will not be bound by the same etiquette as his subjects. This remark, as I expected, has raised me much in the esteem of the natives.

This evening I called Abdullai and Ali, and we went out for a walk. I explained to them, for the first time,

my desire of going on to the source of the Niger; or, if that was not possible, at least of reaching the 'body' of the river, which is now only fifty miles off. I supposed that Sewa would not object; but I wished to consult with Ali beforehand respecting the best method of procedure. I intended to state my wishes as soon as I was presented to the king.

I now learn, to my consternation, that it will not be so easy to pass Falaba. The king's territory does not extend to the banks of the river, and on the road is a town called Dantillia, with which he is on bad terms. Ali declares that if I brusquely announce my desire to pass Falaba, Sewa will be wroth. The best plan will be for me to stay about a month, without mentioning the river; by which time the excitement of my arrival will be over, and then I can more easily obtain permission to go on.

Now, this seems to be good advice, and I know that many expeditions are ruined because travellers will not listen to the counsels of the natives. Ali has lived at Falaba, and surely must know better than myself which is the best way to proceed. I have, therefore, determined to act as he suggests, and for once to imitate the slowness and patience of the Africans.

XIV.

Falaba.

This morning I breakfasted on fowl and rice; then clothed Joseph in the policeman's uniform; and all being ready, started for the town. About half-way there we

saw a crowd coming to meet us. This was the king's son, mounted on a fine horse, and accompanied by another young cavalier. The prince was dressed in his war-coat, which is studded all over with amulets in leather cases. Some of these coats are as heavy as chain-armour, and the warriors who wear them have to be lifted into their saddles, like the knights of olden time. Minstrels followed, playing on the ballafoo, and singing the praise of Falaba. The young men in the crowd relieved my Akoos of their loads, and the king, having heard that I had not brought powder, sent half a barrel, with orders to shoot. I had some muskets among my goods, so these were loaded, and we slowly advanced, blazing away. The prince and his companion amused us with their feats of horsemanship, galloping round in a circle, or darting at full speed in and out among the trees.

On arriving at the top of a small hill the people stood still, and pointing with their hands, pronounced the word *Falaba!* I saw beneath me a beautiful plain covered with sheep and goats and red cattle, and a black avenue of trees marking the course of a river. In the midst of this plain was a large grove, as it seemed, of gigantic silk-cotton trees; and on looking more carefully I perceived now and then a brown roof between the foliage. At the same time I hear the distant booming of a drum. When we came near to Falaba I. saw that it was encircled by trees, by a lofty stockade, and a moat or sunk fence. There are seven gates, one of

which is cut out of a tree, or rather from two trees whose trunks have joined at their base.

We entered, and were led by a roundabout way, that we might be impressed with the size of the town. The streets had been cleaned and all the houses washed in my honour; the women and children sat in the verandahs and clapped their hands as I passed; the minstrels continued to play, and the muskets banged, so that the noise was prodigious, and everybody looked very happy: except my horse, which reared and shied and backed, and did its best to hurl me in the air.

Finally we reached a large square filled with men sitting on the ground. Two thousand warriors arose and fired a salute. I then dismounted, and was led to the king, who, dressed in a red mantle, sat on the roots of two aged silk-cotton trees, mentioned by Major Laing in his work, written nearly fifty years ago. I put out my hand; Sewa clasped it between both his—a sign of respect—and also gently pressed my knees, and gave me, I thought, a rather cringing look. He has never seen a white man before. At his side sat a girl about fourteen years old; she is the Maiden of the Fetish, whose office it is, having known no sin, to offer up the sacrifices. The Foulas employ a virgin to carry the banner in battle; but such is not, I believe, the custom among the Soolimas.

The king was also surrounded by courtiers and officials; and now the public orator stepped forth, made a long speech, and held up two gold rings, which were

then handed over to me, as the shake-hand gift of the king. The chief nobles of the kingdom, attended by their retinues, came forward and performed war-dances, one after the other; and finally the king danced also, gracefully waving his hand towards me, and making me bows. I was then taken to my house, and found a fine bullock tied to a post in the yard. A Yellee man of the Court came in and asked whether there was anything that I liked more than another. Abdullai replied that I liked two things—milk and bananas. Whereupon the Yellee man declared that I should have a river of milk and a mountain of bananas.

The people of Falaba are delighted. The Governor, they say, has not sent them an old man, but a proper young man, as ambassador. If I had been an old man they would have said he had not sent them a boy, but a wise man, a person of age and importance. They are proud and pleased, and see all things from the best side. For my part, I am dreadfully depressed. The reception I have had, and the evident importance of this kingdom, makes me fear that, like Ashanti and Dahomey, it may be impassable.

Yet the Niger is only fifty miles off: let me reach it, and I have my reputation!

XV.

Falaba.

The hurry and scurry of arrival being over, and my life settling down into routine, I shall now try and make you understand what kind of town is Falaba.

Let me recal to your mind the countries and people through which we have journeyed together. First, the alluvial regions lying between the mountains and the Coast, a forest and marshy region, producing rice, ground-nuts, beni-seed, and palm-oil. Inhabitants, the pagan Timmanees, a dancing, drumming, drinking, witch-finding people, trading with Sierra Leone. Among them the cattle-breeding Moslem Mandingoes and Serracoulies are settled, here and there; sometimes in a walled town of their own, as in Medina, but more frequently in families, the head of which, the *paterfamilias*, generally becomes the actual chief of the village, while the Timmanee chieftain possesses only nominal powers.

Well, I pass from the Timmanee region. I enter a mountainous district, about eighty miles wide, belonging to the Limbas, who dwell in small villages, nestling in thickets, or perched on the summit of hills. These people cultivate the ground, but cannot, on account of the distance, send much of their produce to Sierra Leone. They make war on one another, and sell the prisoners to the Foulas; they also levy black-mail on passing caravans.

Next we pass over the brim of the mountains and enter the Plateau. Speke (it is said) compared Africa to a pie-dish turned upside down; the Plateau is the broad part or bottom of the dish. Beyond the Niger is a country of great walled towns, city republics, municipal communes, surrounded by fields of rice, cotton, and corn, with mosques and schools, dyeing-pits, and looms,

and every gentleman riding on horseback, with his sword hanging from his shoulder. Such, I am told, is the Sangara country; and the Sangaras, like the Bambaras of Segou, are a branch of the great Mandingo nation.

Between the Sangara country and the Limbas lies this land of Soolima. The people belong to the Susus, but the native language is dying out, and Mandingo is spoken in the Court at Falaba. Fouta Jallon, the neighbouring kingdom, also at one time belonged to the Susus, but was taken by the Foulas, who established their capital at Timbo. They then formed an alliance with the Soolimas, and converted them to the Mohammedan religion; but these, after a time, finding they were rather vassals than allies, declared that they would not pray any more and rebelled. The leader of this movement founded Falaba, and fortified it strongly; the Foulas besieged it again and again, but were always repulsed, and the Soolimas obtained their independence. Then Falaba became a *war-town*, conquered the neighbouring villages, and raised itself into a kingdom.

The Falabas are farmers and bandits: in one season they till the ground, in another season they go out slave-hunting among the wild Korankoes of the mountains. However, in recent times such large revenues have accrued to the crown from the tribute of passing caravans, that Sewa pursues a policy of peace, and negotiates with his neighbours to keep the road open, so that the Sangara traders may have free access to the country of the sea. Yet, though Falaba is no longer so aggressive, it is still

nearly always at war in self-defence. Some years ago an over-taxed province revolted from Timbo, and these Hooboos (as they are called) have entered a wilderness that lies between Falaba and Timbo, and there lead a pastoral life. As the Israelites fled from Egypt, wandered in the Desert of Sinai, living on milk and butter, and making semi-religious raids on the fertile countries adjoining the Jordan, so it is with the wandering Hooboos: they do not till the ground, and obtain rice only as plunder in war; they make holes in the ground, and pound the husk out with the butt-ends of their guns. The various clans are firmly united by the Moslem faith, and doubtless their desire to possess the horses and cattle and gold-dust and rice of the pagan Soolimas is heightened by religious bigotry. It is no longer the Foulas of Timbo who threaten Falaba, but these Foulas of the wilderness; whom the King of Fouta Jallon has twice attempted to conquer, but in vain. The Soolima towns which border the desert pay tribute to the Hooboos and Falabas; and when a war is going on they endeavour to be neutral, but are plundered by each of the armies in turn.

Sewa seems to be a king of the absolute species. He holds a levée every morning. Imagine a large yard surrounded by huts with verandahs in which sit the nobles of the kingdom and their clients. Sewa also sits in his verandah, with his Yellee men, courtiers, and relatives around him. A cane-bottomed chair from Sierra Leone is placed in the yard near the king, and

there I take my seat, Abdullai squatting beside me on the ground. Six magnificent crown-birds stalk about the yard, or perch on the roofs. The public orator, in turban and clean white robe, offers up a prayer, and then business begins. Seven or eight cases are tried every morning, and most of these Sewa despatches with the rapidity of a London police magistrate; others he reserves for consideration. When these law cases are ended the king produces either a package of kolas wrapped up in leaves, or a snuff-box, and calling out the name of each noble, who sends a client in answer to the call, gives him some nuts or a handful of snuff. Now I must tell you what these kola nuts are. Botanists may say what they please, but a kola is very much like a horse-chesnut, and is also very bitter to the taste; however, the African has a sour tooth, and these nuts are relished as comfits. They are found only in the forest regions near the Coast, and have an immense sale all over the Plateau, and are even exported to the oases of the Sahara, and the countries of the Mediterranean Sea. The fact is that they contain a principle similar to that which is called *theine*, and the Arabs call them the coffee of the blacks. In such a country as this, where neither palm-wine is tapped from the tree, nor beer brewed (as upon the Gold Coast), nor mead made from honey, nor strong liquor from bananas, the kola supplies a natural craving, and so highly is it prized that it has become a part of the African life. There are two kinds: the red and the white. The first is sent with

declarations of war; the second is a sign of hospitality and friendship; when the red kola is given without hostile intention it is accompanied by the saying: 'The tree makes this red and not my heart.' In every town that I entered the first present I received consisted of kolas. Those who take an oath eat kola; to make an apology is 'to give kola,' as you may remember. When a young man proposes, he sends a white kola to the family of his sweetheart; when husband and wife are divorced that same kola is split into two. White kolas are offered to those who mourn; as soon as a child is born a little kola chewed and moistened is put into its mouth. In short, there is scarcely a ceremony or event into which this nut is not introduced.

I have spoken also of the Yellee men, and now I must explain that they are a caste or profession of singers, dancers, and beggars—the bards or *griots* of the country. They are despised, yet their persons are sacred; they may not be killed, imprisoned, or flogged; like the heralds of the middle ages, they can go from country to country in war-time, and are therefore employed as ambassadors. They are mendicant minstrels, flatterers or satirists, according to the alms which they receive. Every king has some of these men at his Court; others ramble from land to land. When a Yellee child is born, the fire is at once extinguished, and all property is thrown out of doors. The females of the house go to the neighbours and beg for water and the customary kola. Then they come back and say to

the child, 'You see we have nothing: we are obliged to beg even for water to wash you, and a little kola to put in your mouth; so when you grow up you must beg for your living, as we do for you.' There is a negro Moslem tradition that alms must be given to the Yellee men because they showed kindness to Mohammed, and that those who refuse them charity will appear at the Judgment Day with their skins as if bitten by dogs. But in the true Moslem countries, such as Timbo, the Yellee men are supplanted by the Scribes, who become in their stead the authors and historians.

There is one curious feature in Falaba life: *the people have no religion.* They have given up the prayers of the Moslem, and have not returned to the sacrifices of the Pagans. I am speaking in general terms; for they open the Royal Law-court with prayer, and I have attended two sacrifices, one to a tree, the other to an alligator. In the first case, it was the beginning of the fishing season, and the women went to worship the Spirit of the River, who dwells in a large tree. I gave them some cloth and beads, and went with them to the spot; they gave the spirit a few beads, and a tiny piece of cloth, but offered up a long prayer (words being cheap), and then performed a wonderful dance. The alligator sacrifice was still more interesting. We took a sheep, and went to a lake about a mile from the town. The sheep was killed; fires were lighted; and the flesh was broiled. Then the master of the ceremonies called the alligator in a loud voice. Presently we saw a head

put out of the water at the other end of the lake. The man held the entrails aloft ; the head of the reptile went under, but soon reappeared near the bank. The man, talking to it all the while, threw the meat in, and then we solemnly ate, as a sacrifice, the mutton which had been cooked upon the fire. But these sacrifices were not attended by the king and the nobles, who seem to be simply Unitarians.

Every morning I receive visits from the great men of the town, and it is the custom to give them a small present in return. When I call upon them they must give me kola nuts or a fowl. The public orator has been here once or twice. He is a Mandingo, and not much darker than a Portuguese ; his hands are like a lady's, the nails pink, and carefully arranged. He is really a Moslem, is always at his books, and asked me to give him a candle, that he might be able to study at night. I opened Sale's Koran and showed him the frontispiece, which represents the Great Mosque at Mecca. He rubbed his right hand on the picture, and passed it all over his face, and then looking upwards and stretching out his arms sang a *Nunc me Dimittis*, and praised the glory of the Lord. In his younger days he had yearned to be a pilgrim, but that he knows now can never be, and to see the pictured image of the Mosque is a consolation to his heart. He thanked me for my kindness, blessed me for my piety, and slowly withdrew.

XVI.

Falaba.

I am in magnificent health. On my journey I often walked all day long in the hot sun, uphill and downhill over a rocky path, without anything to eat except my rice gruel at the dawn. Here I take a constitutional every morning and evening, and sometimes a ride on horseback. The country is a plain of withered grass, with two or three conical hills standing near the town; the plain is covered with trees, for the most part no larger than the olive. Sometimes a troop of red monkeys may be seen cantering over the ground; green parrots fly to and fro in the air; small brown turtle-doves settle on the path; partridges go off with the whirr of their tribe; insects whiz and hum; frogs croak; grasshoppers chirp; but the animal kingdom in these hot months is not in an active condition. As for buffaloes, antelopes, and other quadrupeds which come under the title of game, I should think they were extinct long ago. We did not come across a creature on our road from Freetown to Falaba; and Caillié crossed Africa from the Pongas to Morocco, *viâ* Timbuctoo, without seeing a single wild animal. The fact is that Central Africa West is a thickly populated country, especially along the caravan tracks, and muskets have been in use for many generations.

However, the prince goes out shooting every day, dressed in a yellow shirt or blouse and tight black trousers, with his double-barrelled flint and steel on his

shoulder, and followed by slaves and dogs. He lives in the next square to me, and often rides past my house. When he sees me in the verandah he never fails to give his horse the spur to make him dance, as the natives say; but I am told that this youth is not over and above valorous in war.

Now I must describe to you my domicile. I inhabit a cottage which is all one room and circular in shape, with mud walls, and a conical roof just like the top of a hayrick, heavily thatched with straw. The floor and walls are occasionally washed with a preparation of cow-dung, instead of soft soap, by which disagreeable insects are driven away. Along one side of the hut is a raised clay couch, on which I sometimes sleep at night, spreading my rug upon it, covering myself with my plaid, and resting my head on my coat folded up to serve as a pillow. Sometimes I sleep in my hammock, which is slung in the verandah, and there also I lie in the daytime and watch the goings on of the yard. From the walls of the hut are hung nets, quivers, and spears, belonging to the owner. One or two lizards lodge in the roof, and sometimes I see a rat running round the top of the wall; but they make springes here for these four-footed vermin, and these I have set to protect myself from invasion. I have not much furniture; there are only some tin boxes and bales piled up in a corner; a basket of rice from which I serve out every day the rations to my servants; and sometimes a leg of beef

hanging from a wooden peg upon the wall. Whenever a bullock is killed in the town, the leg is sent as a royalty to Sewa, and he usually gives it to me; he also finds me my rice; fowls, bananas, and milk I purchase for myself.

Joseph, George, and Abdullai have huts to themselves. I have sent back my Akoos under the protection of Linseni, as I intend to take some of the Falaba people down to Sierra Leone, and they can serve as my bearers.

Falaba is arranged in clusters of houses like squares or court-yards. Our square consists of three houses, including my own, and the huts of my servants are in another square at the back. I amuse myself with watching the life of an old gentleman who lives opposite to me. In the morning a slave brings him an iron pot with warm water, in which he washes his face and hands. He then goes out for a stroll. I do not think that he eats any breakfast, for in this country a meal between evening and evening is the same as to us a heavy lunch in the middle of the day. The rest of his time is passed in his verandah, except in the hottest hours, when he retires into the cool darkness of his hut. In the evening his slave brings him a handful of rice rolled up like a snowball: over this he smiles and smacks his lips, and eats it very slowly, sometimes even offering a little to some person who happens to be passing by. It is all very well to talk of living just like the natives, but how on earth could a white man live like that day after

day? Such sobriety of stomach can only be attained by the habit of semi-starvation. I really think that an alderman eats as much in a day as one of these people in a month. There is this also to be said, that the old gentleman does nothing, and the natives themselves have a maxim that those who work hard must eat hard as well; for instance, they always breakfast when they go upon a journey. I suppose that a careful mother here starves her children upon principle; and I have just been told an interesting fact. Most offences against the law are punished by flogging with a seven-lashed scourge, 'well laid on.' In some parts of Moslem Africa the performer may not move his elbow from his side when he flogs; but this custom does not prevail at Falaba, and so severe is this system of the scourge, that offenders would probably die beneath the lash were it not for the tender forethought of the Falaba mothers, who assiduously thrash their children until their young skins are perfectly tanned.[1] This amiable custom, however necessary it may be, can hardly tend to soften the manners of a people, and, to tell you the truth, I believe that I have got into a nest of cut-throats and brigands; they do nothing but talk about war, and half the women seem to have been stolen. Sewa is a charming, affable man, but he flogged a slave to death the other night, and thinks nothing of sending his brother Booloo to cut a rich subject's throat, and take his cattle and sheep. Abdullai has heard some strange stories of Booloo, for he always trembles when he sees him.

[1] A similar practice is mentioned in Malcolm's 'History of Persia,' i. 602.

XVII.

Falaba.

Abdullai is a rogue, evidently, but he is sometimes very amusing. I said to him this morning, 'I hope, Abdullai, that you always interpret exactly what I tell you.' 'O yes, sar,' said he, and then added, 'Sometimes I improve him.' 'Oh, you sometimes improve it, do you?' said I. 'Yes, sar,' he replied, 'when you say one, I say a hundred!'

Abdullai and Ali both tell lies, but in quite a different style. Abdullai does it jocosely; he generally bursts out into a laugh after he has drawn the long bow. But Ali lies with a gloomy brow and anxious eye! I regret to find that they are often together, and that Abdullai always speaks well of Ali, for that is a sign they have combined against their master.

George serves me as cook, and Joseph looks after the house; both are excellent servants. Joseph can speak a little Mandingo, and I have told him to keep his ears open, as he did in the Timmance affair. George speaks nothing but English, and seems to think it odd that it is not spoken at Falaba. 'I cannot hear these people's country a bit,' he said one day, and shook his head and burst out into a laugh, as if such a circumstance was contrary to Nature.

It is now the travelling season, and caravans of Sangaras pass almost every day. I call the people to my hut and converse with them about their country. The Niger, they say, is now so low that it can be passed on foot,

They do not seem to know much or care much about its Source, but they talk a great deal of the wonders of Bouré, where the gold mines are, and where gold rings are the money of the land.

In the hot hours of the day Sewa often resorts to a little summer-house open at the sides, and built at a cool place where four streets meet. He likes me to go and sit with him there, and the caravan-masters are sometimes invited to join us. They always congratulate Sewa upon this visit I have paid him. 'God has given you good luck, O king,' they say; 'God has been good to you this year, to send you a white man.'

These remarks make me uneasy. It is the custom, I discover, for minstrels, and sometimes for gentlemen of rank, to go and visit a king who has a reputation. The guest brings a present, and remains in the town, entertained by his host, who, after a certain time has elapsed, makes him a present, thanks him for his visit, and tells him he can go. Now, it is evident that I am looked upon as Sewa's guest, and I fear that he will be annoyed when he hears I want to pass on to the Niger; for if I do this, it will show that I have not come for him, and will lessen his prestige. Yet, after all, it is only fifty miles: surely he will let me at least gallop over on horseback with Abdullai and one or two Falabas, leaving my goods in the town, and returning at once. Yes, that may be done.

As you will infer from the above, the negroes regard us white people as superior beings. They have a legend

that when God made the world He created a black man and a white man. He offered to the black man his choice of two things: gold and a covered calabash. The black man took the gold, and the white man got the calabash in which a book was contained; and this book has made the white men powerful and wise, and the lords of the earth.

It is much to the credit of the negroes that they acknowledge our superiority with so much cheerfulness, and without envy or malice. Indeed, they owe all their luxuries to white men: partly to the Berbers and Arabs, who introduced horses, books, camels (in other parts of Soudan), tobacco, cotton, with the arts of weaving and dyeing and working in leather; partly to Europeans, who have introduced guns, cloth, rum, tobacco, &c. I do not think that rum is much worse than palm-wine, or guns than poisoned arrows; and whatever makes warfare more effective makes it less frequent. But it is not so much the luxuries themselves which improve the people as the commerce by means of which they are obtained. War is the natural state of man, and it is by commerce alone that savages are induced to keep the peace. People who have only been upon the coast can have no idea what a pacific power is exercised over vast regions of Africa by such a settlement as Sierra Leone. If a war breaks out on the caravan route, the Sangara people are cut off from their salt and their cotton goods; Sewa and the other princes of the road lose the tribute which is paid them by the

passing caravans; and therefore they find that war is a nuisance, and all do their best to end it at once, and to prevent its recurrence if they can.

A short period of peace is like sunshine and gentle rain to the earth; beneath its genial influence men multiply and cities arise. In Major Laing's time all was a wilderness between Falaba and the Niger; it is now a country covered with rice-fields and well-populated towns.

However, to return to white men and negroes. That you may form an idea of what we appear to these people I shall have recourse to metaphor; we can only navigate the air in balloons, and are dependent on the wind or the currents of the air; we know that other worlds exist, but are ignorant whether they are inhabited or not. So it is with the negroes; they can paddle along the coast in their canoes, but dare not go far out to sea; and in former times they knew not whether any people lived on the other side of the great water. You will understand their feelings when first they were discovered, if you can fancy a Blue-skinned people sailing through the ocean of air, and touching at the shores of this planet. They are attacked, and cast forth in return some species of missile as much more deadly than gunpowder, as gunpowder is more deadly than arrows and spears. In other parts they are peacefully received, and offer in exchange for our timber, or iron, or coal, exquisite fabrics, delicious intoxicating liquors, and works of art compared with which the Venus de Medici

and Apollo Belvedere are rudely carved stones. A few of the Blueskins settle down at our seaports and build palaces which surpass St. Peter's and Nôtre Dame in majesty of structure, but which they themselves complain of as being small and poorly adapted to their wants. They sometimes take Europeans to their planet, and these when they return are unable to describe the wonders they have seen, because there are no words in any European language to express them. In course of time the manufactures of silk, cotton, &c., are entirely supplanted by the goods which are brought from the world beyond the Air, and a revolution takes place in war, science, commerce and art. Such is the History of the White Man in Africa, where all the native manufactures are being extinguished by Manchester goods, Sheffield hardware, and Birmingham guns.

However, the negroes are quite our match in diplomacy and commerce, and are by no means deficient in wisdom. It is one of Sèwa's favourite expressions, 'We are black men, it is true; but we are not fools; we understand what you say.'

They do not like the white colour of our skins, but yet must have for it a kind of veneration, as their gods and ghosts are supposed to be white. Apropos of this I must tell you a story. I was walking from Regent to Freetown with a little boy, who said, as we were crossing a brook, 'Massa, one Debbil live in that water.' 'Indeed,' said I, 'has anybody seen him?' 'Oh, yes, Massa, plenty people seen him.' 'And what did he look

like?' said I; 'what colour was he?' - 'Not *black*, sir,' said the boy, quickly, knowing the English ideas on the subject. 'Oh, then he was white, I suppose,' said I, bursting out laughing; 'come now, tell me the truth.' 'No, massa, he not white,' said the boy, in a whine; 'black *and* white; spot—spot!'

XVIII.

Falaba.

A few days ago I went to Sewa in the morning, and requested permission to take a ride to the Joliba. But I found grave and anxious faces in the royal verandah, and Sewa replied that the Hooboos were afoot; they were on the war-path; no man could say where they might be; and I must stay in the town till it was known. That is fair enough; and I am glad to find that my project does not seem objectionable in itself.

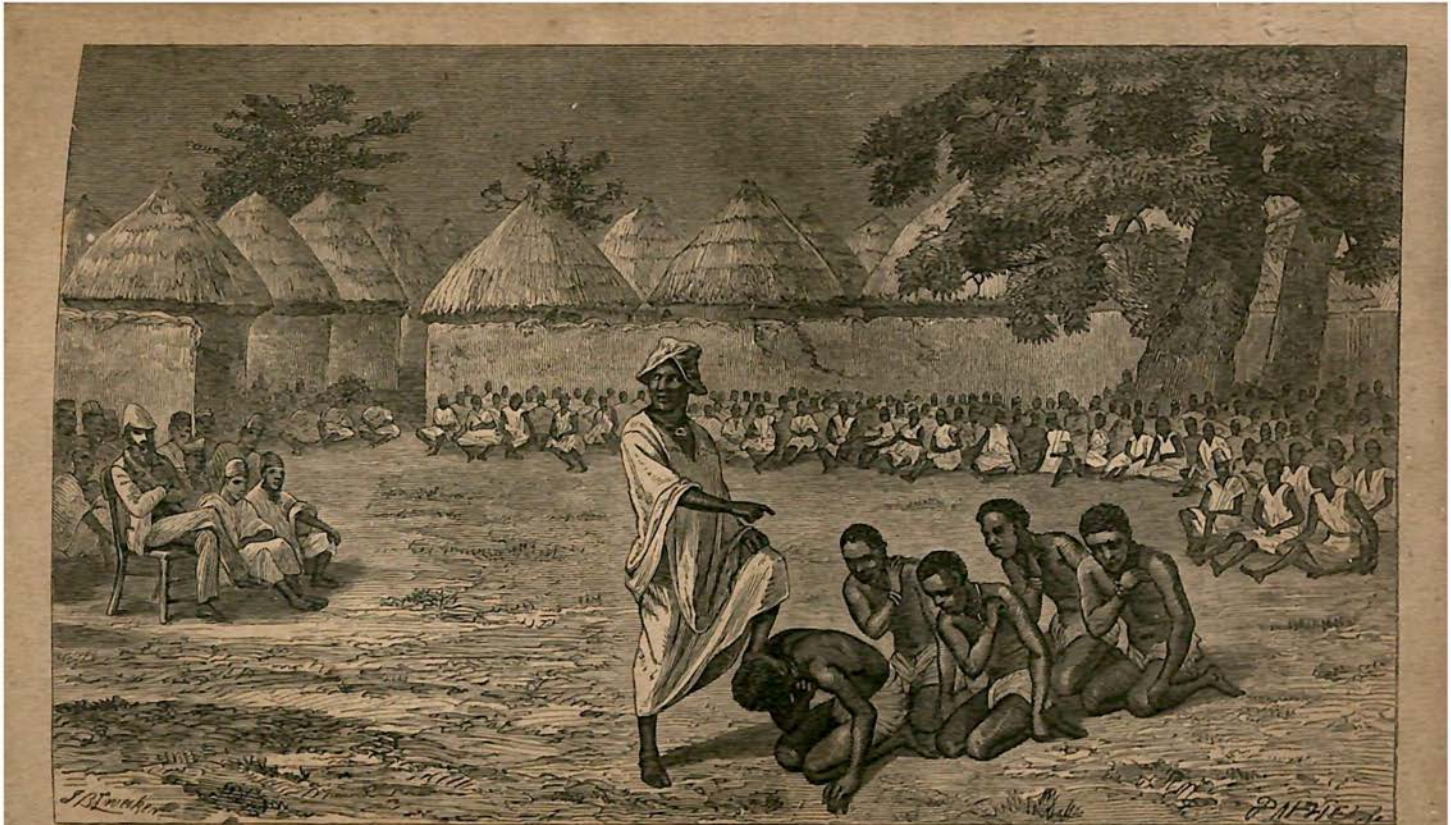
The next morning we heard the booming of muskets, which, being loaded with immense quantities of powder, can be heard at a great distance; and in the afternoon came extraordinary news. The Foulas had attacked a border-town called Callieri, and just as they entered the town were attacked by a band of Soolimas, who had been out to reconnoitre; the Hooboos were cut to pieces; their books, their banner, and six men had been taken. The prisoners and spoil were sent to Falaba; the State Drum was beaten, and the people from all directions hurried down to the square where I had been received. I found Sewa and his courtiers already seated there, and my chair placed at his right hand. As soon as I was

seated a signal was given, and the six prisoners were brought in. Their right arms were tied up to their necks; they sat down in the middle of the square, and looked around them with curiosity. Abdullai being half a Foula, was evidently in a fright, and talked in a loud and excited voice, and was called to order more than once. He wore a Foula ornament, which (as he afterwards informed me) he shoved under his shirt.

The public orator arose, and exposed the false pretences of the Foulas, who declared that they made war upon Soolima from a desire to spread the Faith of Mohammed. He related the circumstances of the battle, and poured out invective in abundance. Then a war-dance was performed, similar to that with which my arrival had been greeted, but having now a terrible significance; it was truly a Dance of Death.

When it came to Booloo's turn he danced round the prisoners, and observing some blood on the head of one of the Foulas, lapped it with his tongue, imitating the cries of some savage beast. Finally Sewa danced, and put his foot on the necks of the prisoners.

These Foulas are white men by origin; they belong to the same race as the Moors and Tuaricks, and according to their traditions were driven from North Africa by war, and took refuge in the Soudan. They have married so frequently with the women of the land that they are now often quite black, but in the expression of their features can always be distinguished from the negroes. They have established a vast empire on the



The King's foot on the Foe.

lower course of the Niger; they are the lords of Timbuctoo; and here in these westerly regions there are several Foula kingdoms, of which Fouta Jallon (Lower Fouta), capital Timbo, is the most important. The Foulas are the Puritans of Africa, never smoking nor allowing their women to dance, and exceedingly warlike and ambitious; they say that if they could only reach the salt water they would conquer the world.

The prisoners were brought before Sewa, and now I realised that he was indeed a great king. Their demeanour suddenly changed as soon as they were led to his feet, for they saw the man who had it in his power to give them life or death with a word. At this solemn moment a young man seated near the king drew a knife and sprang upon one of the captives, and would have stabbed him in the breast had not his arm been seized. Sewa reproved him, and the prisoner, who had not winced, looked at him with a sneering smile, as much as to say, 'What a very ill-bred young man!'

That same prisoner Sewa selected to be killed at once, for he was one of the most inveterate foes of Falaba. The young men rose and bore him from the town, and hurried him along for some distance, now and then stopping, then again going on in a state of nervous excitement, the prisoner alone remaining composed. Presently I heard the report of a gun from the crowd in front, and then a noise like a man chopping wood. 'My God, how they butcher him!' cried Abdullai. Presently a voice gave an order, the people

sprang on one side, leaving an open lane, and looking at me with their angry blood-shot eyes. I saw Something which could hardly be recognised as having been once a human being. I said, calmly, 'So perish all robbers!' '*Including yourselves, you scoundrels,*' I muttered to myself.

The other men were imprisoned in various houses, and two days afterwards were again brought before the public—this time in the Palace Yard. One of the five was a tall thin man, who, not having had anything to eat, presented a curious appearance. His stomach curved inwards: he reminded me of the Apothecary in 'Romeo and Juliet,' and all the spectators burst into a roar of laughter, and applauded the facetiousness of the prisoner's landlord who had thus starved him into a sight. Nor was this the only comical incident that occurred. The chief of a border-town had been good friends with all the prisoners, and especially with one of them, who was also a chief, but who one day came with armed men to his farm, and said, *Friendship spoil!* and took his cattle, and slaves and wives. The Soolima now saluted the prisoners with many expressions of politeness. 'How do you do, Bokkari? My dear Hassan I hope that I see you well. How pleasant it is to meet old friends; how delighted I am to see you all again.' Then he tapped the chief on the shoulder, and said, 'I say Ibrahima, *friendship spoil,* eh?' Ibrahima looked round and laughed at the joke. O, admirable Foula!

Sewa ordered another man to be killed, and the others he despatched to the neighbouring towns to be executed

there, by which means he established a blood-feud between those towns and the Hooboos, and thus could depend on their co-operation. For the Soolimas sometimes fight on the side of the Foulas; and even now the Falabas are by no means sure that this border-town chieftain is not acting as a spy on behalf of the Foulas, or that he will not turn against them before the war comes to an end.

A number of Falabas have marched to Callieri. Salt-water has come over with his men from Caballa, and hundreds of wild Korankoes from the mountains are thronging into Falaba.

Napoleon used to say that he won more battles by legs than arms. In that case he might do wonders with

these men of Falaba. I was out walking to-day with Abdullai, when a hare got up by the wayside. A young Soolima who was passing, with a load on his head and a javelin in his hand, threw down the load and started in pursuit; the hare doubled into a thicket; but the man said that if it had kept to the open he would soon have caught it up. Fancy a man coursing a hare like a greyhound!

Abdullai privately spoke to Sewa last night about the Niger business. The king says that my heart can lie down; I shall go and look at that water as soon as the country is quiet.

XIX.

Falaba.

I have torn up half-a-dozen letters; they are full of nonsense and crafty lies, and of hopes that will never be realised. The truth has come out at last; Sewa will never let me go past this town, and has fooled me as his grandfather fooled Major Laing. Yet it is not so much Sewa I blame as these wretched hirelings Abdullai and Ali, who, while eating my bread, have thwarted my cherished design. They knew that Sewa would dislike my project of passing Falaba, and so they induced me to act in such a manner as to make it easy for him to refuse. I now find out too late that I ought to have announced from the first it was my intention to go on; but I came as the guest of Falaba, and as the guest of Falaba I must remain, for the customs of the country justify Sewa in denying me the road.

But how could I know this beforehand? How could I have supposed that these two men were secretly plotting against me?

I have sent word to Ali that he need not come here again; and I gave Abdullai a piece of my mind. The hypocrite burst into tears, and was rushing from the house, when I told him not to go out into the street crying like a woman, but to stay where he was. This he did not like, for it obliged him to shed more tears than he had intended. I now make him copy Arabic manuscripts from morning till night, which he does not find so amusing as having all his time to himself to chatter with the men and make love to the women. I also employ Joseph as my interpreter when I have occasion to speak to the king. But I do not attend his levées of a morning, and see him as little as I can. As for his parasites, they may come here as often as they like; they will get no more tobacco out of me.

XX.

Falaba.

For some time past I have been troubled with a complaint which is caused by the meagre diet of this country; it has now assumed a dysenteric character, and the chlorodyne does not do me any good.

XXI.

Falaba.

All has been in vain. I have done nothing. I have merely reached a point where another traveller has been.

I am close to the Niger, and yet I might as well be a thousand miles away. Sometimes I think of going out in the evening and making off towards the east; and I always go out by myself, for Abdullai would be sure to betray me. More than once I have looked round, hoping to find the coast clear, but I always see in the distance two or three of the king's men loitering about. It is evident that my movements are watched. When I ride out on horseback some of these human greyhounds are always at my horse's tail. I may gallop as fast as I choose; they run behind me shouting and bounding in the air; I cannot shake them off.

Am I never to succeed? For ten years I have been writing and writing, and *fiasco* has followed *fiasco*; that is my own fault; I have only to curse my own incapacity. But here I have done all that a man could do. I selected my route with prudence; I have followed it up with resolution; I have patiently submitted to tedious delays and vexatious degradations—yet all is in vain. It seems that this passion for glory by which I am tormented is an evil spirit devouring my life. Had I not been ambitious I might have been happy; but what am I now? A man who has mistaken his vocation. A man who has climbed in public and has fallen, and who must go through life with the stigma of failure upon him. Even if I write a good book, people will always be able to say, 'Yes, he did *that* well enough; but he broke down in Africa, you know.' And then I shall have to answer such questions as these: 'Why did you

not go on to the Niger when you were so close? Well, *I* would not have given it up. Don't you think that Baker or Livingstone would have managed to get on somehow or another?'

XXII.

Falaba.

On my clay bed: the two bottles of chlorodyne are empty. I am now so weak that I can hardly walk across the hut. I have tried some native medicines, but they are useless.

XXIII.

Falaba.

I have been through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and am again able to go out into the verandah, and lie in my hammock, and see the blue sky. How my illness turned I do not know; but the body is a self-mending machine. I had given up all hope, I took no medicines, and was preparing to die like a philosopher, when one morning I felt a craving for meat, took a bowl of goat-soup, and am now convalescent. I do not feel very glad; a few years more or less does not matter much, after all.

Sewa came to see me once. He sat down, and said he was grieved to see me so ill. I raised myself upon my elbow, and pointing towards him, I said, 'This is your work, Sewa; it is you who have brought me to this, keeping me like a prisoner, and troubling my heart. If I die, may my blood be on your head.'

'Ah, take care, take care!' said he. 'You have had

evil thoughts against me, and that is why you are ill. Do you see that Fetish behind you? That is a spirit who protects me from your evil designs.'

I looked round, and saw in a corner by the bed some long sticks, which, oddly enough, I had never noticed before. They were daubed over with some clammy white stuff; and Sewa, it seems, at the very time when he welcomed me to his town with cordiality and joy, had ordered this Fetish to be put into the house, in case I tried to bewitch him. This truly African distrust, and the ridiculous appearance of the sticks, made me, in spite of my illness, laugh till the tears ran out of my eyes. 'My dear Sewa,' said I, 'what on earth do you mean? Why should I try to kill you? Do I want to be King of Falaba?'

Sewa smiled in return, and turned round to his attendants with an air as much as to say, 'There! I told you that he does not mean to do me any harm.' But they looked sullenly upon me, and it is evident that I have enemies at court. What do I care? The game is up. That very day, as Joseph informed me, the king said, in his summer-house, that I had given him plenty of money; but for all that, Falaba did not belong to me, and he would not let me pass him by and go on to the Joliba.

Well, it is something to be out of suspense, and I begin to turn over new schemes in my mind. If a man is jilted by a girl, the best thing he can do is to make love to someone else; if a man writes a book, and it

fails, let him set to work upon another; and so with expeditions. In this way only can we learn to forget our disasters.

Ah, sweet young hopes! you are playing again in my heart. Pretty children! you will not live long; you will die, and your ghosts will come and haunt me as regrets. But I will not drive you away: what would life be without its illusions?

I have written to the Geographical Society, proposing to make a journey to the Niger *viâ* Timbo, and asking for two hundred pounds, which I think will be sufficient for the purpose; and Mr. Swanzy ought to be assisted.[1] The Sangaras, who pass by sometimes, carry letters for me to the Coast.

XXIV.

Falaba.

It seems that I am really a prisoner: I can neither go one way or the other. I sent word to Sewa that I proposed to return to Sierra Leone; but he replied that I could not go until he had made me a present. He had sent messengers with a present of cloth to a chief at Ballia, near the gold-mines of Bouré; this chief would send him some gold in return, and this gold was for me; I must wait till it arrived.

[1] The Council of the Society appointed a committee to confer with Mr. Swanzy on the subject, but he preferred to defray all my expenses himself.

XXV.

Falaba.

Joseph has got the small-pox ; George had an attack of this disease in Demerara, and was also employed to attend patients in that country ; he is, therefore, an expert, and runs no danger of taking the disease a second time. So he nurses Joseph, and does Joseph's work in attending upon me. Now, not having been vaccinated since I was a child, I knew that George might easily communicate the disease to me, and when he asked my permission to nurse Joseph, I felt for a moment inclined to refuse his request. That was a base, cowardly feeling, and it soon passed away. What! deprive a poor sick man of his only friend merely out of selfish regard for myself?

I had a little fever—it is thus the disease begins—and then a pimple came on my arm. George carefully inspected it, and said, 'Yes, sir, that is the small-pox.' However, my first vaccination preserved me: it turned out to be only an abortive attack. Sewa told me not to be alarmed about Joseph; he himself had seven slaves down with the same complaint, which seems to reside in this country. The Foulas practise inoculation, after the fashion of the East, and those who get the disease are put out into the bush with food and water at their side, and left in the hands of 'Allah, the compassionate, the merciful.'

XXVI.

Falaba.

Before Joseph fell ill Sewa objected to him acting as my interpreter, and would only listen to me through Abdullai; so I was obliged to reinstate that rascal in his office. The king also came to me one day, and in one of his prettiest speeches begged me to make it up with Ali, who at the same time made his appearance with a white fowl in his hands, and looks of contrition. Sewa gave him a handful of white kolas, and thrusting some into my hand, said, 'Give them to him for my sake.' I gave Ali the nuts, and accepted the fowl; for of what use is it to cherish bitterness and resentment? It is better to forgive and forget.

I attend Sewa's levées again, for I see his face brighten when I come into his Yard. This morning I was sitting in his verandah, when he whispered to his courtiers, looking at me, and then asked Abdullai something. 'What is it, Abdullai?' said I. 'The king,' he replied, 'wants to know if you will let him stroke your beard; he wants to very much, but he fears to offend you.' 'Certainly, he can do so if he pleases,' said I. Sewa then put his hand softly over my beard. 'Now,' he cried, 'my grandchildren can say that Sewa once touched the beard of a white man!'

XXVII.

Falaba.

This lying Abdullai amuses me. His last is as follows: The Bambaras are a mighty people, and have thousands of horses. When their neighbours expect to be invaded, they place gourds outside the doors of their houses: as soon as dust and horses' hairs, brought by the wind, are perceived in the gourds, then they know that the Bamberas have marched, and when the gourds are quite full, that is a sign that the Bambaras are close upon them.

Abdullai persists in believing that I am a good Moslem. It is forbidden by the Koran to eat animals that have not been killed by the division of the windpipe; the sheep and bullocks are always slain in this manner, and Abdullai usually officiates upon my fowls himself. One evening I had some fowl and beef mixed up together. I ate the beef, and left the fowl. The remains of my repast, as usual, were eaten by George and Abdullai. The latter ate a piece of fowl; and then, seeing that I had left it all, said, 'Who kill this fowl?' 'I did,' said George. Up got Abdullai and washed his mouth out in a feverish manner. 'Ha, ha!' said he, 'I thought when massa no eat that fowl he no be properly killed.'

Abdullai practises as a doctor—writing a text of the Koran on a board, washing the ink off into a gourd, and making the patient drink it up. I believe that he enjoys himself very well, but he pretends to detest Falaba. 'This be soldier-town,' he says; any day they can take

me to the war. One man said to me the other day, "O cordwainer, Falaba a fine town; you glad to be here past Sierra Leone?" I say to him, "You fool! Here I eat ground-nut soup; there I have butter and lard. Here I sleep upon a mat; there I have seven pillows to my head. How you say I like your foolish town past Falaba?"'

Having convicted Abdullai of some misdemeanour, I gave him a lecture from the Koran, and thoroughly demonstrated to him the sinful state of his heart. Upon which he shrugged his shoulders, and replied, '*Well, so God made me!*' This was rather difficult to answer, being precisely the sentiment of Goethe—

Hätte Gott mich anders gewollt,
So hätte er mich anders gebaut.

XXVIII.

Even the Foulas make war slowly as compared with Europeans. '*Surprise*' is the strategy of these people, and that necessitates long periods of pretended inactivity. However, messengers have been continually passing to and fro from Falaba to the Border; and Sewa has been continually sending not only soldiers, but powder and cloth. At last there has been a battle, if such it can be called. The Falaba generals, according to their custom, made an eloquent speech, and then sent their men on while they remained at a distance behind. The Soolimas far outnumbered the Foulas; but when these warriors advanced to the attack, singing

hymns, waving their white banners covered with texts of the Koran, and firing guns in the air, the Soolimas turned and fled. They afterwards saw from a hill eight of their men being executed by the Foulas, and did not make an attempt to rescue them. The present position of affairs is not agreeable. Falaba is empty and defenceless; almost every able-bodied man is gone to the war. There are two Foula armies; one has just routed these people, and no one knows where the other has gone to, but certainly it is not far off. Some dark night it may pounce upon Falaba and make it a prey; in that case I have determined to fight and not to be taken alive. If the war was with Timbo I should, as an ambassador, be safe; but these wandering brigands would keep me for a ransom, which would take not less than a year to arrange, as they seem to have cut themselves off from the world; in that time I should die of hunger and ennui.

Some Falabas have returned for ammunition and money; I was not at the levée this morning, and lost an extraordinary scene. Sewa made a speech reproaching the men of Falaba for their cowardice. He had plenty of powder, but no one to fire it. No one had heart; he had no brother; he had no son. All that they could do was to make horses dance, with drum beating behind. (An allusion to the prince.) Oh! he would make them pay for it; he would take their horses and slaves. If the Foulas came they would conquer Falaba; they would cut down the silk-cotton trees which

their fathers planted a hundred years ago. He was afraid for his wives; he was afraid for his little ones. He had fought for Falaba when he was a young man; but now there was no one left. That boy Issa (belonging to some other town) fought the Foulas for a year, and never ran away: he made him ashamed. Here Sewa's eyes filled with tears; and rising hastily, he went into his house, leaving his sandals behind him in the verandah.

XXIX.

Falaba.

The army has returned, and there is a lull; the Foulas, it appears, are content with their triumph, and have gone to their dens in the wilderness. I stroll out every morning and sit upon a rock under a tree by the wayside; thence I watch the Sangaras who are now passing homewards from Sierra Leone. How I envy the poor limping slaves with burdens on their heads, for in a few days they will see the waters of Joliba. I have again spoken to Sewa, but his brow contracts whenever I mention the name of the river; he believes that the chief of Dantillia is secretly allied with the Hooboos, and he will never let me go to that town, which lies upon the path to the Niger. Well, then I have nothing to do but to get back again as quickly as I can. But the men from Ballia do not appear, and perhaps the whole story is a trick; my presence in the town is useful to Sewa while this war is going on, and it is not over yet. He intends to attack a border-town,

which is allied with the Hooboos, and fresh troops from Koranko are expected to arrive. This morning a gold ring was sacrificed, to bring Falaba good fortune in the war. The king summoned an old woman who throughout her long life had never committed an evil action, or said 'a free word' to her husband. On her, as representing Virtue, the ring was formally bestowed. Is not this a pretty idea?

XXX.

Falaba.

The heat of this inland plateau cannot be conceived by those who have been only on the Coast, where the sea cools the air. The sun rains fire all the day, and scorches till it sets; even at the hour of daybreak, when the heat of one day is ended and the heat of the next not begun, the atmosphere is suffocating. I feel the breath of the Sahara—that furnace of sand whose flaming breath, the Sirocco, reaches even the shores of Italy and Greece. I sleep during a great part of the day; I fear a relapse, for I am as weak as a child, and feel it a labour even to walk a little way out of the town.

A few days ago I was sitting on the rock—my favourite resort—when I suddenly had the idea of continuing a novel which I had begun at home, and had laid aside for this unhappy expedition. Thus I hoped to transport myself to an imaginary world. I hurried home, walking quite fast, took my breakfast, and tried

to begin; but my brain would not work, and I threw down the MS. book in despair. In this wretched life my ideas are my only companions, and even they are beginning to desert me. My imagination is dead.

XXXI.

Falaba.

Shortly before I left England, but at a time when I thought I should never see Africa again, I wrote an article in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' entitled 'Complimentary Captivity.' I described the position of a traveller who is detained by an African chief, precisely as I am now, and advised him to insult his host as a means of obtaining his *congé*. I wrote it in jest, but I am seriously acting on it now. It is Sewa's duty to feed me, and I go to him every morning and before all the people complain that I am hungry. I explain that black men are graminivorous and white men carnivorous, and that if we do not have plenty of meat, we die. I say that I came to his town healthy and strong, and that now I am emaciated and weak. Sometimes I make him long speeches on questions of policy and commerce, which weary him to death, so that he once cried out to Abdullai: O take him away! take him away!' Yesterday morning Sewa informed me that five of his slaves had run away, and asked me to pray to Allah that his young men might catch them. If he had a missionary here he would have made the same request. I replied that I would be happy to do so, but

I did not think that Allah would do anything I asked him. 'How can you say that?' replied Sewa. 'Are you not a Saint, a man of God? 'Yes, massa,' put in Abdullai, 'I tell these people I think you are a Bishop; for you don't like drum, and I never see you smoke cigar, and you read your books every day. 'Why do you think,' said Sewa again, that Allah will not do what you ask?' 'Because,' said I, 'for the last fortnight I have asked him to change that hard heart of yours, and make you give me leave to go home.' You should have seen Sewa's face! I don't think he will ask me to pray for him again.

When he sends me some meat or a basket of rice, it is generally brought by one of his wives—a young-looking woman, though she has a daughter at least twenty years old—the beauty of the town. The queen is handsome too, and there is something in her face which shows that she is good. Her voice is the sweetest I have ever heard. When she comes into my hut she never stays more than five minutes, but these make me happy for the rest of the day. Abdullai spreads a mat; she sits down upon it and looks at me gently, and then in her soft, low voice she says how she pities me. 'It is hard for you, O white man,' she says. 'Here you are all alone; you have no wife, no sister, no mother, no one to care for you. Ah! often my heart aches when I think of you; sometimes I cry when I think of you. I often tell the king that he ought to let you go.'

'Yes,' I reply, 'what you say is true, my dear lady.

I am like a deaf and dumb man in this country. If I wish to speak or to hear, I must call Abdullai.'

Whenever she comes here I think of the woman who relieved the wants of Mungo Park, and then I say to myself: How slight are my sufferings compared with his! He was kept prisoner by the Moors, who spat in his face and made him drink from the troughs of the cattle. At least I am treated with respect, and certainly Sewa is kind in many things. He has ordered the people not to dance or beat the drum near my house, because he heard that I was troubled by the noise.

I must keep a stout heart. Sometimes I think that Sewa intends to detain me for an indefinite period of time. At least I have good reason to fear that he will keep me here till my goods are exhausted, that I may send for more to Sierra Leone. He asked me the other day whether my Akoos were coming back with more goods. I said, Certainly not; had not I given him enough? He did not reply.

XXXII.

Falaba.

When I get the African fever I never complain, for thus I reason with myself: It is precisely because this climate is evil that so much has been left for a traveller to do. In the same way I should patiently endure such obstructions as these, for thus Discovery has been *preserved*. Had Laing found everything easy he would have left nothing in this country for me, his successor.

But, talk as I may, this failure eats into my soul. I would not care for captivity or sickness, if I had only done something. I will go at it again; I will not leave Africa till I have written my name somewhere on the map. The Fates can pester me for a while, but they cannot daunt my resolution.

XXXIII.

Falaba.

Ali has gone to Sierra Leone on a trading journey, and takes a letter from me to the Governor; Joseph is now able to walk about, but George continues to attend me. In the evening he sits in the verandah by my hammock and tells me about the plantation on which he lived at Demerara, and the turkeys and the eggs and abundance of other good things, which make one's mouth water to think of in this hungry land. He tells me that the free negroes are thriving in that country; that they dress well, live well, and have built a '*hell*' of a chapel. He feels himself as much a prisoner as I, but is always cheerful and contented. When I say to him, 'I hope we shall get away soon,' he says, 'Well, sir, we shall see what the Lord go do.'

This morning I met, outside the western gate, an old blind woman, with a dog in a string; instead of leading her it was saluting another dog's nose. She cursed it heartily, and took it up in her arms. I put a leaf of tobacco in her hand, and changed her curse into a blessing; how I wish that some kind fairy would do the same to me!

XXXIV.

Falaba.

When you read this you will enter a sick man's chamber—a prisoner's cell. I am now confined to my hut; all strength is gone from me. I never see my face, for I have no looking-glass; but my hand, as I write, startles me—it looks wasted and old. But my spirit is not subdued. If it is death which is approaching, it will find me prepared. When I came to this country a second time I knew that the chances were even against my return. What does it matter after all? Life at the longest is not so very long.

We are as children playing by the sea-shore, the Ocean of Time at our feet. We build our little mud castles, we scrawl pictures and words on the soft, yielding sand, and in a brief space the flood-tide pours towards us: the Death-waves bear us to the sea and obliterate our work. But some there are who write upon the rocks.

I write on the sand: I build on the sand. Be my work good or bad, it must soon be destroyed.

XXXV.

Falaba.

This weakness of my body is in one sense a boon —it makes resignation more easy than before. How often I have dashed to and fro in this cell like a newly-caught bird in a cage, beating myself against the walls of my captivity! But now I am tranquil; a divine calm has descended upon me.

It is night: I am writing by the flame of my candle, for at this hour I feel stronger than at any other time. The earth is sleeping, and heaven with bright eyes looks down upon it. Is this planet a cradle, and mankind a child, whom the gods love to watch? Or is it part of a machine? O melancholy star, floating island of space, revolving abode of misery and pain, what is thy purpose? Why are we here? To what end are all our struggles, and tortures, and hopes, and disappointments?

XXXVI.

Falaba.

The friendship of a refined and intellectual woman—what pleasure is so noble and so pure? Dear Margaret, be my friend, as I am yours: if the horse returns with an empty saddle, if these letters come to you by themselves, remember me with kindness, forget our little quarrel, pardon me that one angry word, and place gentle thoughts, like flowers, on my distant and ignoble grave. If I do come back, be my good angel and adviser. Perhaps by this time you are married; but the feelings which I have for you need not excite distrust or jealousy: I only desire your sympathy and esteem. *Only*, do I say? That is a great deal to wish for—more, perhaps, than I shall ever deserve to obtain.

I am now much better in body and mind, and during the last few days have lived in a tempest of thought. If I escape from this land my life shall be devoted to a cause. I will not tell you what it is, and I

fear that you will condemn my resolution. The task I intend to adopt is one of immense difficulty: I shall probably fail; and if I succeed I shall be *hated* by thousands. Yet I firmly believe that I am doing right, and until that conviction is changed, no paltry fears shall turn me from my purpose.

But I will not be unstable; I have come out here under a solemn engagement to myself and to another to do something as an Explorer. I therefore merely record this new epoch in my life; and so long as my African work remains unaccomplished shall never mention it again.

XXXVII.

Falaba.

The good fairy has arrived! Yesterday there was a knock at the door; George opened it, and who should be there but Linseni! He said, as soon as he came in, 'The Governor has sent me for you, because the rainy season is beginning; and I am to buy him a horse, if I can find a proper good one.' 'Never mind about the horse,' said I; 'tell me the news. Have you told Sewa? What did the Governor say? Tell me every word.' And I capered about like a frantic creature with delight.

Linseni, it seems, escorted my Akoos to Sierra Leone, and took to the Governor my letter respecting the arrears of the stipend due to Big Boumba. The Governor (blessings on him for it!) paid over the 50*l.* to Linseni,

and sent him to escort me home. This afternoon Sewa ordered the big drum to be beaten, summoned the assembly of the people, and informed them that the Governor had sent for me, and that therefore he could not hold me any longer. The Ballia envoys had not returned, but he had some of his father's money left; I should not go away empty, and Falaba should not be disgraced. He then ordered the principal nobles each to find a man to go down with me to Sierra Leone, and appointed one Fila, a nephew of his own, to be their head-man, and to act as his envoy to the Governor, in accordance with a request that I had made. For though, geographically speaking, my journey has failed, diplomatically it has been a success; and instead of cherishing a grudge against Sewa and his people, I determined to do them a good turn, and our colony as well, by forming an alliance between Falaba and Sierra Leone. I therefore asked Sewa to send down with me a man of importance; and now everything is settled, and in three days we are off.

XXXVIII.

Freetown.

Sewa gave me as my present about ten pounds' worth of gold rings, much to Abdullai's disgust, for his present ought to have equalled mine, according to African etiquette. It is needless to inform you that I do not trouble my head about that. But I did *not* like Sewa and Booloo coming into my hut under pretence of a friendly visit and weighing my loads with their eyes.

However, they saw that there was not much left—not more than enough to pay my expenses to the Coast.

Just as I was starting two of the Falaba men disappeared; and hence I inferred that Sewa wanted me to leave two of my loads behind. I had promised Joseph and George that they should not carry burdens any more; however, they were as glad to be out of prison as myself; and rather than stay any longer in the town, they each took up a load, and we went off; Sewa did not escort me to the gate; we parted coldly, but we *parted* —that was happiness enough.

'Ha, ha!' said Abdullai, when we got outside the gate. '"Ha, ha! now I feel the wind! now I breathe the sweet air!' 'Good-bye, Falaba,' said Joseph; 'I get plenty sick in that town.' And even the benevolent George made Sewa and Booloo the subject of many satirical remarks.

The king's cousin had lent me his horse as far as Caballa, and then came my hard work. Ah, those terrible hills! I was weakened by illness and starvation, and my feet began to give way. Every morning I awoke with a horrible disquietude. Could I get my boots on? Somehow or another the red swollen feet managed to go in, and I walked all the way to Big Boumba. There I was able to hire two men and a hammock; for the next two days I walked half the way, but finally was obliged to give in: ulcers broke out on my feet (excuse the detail), and I am now drawn about in a Bath-chair like an old Indian invalid.

Yet I was happy on the way down, for the physical troubles of African travel are nothing compared with those of the mind. I had no fear of being stopped or turned back; the fame of the money brought to Big Boumba had spread through the land; and besides, the return journey is always easy enough in this country, unless the traveller leaves enemies behind.

At Big Boumba I met Ali who had two interviews with the Governor, by which he managed to pocket five pounds. He brought me some boots from Mr. Heddle, sent out by my kind friend Mr. Swanzy, and a package of letters. The boots were wrapped up in a 'Times,' and the whole population of Boumba assembled to watch me read that magnificent sheet.

I took a new route to the river of Sierra Leone, wishing to see as much of the country as I could, and so did not revisit Small Boumba, Medina, or Port Loko. Taking canoe at Mabelle, I safely arrived at the Freetown wharf, having been absent five months. The Governor is pleased with my journey, and defrays all the expenses. Thus I have not wasted Mr. Swanzy's money by the trip, and can make a fresh journey with a clear conscience as regards that part of the business. The rains have now heavily set in, and I am quite *hors de combat* for the present. I intend to lay by till the rainy season is over, then try and reach the Joliba *viâ* Timbo, the capital of Fouta, and then work up the river, and get as near to its source as I can. But Timbo itself will not be new ground.

XXXIX.

Freetown.

The Governor-in-chief received Fila in due form. I had suggested that a stipend of 30*l.* a year should be paid to Sewa by the Sierra Leone Government, on the understanding that whenever the road was stopped by war the money for that year should not be paid. The Governor is considering the subject, and in the meantime consents to give Sewa thirty pounds for the year '69. This money Fila is coining into cloth, muskets, powder, and tobacco—the currency of Falaba.

Fila, on behalf of the king, has made a solemn promise to the Governor-in-chief that if he will send another white man to Falaba in the dry season he shall be allowed to go on to the Niger. Being told that I might rely on a promise of this kind, for Fila belongs to the house of Sewa, I thought that this would do for me, as Timbo I am sure will be difficult to pass. I asked the Governor to let me have the expedition, but he would not give me a definite reply. 'Wait till you get well,' said he, 'and then we will talk about it.' I asked him if I might depend on having the command of the expedition *if* I got well, but he said he would not make any promises. Now I don't altogether like this; it seems to me, that I have cleared the way to the Niger, and that perhaps another man may step in and eat up my work.

When the official interview was over, Fila said to the Governor that he wanted to say one more word. Then

his face lighted up, his manner became excited, and pointing at me, he exclaimed: *That is a Man!* I believe that I almost blushed, and certainly never in my life have I had such a compliment, or felt so proud. The gold medal of the Geographical Society would not have given me more pleasure.

XL.

Freetown.

Tea always has an extraordinary effect upon my brain, and, unless I wish to work, I never dare drink it late at night. Mr. Heddle, with whom I am staying, dines at seven, and has tea afterwards. I do not touch it as a rule; but one night I could not resist the beverage when its fragrant fumes ascended to my nostrils. The result was that I did not sleep a wink till about four o'clock in the morning.

All that time my imagination was at work, and suddenly the idea came upon me, *Why not go back to Falaba at once?* I resolved that I would do so, and shortly afterwards dropped off to sleep. When I awoke in the morning my first impulse was to laugh at myself for having even thought of such a thing; but as I turned the project over and over in my mind it appeared to me rash, but not impracticable.

'First of all,' said Prudence, 'it is the rainy season; even the native caravans seldom come down to the Coast at this season of the year; the whole country will be flooded. Remember Mungo Park's second expedition.'

Answer. 'Fila and his men are going back. Wherever a native can go, I can go; and once arrived on the Plateau, the rains will not be so severe as they are on the Coast.'

Prudence. 'But, you great donkey, your feet are swathed in bandages; you can hardly hobble across the room, and you go about in a Bath chair.'

Answer. 'If I can't walk I can be carried.'

Prudence. 'You have had two ague-fits since you arrived. You are under an intermittent fever.'

Answer. 'The excitement of a journey is the very thing to cure it.'

Prudence. 'But you cannot be sure that Fila's word is good, or that Sewa will stand to it? Perhaps they will stop you at Falaba again.'

Answer. 'Perhaps they will. But my chance is twenty times better if I go at once than if I wait for the dry season. Fila is now taking the Governor's present to the king; in a few months' time that money will be spent and Sewa's gratitude evaporated.'

Prudence. 'If you pass Falaba you are not even then sure of reaching the Niger. Dantillia may stop you.'

Answer. 'I am very much afraid of that, too. But Dantillia would also stop me in the dry season, if it means to stop me at all. Anyhow, the road is now open; but who can tell what may happen a few months hence? The dry months are the season of war as well as the season of travel. Falaba and Dantillia are now on bad terms; but by that time they may be at war. Then it will be impossible to pass.'

I ordered my Bath-chair, and went up to Government House. The Governor saw my vehicle in the distance, and sent a servant to meet me and ask me to breakfast. 'Governor,' said I, 'I have determined to go back with these people at once.' 'But you are not fit to travel,' said he. 'I shall be by the time I get to Falaba,' I replied. Finding I was determined to go, he said he would make it a Government expedition. But he afterwards consulted the colonial surgeon, who was attending me, and that official declared it his conviction that, in my state of health and in the rainy season, I should die. So in the afternoon I received a letter from the Colonial Secretary, informing me that the Government would have nothing to do with an expedition at this season of the year.

The officials suppose that I shall give up the expedition. They don't know the stuff I am made of. I go on with my preparations all the same. My friend Heddle is dead against the journey, and when I speak of it gets up and walks up and down the room in a violent manner. I do not blame any one for opposing me—how can I?—for whenever I really and soberly reflect I am all aghast at my own audacity.

However, everything is settled; my goods are purchased and my men engaged. The Governor has given me the same powers as before, and recommended me to Fila's charge. He (Fila) is delighted, and Linseni shrewdly remarks that I have opened up the road for a white man, and am wise to walk in it myself.

As soon as it was known that I was going back

again to the Bush, scores of British negroes came and tendered their services to carry my bales. Among others came Cole, the head-man of the Akoos. Now, he had grumbled a great deal on the previous journey respecting poor food, bad lodging, and the other hardships of travel. I reminded him of this, and said I wondered that he wanted to go with me again. He said it was the rainy season ; there was little work to be got at Sierra Leone ; he hoped I would forgive him ; and whined and writhed, and finally wriggled into my service. He also brought some of his friends ; but I would not have all Akoos, so hired Jack Ropeyarn, a Kru, who has been an able seaman on board a man-of-war ; Sam, from the Pongas ; Williams, an Ibo ; David, a native of Wassouloo, near the Niger, where he was kidnapped in his boyhood by the slavers, with one or two other men. All these are liberated slaves. Joseph and George go with me again, but Abdullai I have discarded for ever. During the latter part of our stay at Falaba I could not approve of his conduct ; he had an objectionable habit of spitting on the ground whenever I rebuked him ; and finally he told Fila, on the road, that I could not spend a penny without his approval, that the Governor had placed me under his charge, and that, in short, he had the entire command of the expedition. This having come to my ears, I told Fila that the Governor had never seen Abdullai, and did not know of his existence ; I forbade Joseph or George to speak to him, and cut him altogether. He shed

plenty of crocodile's tears; but I know the virtues of red peppers when squeezed into the corner of the eye.

In his place I have taken Charles Richards from the Pongas, the son of a chief, and educated by the missionaries there. He speaks English fluently, is acquainted with Mandingo, and seems to be a quiet, intelligent, well-bred young man.

To-morrow I start for Port Loko. This time I take tea and coffee as provisions, and laudanum instead of chlorodyne. The natives I know will detain me a day here and a day there at the least, and the rain will keep me indoors. So I mean to keep up my German by way of occupation. A German missionary in the service of the C.M.S. has kindly lent me a Luther's Bible, some Basle Mission Magazines, and a German translation of Herodotus.

I shall leave this letter behind with the others, sealed and addressed to you. If anything happens (I like that expression) accept them as my legacy; if I die it will be on that great battle-field—the African interior—where many a better man has perished before me; but, do you know, I feel sure that I shall not. Just before I left England I was at ——, and they put me into the 'best bed-room' where my grandfather died; I woke up in the middle of the night; the moon was shining very brightly, and I could not get to sleep again. All of a sudden the thought came upon me, *I shall die in this bed.* It was a most uncomfortable idea; I felt as

if I was lying in my grave. Then I chuckled to myself that it was a pleasant presentiment for a man to have just before starting on an African expedition, as I could not die in that bed unless, as the country people say, 'I live long enough to bury old bones.'

No, I shall not die this bout, whatever the colonial surgeon may think; and a little water on the ground won't turn me back to the Coast. But I do fear being stopped at Falaba or Dantillia. Well, I must take my chance. I feel that I am doing right, and often repeat to myself the words:—

> 'Tis not in mortals to command success.
> But do you more, Sempronius, deserve it.

To go over that weary road again, to enter that hateful Falaba, is so repugnant to all my inclinations that I really think I deserve success—anyhow, here goes!

XLI.

Farabana.

It is now *the hungry time*, that is to say, just before the harvest, and the people of the lowlands, not being good economists, are hard up for food. I was much afraid that my Sierra Leone men would be starved in the first week of the journey, get disgusted, and run back home. Mr. Heddle suggested that I should carry six or seven loads of rice, and so feed my men upon the way. This was a capital suggestion; I hired Timmanees for the purpose, and lucky it was that I did so.

Starvation everywhere prevailed, and the rice lasted as far as Caballa. Here, on the Plateau, food is more abundant.

I travelled with great speed, and this time the natives did not detain me. Happy the nation, they say, whose history is dull, and happy the traveller who has few adventures to relate. In one Timmanee village I found Fila and his party, who had been on ahead, sitting on the ground and waiting my arrival. On asking the reason I was told the chief of the village had stopped them because they had not any trowsers, and it was a law that whoever passed through the town trowserless must pay a fine. The people of the highlands wear a shirt or blouse and trowsers or drawers; the people of the lowlands wear merely a cloth round the waist. Fila and his men had taken their trowsers off on account of the water on the road; but the chief was also bare-legged, and this it was which shocked Fila's sense of propriety and justice. 'There he sits in his cloth,' said he, 'and wants us to pay because we have not got any trowsers.' 'Go on, Fila,' said I, 'and let me see them stop you if they dare.' I pretended to fly in a rage, bawled out at the top of my voice, and savagely gesticulated at the chief. This had the desired effect; he begged my pardon, was not aware that these people belonged to my party, and gave me a white fowl.

At Big Boumba Linseni was charged with having stolen a part of the Governor's present to the town; he was made to disgorge, and narrowly escaped the gallows,

or rather the sword, and another guide was appointed to take me through the country of the Limbas.

The rivers being mightily swollen, wooden bridges were built over them, and there men were stationed to take toll from the passing caravans. Trowsers seem doomed to bring us into trouble: a Mandingo I had hired at Boumba put a pair on the roof of a cottage, to dry. The house-owner demanded payment for the trespass.

I now know the customs of the country, so told Fila that I would enter Falaba without ceremony, just like an ordinary traveller. Sewa clapped his hand to his mouth in surprise when I came into the palace yard, and produced two rings; but I said to Fila, that I would not take a present, or open the palaver until Sewa had been made to understand that I intended to go on. Fila got up and whispered to Sewa, who said at once, 'The road is free for him to pass.' He asked me how long I would stop. I replied that I would stop three days.

The courtiers came to see me as soon as I was lodged in my house. I received them with much politeness, but did not give them any tobacco. One of my most faithful visitors came and sat with me a long time, then gave a deep sigh and got up and went away with a melancholy air. Joseph burst out into a laugh. 'These people know you don't come for them this time,' said he.

Fila gave the Governor's present to Sewa and Booloo, and I added six muskets, which I told Sewa I gave him

as a friend. He shook me by the hand, and said that he had done bad to me and that I had done good to him. He gave Fila a musket for himself, and said that he must take me to the Niger.

I had told the Governor that I should be in travelling condition when I arrived at Falaba, and oddly enough it was there I was able to put on my boots for the first time during the journey. When the third morning arrived, Sewa came to me smiling, and told me I could go. Ah, my dear friend, what a tumult of feelings arose in my breast as I went out of Falaba on the eastern side, and passed through the well-known fields! There was the rock under the tree where so often I had sat in sadness and almost in despair, gazing at the passing caravans. Yet still I did not feel safe, for Dantillia was before me on the road.

I passed the first night at Berria near to the source of the Sierra Leone river, which was visited by Major Laing, and where he had been obliged to turn back. The next night I reached a small village on the way; Dantillia was now near at hand. Just as we were starting two men came into the village dressed in official robes. My heart sank within me. Fila came to me and said that the chief of Dantillia had sent word to say that I must not enter the town till he had seen him (Fila) and spoken to him about the matter. When, therefore, we came near the town I stopped at a farm village and Fila went on. The chief made him eat kola and swear that he did not bring me to the town

with any ill intent. Then being satisfied, he said that I might enter.

Dantillia is a town of considerable size, and surrounded by a wall of red clay hardened by the sun. I was received in the royal yard, and found the chief, an old man, almost blind. He claims to be the father of the Soolimas, and regards Sewa as a usurper; hence the enmity between the two towns. He greeted me kindly, took my hand between both of his, and said he was glad to see a white man before he died. I replied that he need not be afraid; I would not do him any harm. It was noon, and the sun was very bright: while I was talking to the chief an old woman came and lay down on the ground at my feet and bathed herself in my shadow. She was ill, and hoped that thus she might be healed.

The next day we went on and slept at a town called Soolimania. As I sat in the Square of Reception, a handsome young minstrel came and sat before me and played upon his harp. He had met me at Caballa, when I first had visited that town, and I had given him a present; it must have been a very small one, for I could not remember what it was.

He now swept his hand over his harp and sang that his name was Samoura the minstrel, pure Yellee by birth; he rambled from land to land and from city to city, singing the beauty of women and the valour of men—love and war—love and war—for these only was it worth to live and to die—love and war!

He went to the town of the brave Bullatemba, whose heart was on war.[1] There he met the white man from the sea, and played before him on the harp, and the generous white man gave him cloth and tobacco in abundance. The white man went to Falaba—famous Falaba. The great Sewa loved him much, and could not bear that he should pass on. The white man returned to the sea, and again came back to Falaba; and Sewa gave him the road.

Then the melody quickened, the harper's face brightened, and turning to me, he sang, with a smile, '*To-morrow you will see the waters of Joliba.*'

We marched for a couple of hours the next morning, and then I saw all my people standing still. I found them on the banks of a river, about a hundred yards wide, rushing swiftly past. On the opposite side were two canoes, and some women washing clothes under a tree, which cast its shade upon the water. At a little distance beyond was a large walled town, and just as we arrived, a crowd of people issued forth from the gate and came down towards the river. Among them was a man upon horseback, and minstrels playing the ballafoo, the notes of which were faintly borne towards us on the breeze.

I felt thirsty, and asked for some water. Fila himself took a calabash and filled it from the stream, and brought

[1] Bullatemba is a slave-catcher by profession, hunting the Limbas and Korankoes, and selling them to the agricultural Susus of Melacourie. This is an instance of the indigenous slave trade.

it to me with an affectionate look. 'Now,' said he, 'you can say you have drunk from the waters of the Great River.'

Yes, this was the Niger. I sat down in the long grass upon the bank, and a feeling of unutterable melancholy came upon me. For six months and more, one thought had dwelt in my brain, one hope in my heart. Now the long struggle was over; I had escaped the opprobrium of failure, and had entered my name in the History of African Exploration. I felt all unstrung, and it seemed to me as if I were in a dream.

A great deal of talk about a very small matter, perhaps you will say; but consider what I had gone through. Six months' work, only a fortnight of which had been passed as an interlude at Sierra Leone—three months in captivity—six hundred and fifty miles altogether. We are apt to measure things by what they have cost, and this Niger had brought grey hairs into my head.

The people came down to the river and took me over in canoes. The name of their town is Farabana; it is here the Sangara country begins.

XLII.

Bendugu.

It is certain that the source of the Niger is less distant from Sierra Leone than this part of the river. But distance in Africa is not to be measured by miles; it is easier, for instance, to travel a thousand miles from the Cape of Good Hope into the interior than a hundred

miles from some parts of the West African Coast. I am now within a step of the source, but have ascertained beyond a doubt, thanks to the honesty and intelligence of Charles, that I could only reach it with an army. It is situated in the midst of a slave-preserve; that is to say, in the midst of a country which is being hunted over by the warlike slave-catching tribes. The villages near to the source have all been 'broke,' or destroyed, and the country is now a wilderness, inhabited by a remnant of the slave-hunted tribes, who do not love strangers, as you may suppose. Moreover, the only guides I could obtain would be men belonging to the hunters. Now, if a geographical enigma had to be solved, a mighty mountain or lake to be discovered, I should arm a hundred Mandingoes[1] from Freetown, ally myself to some slave-hunting chief, and so penetrate into the country. But the source of the Niger is not of sufficient importance to justify bloodshed. Anyhow, at present I cannot even start in the direction of the source.

When I first arrived in this town the elders took counsel together. I had gone to Falaba and had been stopped; I then went back to Sierra Leone, and brought Falaba plenty of money. If they stopped me as well, doubtless I would do the same for them. Fila replied that I had come to Falaba as a guest, and had not spoken of passing until I had remained some time in

[1] The British negroes of Sierra Leone are not hardy enough for such an undertaking, not having been accustomed from their childhood to starvation.

the town. But to Farabana I had said at once and from the first, that I did not intend to remain, and that I was going on to the head of the Joliba. However, the elders held to their idea of keeping me a prisoner in the town.

When Fila told me this, I summoned my landlord, and sent him to the elders, who were seated in council. 'Tell them,' said I, 'that Falaba kept me against my will: that is true; the Falaba men do not go down to Sierra Leone, and I was, therefore, in their hands. But I am now in the Sangara country, and the Sangaras go to Sierra Leone. If you keep me here I will write to the Governor and tell him to hold all the Sangaras until he sees me back in Freetown.'

This, of course, the Governor would not and could not have done; but they believed that he would, for such is the custom of the country in a case of this kind. Now, had the Sangaras been detained, the towns to which they belonged would have made Farabana pay dear for that palaver; so the elders had to give in, and said that I could pass, if I chose, along the Great Road, the highway of the land. But it was unanimously resolved that they would not let me go towards the source; for the wild Bush-Korankoes would rob me at the least, and then *they* would be accused of having sent me off the road into trouble; and if I was killed, or even if I happened to die, my blood would be 'called' upon their heads.

I have mentioned more than once in my letters the

gold-mines of Bouré. This country is famous throughout the Soudan; for though there are gold-mines in Bambouk and other parts of the Plateau, it is only in Bouré that gold is the money of the land. Bouré is small in extent, and the people do nothing but dig up gold, being supplied with grain by the neighbouring tribes.

This country is mentioned or described on hearsay by Park, Caillié, Mage, Barth, and other travellers; but no white man has ever been there, and it is reported on the Coast that no white man will ever be allowed to enter the enchanted land. I have determined to make Bouré the goal of my journey; and if, as I expect, they stop me on the frontier, at least I shall see more of the Niger, and explore a region untrodden by European boots.

When we were at Sierra Leone, Fila was taken on board a man-of-war and shown some ball-practice from a big gun. This exhibition had all the effects on his mind of a moral discourse, and he declared to me that he would never again tell a lie. However, he had said that the Falabas had the power to send me to the source of the Niger. When we arrived at Falaba Sewa agreed that he would do so, and I promised him thirty pounds if he kept his word. But the cluster of mountains from which the Niger proceeds is a region of sources, and Charles Richards found out that a project was on foot to send me 'to the wrong water.' I therefore resolved to make sure of reaching the body of the river.

I have never yet found a man who has really been to the source; it has, however, such a reputation, that many are able to describe it by hearsay. The position as fixed by Major Laing, appears to be correct, or nearly correct. There is a large tree on a mound, and from this mound issues the Joliba, which the natives call the Teembo, or Toombeeko. It runs a little way, then dives under the ground for a few yards, and re-appears in a small lake. The source belongs to a town called Deldugu, the people of which once a year kill a black cow and throw the head into the stream; this head passes down the water and re-appears in the lake, where it becomes alive, and its ears are lifted up. I have already told you the legend of the treasures which its waters are supposed to contain.

Ali, *of course*, has been to the head of the Joliba, and knows the place quite well. He came to me at Falaba and offered himself as guide to the spot. I knew my man, so engaged to pay him something or other when he showed me the Holy Fountain of the Teembo, and not a leaf of tobacco in case we failed to get there. So he had his walk to the Niger for nothing.

I had compelled the Farabanas to let me pass by, but I could not compel them to give me a guide. I would not take Ali after the trick he played at Falaba, and Fila could not go farther. I therefore went on by myself, and 'talked my own mouth;' but that is not the correct thing to do: every stranger of importance should have some one of position in the country to

speechify on his behalf, and introduce him to the towns through which he has to pass. Thus in the Timmanee country I had Asumanna; in the Limbas, Linseni; and Fila in the Soolima country, from Falaba to Farabana; but now having no one, I had some trouble on my way to this town. Here I have met a man who is a 'traveller' by profession, has been often to Sierra Leone, and is now bound for Bouré. He offers to be my guide and protector, and I have agreed to pay him 17*l.* if he takes me to the gold pits of Bouré.

Cole and the Akoos have struck: they say that this journey is not going to have an end: first I wanted to look at the Joliba, and now I want to look at Bouré, and next they suppose I shall want to look at something else. The fact is that if I send them home they will not have to carry any loads, and by the time that they arrive in Sierra Leone the rainy season will be over; they will be able to get work, and will also have some money in their pockets.

I forgot to say in my previous letter that George had a severe attack of rheumatism at Port Loko, and was obliged to stay behind; and in the first two days of our journey several men broke down, being, I suppose, rum-drinkers, and had to be sent back, and their places supplied as best could be done. The trouble and anxiety of such a journey as this are beyond belief. At Farabana two men fell sick, one with a skin disease, the other had fever and was delirious. I got them on here, and then finding a caravan bound for Sierra Leone, engaged with

its conductors to take with them these two men. This gave Cole the idea of return, and all the Akoos fell sick at once. One limped, another hobbled, a third complained of pains in his chest, a fourth had lumbago, a fifth was suddenly seized with a colic, and so forth—all done at a moment's notice: as if such transparent humbug could possibly take any one in. However I can now dispense with my hammock, and some of my loads have been emptied by the expenses of the road. So I have thought it best to let them go, as I *can* do without them; and if they happen to be mutinous I shall lose my prestige among the natives, and perhaps get into trouble. If I dared, I would have Cole tied up and flogged within an inch of his life; but I cannot indulge in that luxury, as on my return he would bring an action against me at Sierra Leone. He is gone with his Akoos: I have given them some cloth to pay their expenses on the road. May ill fortune attend them! It has now come out that in the Limba country when the rice was getting low, Cole proposed to the men that they should desert me and go back; but Sam replied, 'No, the man is sick; we made agreement to carry him wherever he wanted to go. He told us before we took the job we should have plenty cold, plenty rain, plenty hunger. "Never mind," said we, "let us go." So we can't leff'm now.'

We start to-morrow morning. My guide takes his wife, who will carry an English iron pot, and some other little matters for the comfort of her lord: his brother goes with him, and is also accompanied by a wife. In

a journey like this, women are useful in pounding the rice and the corn, and other duties of the cuisine; and I ought by rights to have a female attendant or two. But what would Mrs. Grundy say?

XLIII.

Babbila.

We have passed through the Sangara country and arrived in Hamana, a province situated on the banks of the Niger. We did not follow the windings of the river, but left it at Farabana, and lost it for a hundred miles. And now that we see it again, what a change has taken place! How it has grown! At Farabana it is merely an ordinary stream like some of those we met upon the way: but here it is as broad as the London Thames, and deserves its name of the Joliba, or Great River.

Yesterday I sat on the banks of the Niger, and read what Herodotus writes about that river. And now let me introduce you to the first African traveller, the father of history and inventor of scientific exploration.

About five hundred years before Christ was born, a nation of hardy mountaineers swooped down upon the valley of the Euphrates, took Babylon by assault, restored the Jews, devoured the treasury of Crœsus, and extended their conquests on the one side to Bokhara, Samarcand, and the Punjaub; on the other to Egypt and Cyrene. By the Greeks they were repulsed, but their power in Asia remained supreme, and the two lands bloomed side by side. A time was to come when Alexander the Great would trample on them both, but

that was not yet. In Babylon reigned the Great King, taking tribute from India and Egypt; in Athens, Pericles governed, Æschylus and Euripides wrote for the stage, Polygnotus painted portraits, Phidias touched marble into life. Genius was glorified; and all young Greeks aspired to make themselves famous as orators, artists, or poets.

It was the tradition of a later time that Herodotus read his book at the Olympian Games. He related in magnificent prose the wars of the Persians and the Greeks, and also described the wonders of Babylon and Egypt; among other things he advanced a theory on the sources of the Nile, and related a legend of the Niger.

There was near Cyrene, on the borders of the Desert, a tribe of Berbers called the Nasamones. Some young men of good family, ambitious of distinction, formed a club to explore the great sea of sand, and to go where none had been before. They passed through the Land of Wild Beasts and then through the waterless waste, and arrived on the banks of a river which contained river horses and crocodiles. The natives of the land were black men of short stature, and carried them off to their city on the banks of the river, and after some time allowed them to depart. This story was told to Herodotus at Memphis in Egypt by the Steward of Sacred Things, and that river was the Joliba. More than two thousand years have passed, yet the sources of the Nile are not yet discovered, and the Niger is not yet fully explored. Such

is Africa. Cannot you imagine what pleasure I feel in adding so much of this river to our maps and in reading Herodotus by its waters?

Smile at me if you will, but I feel very happy and proud. Henceforth no one can say I am only a writer; for I have proved myself a man of action as well as a man of thought. When in the morning I have taken my coffee, which sets my brain in a tremble and a glow, I walk along the red path, and as the country unfolds itself before me I say, 'This is mine: here no European has been; it is Reade's Land. That hill, that river, that lake, I can call them what I please; and when from some high ground I saw the Niger again like a silvery gleam in the distance, when we came down close to its banks and its mighty waters appeared, when even my men uttered cries of surprise and delight, I—well, perhaps I have already said too much. But my pen is in a mad humour to-day; it dances and frolics about on the paper, and so I had better put it away before it writes me down an ass.

XLIV.

Nora.

I must now describe the Sangara country. First, there is not a king in the land; it is composed of municipal republics, large walled towns with markets once a week, governed by a council of Fathers with a mayor or chief. Each house is a cluster of huts surrounded by a wall, with a well in the court-yard. A calabash is the bucket, and a cleft pole is the rope, these wells not

being deep. As soon as we arrived near a town, my guide of Bendugu sends on a man to announce our arrival and to say that we come not for that town, but to pass. Then out come a crowd of people, and the minstrels playing on the ballafoo—for which entertainment I have to pay some tobacco—and I am conducted to the Square of Reception. White kolas are presented as the bread and salt of the people; next come the speeches of introduction and of welcome, followed by a kind of bad Astley's—men galloping round on horseback and trying to stand in the saddle, with but small success. Lastly Bendugu takes me to the house where he has been accustomed to lodge. The town gives me a bullock, and I give some cloth in return; the landlord sends me my rice cooked with the oil of the ground-nut, or with shea butter, which Mungo Park compared to that of the cow, but which only reminds me of ointment, cold cream, and other forms of medicated tallow. The whole country is one plantation of these fat-yielding trees, and therefore, a mine of wealth far more valuable than the gold pits of Bouré.

If my present does not satisfy the town, it is returned with this speech, which I have heard more than once and therefore suppose to be a formula. 'They thank me very much for my magnificent gift, but do not wish to take it from me; I have come from a far country, and am going to a country which is distant; let me then take my cloth and put it on my load.' This, in plain English, means: 'You stingy beast; do you sup-

pose that we are going to take two pieces of cloth? you had better make it more, or we will help ourselves.' In a strongly fortified town with some thousands of inhabitants resistance is not to be thought of, and I *do* make it more.

And now you may ask, 'Why don't they take it all?' When I first began my African travels this moderation on the part of the natives puzzled me immensely; but the fact is that no chief or town can pillage a stranger without being pillaged in return. For instance, I pass village A, and paying my black mail come to village B; and C, D, and E hear that I am on the road, and smack their lips and say now we shall have money in the town. If village B takes my goods, A is indignant, and says, 'I let that man go on to you, and that is how you treat me; while C, D, and E swear they have been swindled, and B is attacked on all sides. So their maxim is 'Live, and let live; rob, and let rob; take a little, and leave a little for your friends.' Besides, in such a country as this, they desire to encourage travellers, every town being an hotel, and are always in fear that a new route may be opened, and other towns get the custom of the road. Lastly, it is only fair to say that the Africans like to be well spoken of, and often declare, 'We must not do this, or we must not do that, or else we shall lose our "good name."'

There are bad towns and good towns in the Sangara country. When I was near to Babbila I heard that there were breakers ahead, or, in other words, that a town of

evil repute lay upon our path. I therefore took a detour to avoid it; but the chief came off his land, and when we arrived at a small plantation village belonging to another town, there he was, with a lot of armed men. He made me a speech in that unctuous tone which the African wolf always employs in addressing the lamb, and informed me that the people of Balla, his town, were anxious to see a white man, never having had that honour before. Would I do him the favour just to go with him?—it was not far off—only just over there—

Vedi! non è lontano,
Partiam, ben mio, di qui.

With not less politeness I declined his invitation—I had received *such* strict orders from the Governor not to turn out of the road. The chief replied, I must not think, because his men were armed, that he meant any evil. It was a custom of their country, when they wished to honour a stranger, to meet him with men in full dress, with war-coats and guns. So, I might remember, they had done at Falaba.

When he mentioned Falaba I saw his little game, and my heart dropped into my boots. 'My dear chief,' said I, 'it is impossible for me to disobey my orders; but I feel deeply flattered by your kind request, and by your taking the trouble to come out and meet me on the way. Permit me, without troubling you farther, to offer you a present—a good present—just such a one as I would give you in the town.' He said that wouldn't do; his people would laugh at him if he went back without

me.' I said, 'Very well, take it or not, as you please. I won't go to your town.' The chief went aside and sat under a tree, and I talked it over with Richards and Bendugu.

The latter was annoyed, but said there was no help for it; I must go, or else I would be taken by force. Under these circumstances I sent word to the chief that rather than cause him annoyance I would concede to his request, if he would promise that I might leave his town the next day. To this of course he assented at once.

We found Balla a strongly fortified town, and the chief's house was a castle in itself, with walls and watch-towers, having loopholes and platforms for the musketeers. 'This looks very bad, Charles,' said I. 'Very bad indeed, sir,' said he.

They gave me a bullock, and I offered a present of cloth. The chief declined it with thanks. I made it more — and more — and more. Ditto — do. — do. At last he said that what he wanted was not cloth and tobacco, which other people gave him, and which he would soon have to spend, but something peculiar—something which only white men possessed—something which he could keep as an heirloom, so that his grandchildren might know a white man had been to their town. A small present of silver plate would, he thought, be suitable for the occasion.

Now, I carried part of my goods in water-proof tin boxes, which did not hold very much, but were filled by the imagination of the natives with all the treasures

of the white country. Moreover, the chief had seen me use a Britannia-metal coffee-pot, which he supposed to be of silver. It soon came out that he coveted this article; but, after long negotiation, he consented to accept in its stead one of my tin boxes, together with the cloth and tobacco previously offered, which he said he did not care for, but which he did not offer to give back. The chief, it seems, was a connoisseur. I saw some pigeons in his yard, doubtless taken from a trader; and he informed me that he had a medicine for leprosy. As this disease is supposed to be incurable, I was anxious to see a remedy which he assured me had never been known to fail. It turned out to be a bottle of rum!

In the morning I prepared to start; the chief came into my hut, and begged me to wait for his brother, who was away at the farm, and would come to town in the course of the day. I told him that I would not wait: *he had taken the present*, and the palaver was finished. I knew that, according to the customs of the country, I had now the right to depart, and was resolved that he should not stop me except by brute force. When the bales were packed up, two old men came into the yard, and with benevolent looks gestured to us that we might go from the town. The chief was seated in his verandah, angrily gesticulating and talking to several young men. It was evident enough that he wished to detain me, and that the elders had decided I should go.

When first we crossed the Niger and entered the Sangara country it seemed as if we were drawing near to the Coast, for we often heard our mother tongue—this owing, of course, to the travelling habits of the people. Nearly every man we met could say 'Morning,' or 'How do?' One man looked at me fixedly and said, '*Yes, sir*,' which he supposed to be the salutation of our country. The following conversation also took place in my hearing: *Sangara man:* 'How do, Daddy?' *Sam:* 'Thank'ee; you well?' *Sangara man:* 'Leetle bit.' The Africans have barbarous customs and polished manners: they are always saluting one another. If a negro goes into a negro's shop at Sierra Leone he does not ask at once for what he wants, but first inquires after the shopkeeper's health. I once said to a man in the street, 'Would you tell me the way to Government House?' to which he replied, 'Well, if I was in London I should say "Good evening" before I asked you a question.'

Sometimes, when we arrive in a town, we sit down in the gate, which is crowned with a cupola and furnished with seats. Then the public orator greets Bendugu, and at least five minutes are passed in the salutation preamble. What they find to say I cannot imagine; but I know that with some African tribes it is the custom to ask, 'How is your father? How is your mother?' and so on all through a man's relations. Then, 'How is the town? How are the old men? How are the young men?' Then, 'How are the sheep? How are the goats? How are the fowls?'

In every town are five or six looms, and the farther we go the less valuable are our Manchester goods, while salt, powder and muskets prodigiously rise. We have now reached a cloth-making country, and these country goods are more durable than ours. A certain kind of cloth of mine called *Manchester Baft* does not pass at Hamana at all; the people feel it with their fingers, then give it back with a grin, and advise me to keep it for the Limbas.

Salt! salt! salt! that is the cry. This mineral, you may perhaps be aware, is essential to health, being a constituent of the human frame. People who live upon meat, solid or liquid, can do without it in a separate form, as meat contains salt; but those who live chiefly on vegetables and can get no salt are subject first of all to a horrible salt craving, and then to a disease which is said to resemble the scurvy. The Soudan is supplied from the Sahara and the sea, and at Bouré in Mungo Park's time, the two salts met; but now I believe the salt of the white man undersells in these parts the hard crystalline salt of the Sahara, and has driven it back. When salt cannot be obtained, the people extract it from grass, earth, &c., and if the worst comes to the worst take potash as a substitute; according to Livingstone the tortoise does the same. I have often seen children go up to a trader's salt-basket, and lick it with their lips; and if you give them a piece they will eat it like sugar.

On market days we meet women on the road, with

baskets of vegetables on their heads; my men beg, and the kind-hearted creatures never refuse them a handful of onions or ground-nuts, or okras. Ali's story of the Falaba ladies was a lie; they, like all women on the Plateau are hard-working wenches, and not as a rule comely in appearance. In this country the women fish, and work in the fields, while the men stay at home, wash the clothes, look after the children, and sew. When they come to see me they often bring their needle-work with them.

The Sangaras are a better and kinder people than those of the Coast regions. They treat their domestic animals well, and pet their dogs. But in the Gaboon whenever a dog enters a hut, down comes the stick on his back; to be sure they do not always come in with the purest intentions, for like their masters they are thieves. The chief pets in this country, however, are not dogs or cats, but sheep, which are very tame and affectionate, wear a blue ribbon round their necks, and are washed with soap and water every day.

The religion of Sangara is that of Falaba—a pure Deism, without the mosques of the Moslems or the sacrifices of the Pagans. I believe they call themselves Mohammedans, but they do not wash, or fast, or pray; they kill oxen by cutting the throat according to the fashion of the Arabs and Jews; but they catch the blood in an iron pot, and cook it—which is precisely what they should not do.

We left Balla and went on to Babbila on the banks

of the Niger. The chief of the town said that, as I was a stranger of distinction, I ought to take up my lodging with him; but Bendugu said he must take me to the house where he usually lodged. A long altercation took place; however, he carried his point. In the afternoon there was a banging of muskets, and Bendugu came in to tell me he had just taken a new wife, a daughter of the house, to whom he had been previously betrothed. Commercial travellers in Africa marry in every direction, so that wherever they go they may have relations to protect them. I made him a wedding present, in return for which he informed me the next morning that he had reconsidered our agreement. He was not aware at the time, how difficult it was to get a white man through the country; already he had made two enemies: the Chief of Balla, and the Chief of Babbila: I must put something on his money, or he would not take me to Bouré. I replied that an agreement was always an agreement, and could not be altered after it was made. He persisted in his request or demand, whereupon, with a look of tender compassion, I turned to Charles Richards, and touching my forehead with my hand, said, 'I feared that our friend was not altogether right in his head.'

Bendugu retired; the house-master shortly afterwards came in; I told him the affair, and he replied with a smirk that the next morning he would try us, and give his decision. I did not reply, but soon came to the conclusion that my guide's father-in-law was not the proper

person to adjudicate upon the case, and sent Charles to say that if there was any more nonsense about the agreement I should appeal to the chief for protection.

No more was said; but Bendugu and I kept apart. Charles reasoned with him, then came to me and said that, as regarded the money, Bendugu put that aside; but I had called him a madman! 'In this country,' said Charles, 'they think a good deal of a word like that.'

Of course I replied that I would apologise with pleasure: Bendugu and the landlord came in. I assured the former that I had not wished to hurt his feelings in saying he was cracked. In our country clever men were so subject to disorders of the brain (genius to madness nearly is allied) that such an imputation was rather a compliment than otherwise. However, as he did not like it, I would take the word back. Bendugu said he was satisfied, and gently reproved me for having talked of appealing to the chief. 'Ah!' said he, 'you don't know the dangers of travel—you don't know the dangers of travel.'

I knew what he meant well enough. It had not escaped my attention that in these Sangara and Ḥamana towns every house is a fortress in itself; which shows that the houses often make war on one another in Capulet and Montague fashion. Had I appealed to the chief, he would have claimed me from the landlord; who would probably have closed his gates, and then war would have ensued.

I had promised Bendugu to give him my sword when

I arrived at Bouré. I gave it him now, and he retired mightily pleased.

'Well, Charles,' said I, 'you have made peace between us.'

'Blessed are the peacemakers,' he replied.

At Babbila we took canoes, and while part of my men went by land I had the pleasure of navigating the Niger: we passed some grassy islands; hippopotami raised their brown heads here and there; and the river having overflowed, trees stood up to their waists in the water, which cascaded over the boughs.

Nora is a very large town on the borders of the wilderness which divides it from Bouré. I shall leave here for the present some of my goods, and also Jack Ropeyarn, the Kruman, who has lamed his foot. He has been a first-rate carrier, always willing and cheerful: the Krumen, as a rule, are not good for much on a journey: but as Sam says, 'Jack Ropeyarn, he man for hisself!'

I am sorry to record it, but Joseph has fallen! Throughout my two journeys I have never lost any trade-goods, which is partly due to my habit of noting down in public everything that I pay, and of taking stock two or three times a week; thus no loss can escape me. I missed at Babbila a small piece of cloth, worth about sixpence, and discovered that Joseph was the thief. I must put down stealing, or we shall starve before we get home, as the money is already getting low: I am therefore obliged to cashier him; and hence-

forth he must mess with the men, and Charles will act as my steward.

Some years ago I was in the Casemanche, a river of Senegambia, and was told of a wondrous people on the banks of the Joliba who lived under water. On our way to the river I heard again of these fish-men or Samouras. They did not *live* under water; oh, no, that was an exaggeration; but they could stay under water a day. They could catch fish in their hands; and if a crocodile killed anybody in the river, they would arrest him, take him ashore, turn him on his back, give him a hundred, and say, 'Now we flog you this time, but if you do that again we shall kill you.' When a Samoura child is born, it is put into a large bowl of water, and left there for a day; if alive at the end of that time it is really a Samoura; if dead, that is a sign it is of spurious birth.

Here at Nora the chief has some Samouras; for these people are always slaves, and are, I believe, the original inhabitants of the country. The above curious tales have just this much foundation: *the Samouras can dive* —an art which is not possessed by the other people of the country. However, they dive very well, and kept under water a longer time than Jack Ropeyarn.

We shall have to pass three days in the wilderness without seeing a human habitation; but that is not a misfortune for me, whatever it may be for my men, as I shall have no presents to make. Just now I met the master of a Serracouli caravan, which has come up

from Sierra Leone. When I told him I was going to Bouré, he said, 'Ah, what a lucky man you are, to have the wilderness to travel in. *We* have to pass through several large towns.'

XLV.

Bouré.

We have crossed the great Jallonka wilderness, which Mungo Park also traversed in company with the benevolent slave-driver who escorted him down to the coast. Yes, I am now on the frontier of Mungo Park's ground; Bammakoo, the highest point he reached on the Niger, is but a short distance from here. What I have done in African exploration is to join his work to that of Major Laing.

The first use that Bendugu made of my sword was to cut a large stick with which he thrashed his wife for lagging behind. 'What!' he cried, 'when we have come into the wilderness of which all people are afraid (*whack! whack!*), you want to walk by yourself! (*whack! whack!*) and be caught by the robbers! (*whack! whack!*) and lose me the money I paid for you! (*whack! whack! whack! whack!*)'

The next day the wife of Bendugu's brother was heard to give a scream. When we came up, she was weeping: her husband was calm and composed, with a saturnine smile on his lips. It seems that he had said he intended to kill her as soon as they got back to Bendugu. My Sierra Leone men were much troubled by this, and declared he was a bad man—a regular

devil, &c. &c.; till at last Sam impatiently exclaimed, 'Well, don't she belong to him?' and they said, 'Yes, daddy, that true;' and changed the conversation. Their ideas of morality are not fully developed. I once heard them discuss the question of the slave-trade, and the conclusion they came to was this: that to steal men was wrong, but to get them by paying was quite legitimate. If a man wanted fowls might he not buy them?

The Akoos were fond of singing hymns, and when we arrived at Port Loko, sent word to ask me if I would allow them to praise the Lord for having brought them in safety so far. At this I chuckled to myself, for reaching Port Loko in a journey of this kind is equivalent to reaching Gravesend in a Polar expedition. My Akoos sang psalms and hymns for an hour or so, and then, without changing the tunes, broke into forecastle ditties, which they had picked up from sailors in the grog-shops at Freetown. Sam and his men do not sing hymns (the Akoos, by the way, sang very well) but they read the Bible and Prayer Book very often. I borrowed their Bible two or three times to compare a passage with my Luther, and found that the book always opened at the same page in the Song of Solomon; and I observed a number of thumb smudges at the text; '*I am black but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem.*'

In the dry season the wilderness, I presume, is waterless; but at this time of year there are plenty of streams, and we once had to build a bridge, which

was only half-an-hour's work for the Mandingoes and Hamanas, whom I had engaged. We found here and there some sheds erected, and in these we encamped. On the third day we crossed the Black River, an important tributary of the Niger, and entered the land of Bouré. We saw gold pits by the side of the path, half filled with water: in the rainy season no mining goes on, and women merely wash the upper soil. Gold dust was offered to me for sale in quills plugged with cotton, but I said that I was not permitted to trade; and, in fact, had I been a trader the Sangaras would not have allowed me to come on to Bouré.

We have arrived at a town called Didi, and here my journey is ended. There are only five towns in Bouré, but I cannot afford to visit the others, my goods being nearly exhausted. I have no more than enough to pay my way down to the Coast, though the expenses of returning are not very great. As for going on it is out of the question; my bales would soon come to an end, and then the natives would seize my men, whom they suppose to be my slaves, and that would be hardly fair to them. If I had only Nature to deal with, nothing would be easier than to build a large canoe, and go down the Niger to the sea; but one may not pass towns by water any more than by land without paying tribute. Had it not been for the opposition of the natives, Mungo Park would have accomplished the navigation of the Niger more than sixty years ago.

I received the usual bullock, but maize and rice are

exceedingly scarce, and on the first night of our arrival my hosts brought only enough for three or four men, instead of enough for a dozen. When I complained of this, they replied that the rice-canoes had not come from Hamana, and there was a famine in the land. They 'slept with hunger' every night, and I must be content to do the same. I declined to take the food that they had brought saying it would be only a mockery to offer my men a mouthful a-piece. They then brought enough for the lot, but I fear that a great many people in Didi went to bed supperless that night.

There are gold pits close to the gate, and I have just been to look at the women washing the red earth on the surface of the soil. They put some of this earth with water in a gourd, give it a rotatory motion, scoop out the pebbles and stones with a dexterous movement of the hand, and finally leave nothing at the bottom of the gourd but some fine earthy grains, among which one or two golden specks may clearly be seen. I calculate that they earn about a shilling a day. The gold dust, as soon as enough has been collected, is given to the smiths who make it into rings.

I have persuaded the elders not to detain me, as food is so scarce. A gentleman of Didi with a couple of slaves will go with me to greet the Governor.

I do not like turning back, for I am now in a country where travellers are not stopped or troubled as long as they can pay their bills; but, as I said before, my money is almost at an end. The wonder is that with

sixty pounds' worth of goods I have been able to journey so far; and I could not carry more, as that would have required more men: and trouble enough it has been to feed those I have got. These negroes of Sierra Leone do not understand sleeping with hunger, and want a breakfast as well as a dinner; though I assure them it is not the custom of the country.

I have nothing to complain of, having reached the goal which I set for myself; and yet I am not contented. I should like to go on—on—on. Bendugu perceives that such is my nature, and begins to be anxious. 'Well, now I have brought you to Bouré,' he says; 'you promised that you would turn back when we got to this place.' Yes, it must be done. . . . I have laid down my pen, and called Sam and his men, and told them our journey is ended.

All is over; I must turn my face westward; as an explorer, my career is at an end. How little I have done! how little indeed, in such a work as this, it is possible for one man to do. Laing goes to Falaba; I, walking in his footsteps, pass on to the Niger where I am now; and some future traveller, by means of my labours, will track the river to its source, and visit new countries beyond these gold mines of Bouré.

XLVI.

Freetown.

How is it with you, my dear friend? Is it not time that these letters were ended? As for me, when I arrived at Bouré, the *Finis* was reached, and I closed

Africa in my mind, like a book that I had read. On my return journey I studied at every available hour; Charles Richards used to carry a little leather bag of mine, and in this I placed my volume of poetical selections; and often sitting down by the wayside, I took it, and read a ballad of Schiller, or a song of Heine, or a scene from Faust. On the days that I did not travel I worked from morning to night in my hut, seated on the clay floor with my books and papers around me. My thoughts were always on the future, and occupied with literary schemes. When in the cool fresh hour of the dawn I walked ahead of my men, and gazed on the pale blue sky, and listened to the sweet singing of the birds, and saw the bright dewdrops spangling the trees, and parted the high grass from before me, and sometimes turned to look at the sun surrounded by golden and roseate clouds, I fabricated plots of romances, and made mental memoranda of books to read again.

I must relate to you, I suppose, the incidents of my homeward march, but shall do so as briefly as I can.

Bendugu had often alluded to a white man with long hair who was staying at a town called Dura, on the banks of the Niger. I had passed this town without stopping, so paid it a visit on my return. So far as I could make out, the white man was a Moor. I sent Charles Richards to him with some kola nuts, and asked him to give me a call; but here it is always the inferiors who visit, and 'the other white man' would not yield me the *pas*.

He thanked me for my generous present (this, I suppose, was irony), sent me a fine white fowl, and said that before I left the town he would give me a sheep. Not to be outdone in generosity I took my last piece of Indian blue baft, and paid him a visit. He kept me waiting ten minutes or so in his hut, and then came in. He was dressed in white with a turban, and had a *litham*, or white cloth bandage over his face, leaving

only the eyes and forehead uncovered. This *litham* is used by the Tuaricks of the Desert to protect their mouths and nostrils from the sand ; it is never removed in public, being merely lifted up to eat, so that these people, it is said, do not know one another when the cloth is removed. Such is the power of custom that

they think it improper to expose the mouth; and the *litham* is also, like the veil of the women, associated with their ideas of religion, and worn in various parts of the Soudan.

He had a long tress of straight shining black hair falling down nearly to his waist: it looked like woman's hair, and might have been false: that is a matter I cannot decide. The negroes in this country wear wigs and false curls: Bendugu, however, assured me that the hair was really his own.

He certainly belonged to the race of white men, but his forehead was of a pale brown, and so was his arm, which was partly exposed: and I saw a faint smudge of pigment on his elbow. My face and hands were as dark as his own; but I saw him look with a little disquietude at my wrists (for I was in my shirt-sleeves); and he made an apology for being so dark, saying that this country spoilt one's complexion. A young woman, who I suppose was his wife, came to the door and looked in: she was an African, and the most beautiful creature I have ever seen in this country. I longed to ask to what nation she belonged; but one must never even allude to the harem in talking with an Arab or Moor. When Charles produced the Indian baft I saw her biting her lips to repress a smile; and I have no doubt that she got it from him, before we were back at our house. Just before we started he sent me two sheep instead of one; so he got the best of our amicable combat.

At Babbila, one of my Sierra Leone men had an

attack of African fever, and I feared I should have to leave him behind. I called Bendugu and the landlord, and privately arranged that, if he was left, he should be boarded and lodged, and when he was well, sent down to Sierra Leone, where, on his arrival, a certain sum of money would be paid. I then made an experiment on Sam.

'You see,' said I, 'that we have very little money left, and when it is gone, you know what these people are; they will give us nothing to eat. They may feed *me*, but they certainly won't feed all of you. Now what are we to do? This poor fellow may keep us here for a month, and in that case I doubt whether we shall get home alive.'

Sam said he would consult with the others, and presently returned.

'Well, Sam?' I asked.

'Well, sir, we think that we will stay three days, and then if he no get well——'

Here Sam gave me a significant look, sighed, and rose to depart.

'Then *what*?' said I.

'Well, sir,' said Sam, 'then we must leave him to God.'

And again he stepped to the door.

'Wait a minute, Sam,' said I, 'don't be in a hurry. What do you mean by leaving him to God; I don't understand you?'

Sam had for once in his life to speak plainly, and

said they could not all die for the sake of one, and if he did not get well within a reasonable time he must be left to his fate. I consented to remain three days, and the man was able to walk at the end of that time.

My guide left his wife at Bendugu, and took a jack-ass instead; which, with two poor relations, would carry home the money I paid him at Sierra Leone. It is much to the credit of the negroes that I hired several men in the Sangara country to go with me to Bouré, and afterwards to Sierra Leone, and they were content with a written agreement for their wages. Had I been obliged to pay these men from the goods I carried with me, I could not possibly have paid my way to Bouré.

All through the Sangara country I was welcomed back with joy, for the Balla affair had been as usual improved into a story of my murder. Some people refused to believe that I had been to Bouré. 'But here,' said I, 'are three men from Bouré: look, here is some earth I gathered from the mines.' No, that did not convince them; they had declared that no white man would be allowed to go there; and they did not intend to change their opinion. I know one or two men of science in London who strangely resemble these sceptics of Sangara.

We arrived at Farabana, and crossed the Niger—they made us pay dear for our canoes—and with one last fond lingering look on its waters I passed into the Soolima country.

On arriving at Falaba, I went at once to the Palace

yard, and who should I see sitting by Sewa in the verandah, and sewing a shirt, but *Abdullai Guaranguey!*

I soon heard of his goings on. When I had started from Freetown, he went to some of the settlers and said that I had ordered him to hire five men, and overtake me with them on the road. These men he gave goods of his own to carry, and brought them up to Falaba, taking care not to catch me up. The men finding they were tricked, and that Abdullai did not mean to pay them a penny, went back; excepting one who had remained at Falaba; he placed himself under my protection, and made a formal complaint. The case was heard the next morning; I warned Abdullai that he had better not return to Sierra Leone, and reported the case to the police on my arrival.

I had left a bale of goods with Sewa, in case the Sangaras cleared me out; the king said that he had been hard up in my absence, but my goods were safe, and he handed them over to me. I wanted them badly, so could not give them back; however, Fila came with me again down here, and I have sent a nice little present to the king.

Sewa came to see me the last evening I spent in Falaba. The natives always burn a fire through the night.

'What,' said Sewa, 'all in the dark? Do you sleep like that?'

'Yes,' said I.

'Does Charles sleep in this house?' he asked.

'No; he sleeps in another house.'

'You sleep all by yourself, and in the dark? Are you not afraid?'

'What have I to be afraid of?' said I.

The king gave an exclamation of surprise. Poor Sewa! *He* never slept in the dark, or, two nights following, in the same house; and armed men always lay before the door.

I told Charles to light a wax candle, and we talked a little while together.

Presently Sewa put his hands to his face. 'Your eyes frighten me,' he said.

'Don't be afraid,' I replied; 'I shall not bewitch you.'

Sewa gave a cunning shake of the head. 'I believe you *are* a bit of a witch,' said he.

I laughed at this: but when the king had retired, Charles said, 'He really does think you are a witch.'

'Does he?' said I, remembering the scene with the sticks.

'Yes, sir, he does indeed, for he said to me this morning, he knew very well why you stayed only three days at Bouré. The spirits which guarded the gold, and you could not get on well together. I told him, "No; but because there was a famine." "Oh, nonsense!" said he, "Bouré is the country that all men wish to see, and no one would leave it in three days for such a reason as that."'

At Caballa I had a palaver with Bendugu; he demanded his money, and refused to go on. I said he

should be paid at Sierra Leone, according to agreement. He said that I had a beard and he had a beard, and he would stop me; he had some relations in the town.

I went to Bullatemba, and asked him who was the chief of Caballa. He replied that he was the man. I then stated the case, and Bendugu was ordered to make me a public apology. I said to him, 'O my brother, you have a beard, and I have a beard, but mine is stronger than yours.'

I travelled without trouble through the Limbas, except at Small Boumba. There I was stopped, and a charge made against me of having spoken ill against the town. This was the doing of Linseni, who bore me a grudge because I had given evidence against him. I said I would send for Sankelle. 'Well, send for Sankelle,' said they, 'a lot we care for him!' And presently I was told that my house was ready—this meant I was imprisoned. I coldly replied that I heard what they said, and would give them a reply. I talked the matter over with Charles, Fila, and Bullatemba's son, who was also of our party, and a little bird told us that if we paid three pieces of cloth, we could pass. 'The fine was immediately paid,' as the police reports say, and we went on to Medina.

Now all was clear; we entered the Timmanee country; the Sierra Leone men declared that they smelt rum in the air; and universal good-humour prevailed.

Unluckily the Governor is in England, but the acting Governor has followed my advice, and given presents to

the envoys of Bouré, and to the deputies of several towns of Sangara and Hamana, who accompanied me here; also to Fila and to the son of Bullatemba, and to the envoys of Big Boumba and Medina. I have now fairly opened up the road for the pedlars of Sierra Leone, and some are already preparing to carry goods to Falaba, and the countries of the Niger.

Cole and his Akoos did not have an agreeable journey to the Coast. The hungry time was not over in the lowlands, and they could not get food. One of them caught the small-pox, and as soon as the Limbas saw this, they drove the Akoos away from their towns. They left the man in the bush near Big Boumba, and there he perished miserably—an awful warning to Akoos who run away from their master.

XLVII.

Freetown.

I did not have any fever after leaving Port Loko, and enjoyed good health during the five months of my journey, although it was the rainy season, and I was wet through almost every day. When I say good health, I mean for Africa, that is, I was not laid up; but these ten months of bush life and vegetable diet have not done me any good, and when I first came back here a good plain English breakfast or dinner would give me pains in my stomach, and act as an emetic; but that is over now; and all things considered I have got off wonderfully well. I also feel very proud that I have not lost a single man; the one who died was a

deserter. At the same time of year and in the same kind of expedition Mungo Park lost nearly all his men before he reached the banks of the Niger. That expedition of his cost five thousand pounds, mine not more than two hundred, and yet I have travelled as a Government envoy, and made presents in the name of Sierra Leone to all the chiefs and towns upon the route.

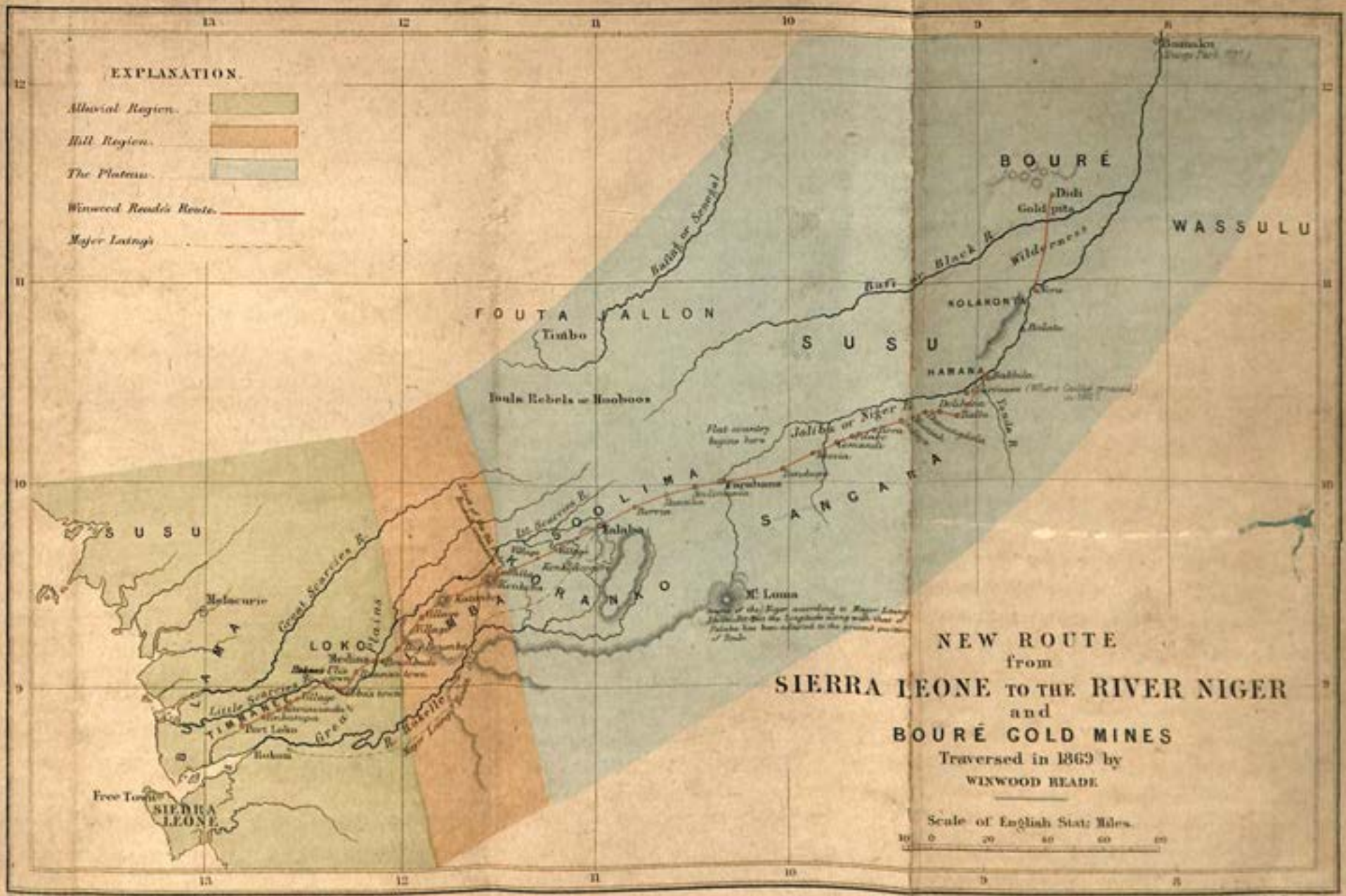
I am a local celebrity at all events, for I hear the people say to one another as I pass them in the streets, 'That is the Traveller;' and the landlords hold up their hands, and say, 'Heigh, Daddy, you go far! You sabby walk for true!' and various other complimentary expressions. Every day men come and ask me to engage them for my next journey to the bush.

I have established friendly and intimate relations between the Government of Sierra Leone and the native powers to a distance of four hundred and fifty miles from the coast. When I came here last winter the whole of that region was dark; but now it may be to all intents and purposes *annexed*, if my work is only followed up and payments made as I suggest; for Africa is to be conquered by money not by arms, and the stipend is mightier than the sword. I have been the means of making the land more peaceful and secure, of increasing commerce, and of *saving human lives.* Is not that something for me to think of with pleasure? Ah, my dear friend, I have not found a reputation: this journey of mine will be thought little of; yet I have not laboured, and starved, and suffered

in vain. My narrative may soon pass away into dusty shelves and be forgotten, but fifty years hence the Sangara minstrels will celebrate me in their ballads, and traders will bless the white man who first travelled through the Limbas to make the road good.

Now the taper is lighted and these weather-beaten papers must be sealed till I can place them myself in your hands. For many a long day you have been my companion, and in many a dark hour you have been my consolation. Often in wearinesss and sorrow I have taken up my pen, and as I wrote you came to my side, and your gentle tranquillising presence charmed all my troubles away. Dear Margaret, will not you give me your friendship as a keepsake, and promise never to take it away? With that I shall always be content; but sometimes I have thought that you do not care for me, even as a friend.

I shall stay out here a few months more to finish up my scientific work, but that will be merely an appendix. Here ends my life of romance and adventure; here dies my youth, and is buried in 'The White Man's Grave.' Farewell, wild and wandering days; farewell, Africa! You have served me harshly, and given me at present but little in return; and yet to me you are endeared by the hardships and sufferings that I have undergone. The birds are taught to sing in solitude and darkness; out of sorrow comes sweetness and strength; and if ever I learn to tune words into music, to utter thought-melodies, it will be because I was caged in that sad prison-hut at Falaba.


EXPLANATION.
Alluvial Region.
Hill Region.
The Plateau.
Winwood Reade's Route.
Major Laing's
NEW ROUTE
from
SIERRA LEONE TO THE RIVER NIGER
and
BOURÉ GOLD MINES
Traversed in 1869 by
WINWOOD READE
Scale of English Stat: Miles.
BOURÉ
WASSULU
FOUTA JALLON
SUSU
SANGARA
SOOLIMA
KORANKO
LOKO
TIMMANEE
SIERRA LEONE
Timbo
Foula Rebels or Hooboos
Bamako
Didi
Gold pits
Wilderness
KOLAKONTA
HAMANA
Jaliba or Niger R.
Farabana
Talaba
Mt. Loma
Melacurie
Great Scarcies R.
Little Scarcies R.
Great R. Rokelle
Port Loko
Rokon
Free Town
Ballaf or Senegal
Bafi or Black R.
Yanda R.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

MY EXPLORING JOURNEY

FIFTY years ago my journey to the Niger and Bouré would have made a sensation, but now it has not excited the slightest interest among English geographers. The basin of the Niger is deserted, and all minds are crowding to the basin of the Nile, which has been made the arena of so many gallant undertakings by Burton and Speke, Speke and Grant, Baker, and the great Livingstone.

But when African exploration is over, and its history is written, my journey will find its place there; and I can maintain that since the days of Mungo Park I have thrown more light on the uppermost course of the Niger than any other traveller.

Park fixed the source of the Niger at the place where I crossed it; Laing, who went to Falaba, obtained its correct position from the natives; but some years ago an American missionary, Mr. Hoffmann, travelled up the Cavalla, and heard of a river called the *Niga*, which rose in the mountains to the east; this river is supposed to be the Niger, and since then, in many maps, the sources of that river have been inserted in the backwoods of Cavalla. The Liberians think that the Niger flows at the back of their settlements; but why? because they have heard of a large water, which exists there. I have travelled in the Cavalla region as far as any white man, or Liberian either; and as far as I could make out, this great water was a lake. Certainly it cannot be the Niger, which is only a hundred yards wide at Farabana.

Mr. Benjamin Anderson went from Monrovia to Musardu, a distance of about two hundred miles, and there came among a people who were acquainted with the Niger, for they spoke to him of Jenné. If the Niger rose in Cavalla he must have crossed it, or

at least come near to the stream; but I talked to him on the matter, and he fully agreed with me that there was no foundation for the statement so frequently made by the Liberians that the sources of the Niger existed in their country.

Thus, had I only travelled in Liberia, I should have rejected Mr. Hoffmann's hypothesis; but the information I gathered on the banks of the Niger and at Falaba leaves no doubt in my mind that the source of the river is near Farabana. The place, I repeat, is perfectly well known. Ask any native traveller who comes down to Sierra Leone where is the head of the Joliba, and he will tell you at once, in Kissi or Koranko: it is a sacred and celebrated spot. The Portuguese Jesuit Payz, who discovered the sources of the Blue Nile, describes a sacrifice which is identical with that performed by the Korankoes at the source of the Niger, *i.e.*, a cow is killed, and its head being cut off, is thrown into the stream.

I met at Falaba a fetishman, a native of Koranko, whom Sewa employed to wash the soldiers with some magic preparation before they went to war against the Hooboos. This man gave me much information respecting the source and course of the Niger, and as those details, which I was afterwards able to test by my own experience, proved to be correct, it is worth while putting his statements upon record.

The town or village which is nearest to the source is *Dudukora*, and belongs to a people called the Koroma, who do never travel to Sierra Leone. But the source belongs to the Koranko town of Deldugu. The tree which stands on the mound from which issues the stream is of a kind which the Mandingoes call *Korowania*. The stream dives under ground for a few yards, passes through a small lake, and then flows on through the bush with the Kissi country on its right hand, and the Koranko country on its left, till it arrives at the Sangara frontier. In this part of its course it is called the Teembo or Toombeenko, is joined by the river Fallicoum, and passes two towns, Mafindi-Kamaya and Teero, which were broke in the Sangara War. It seems that the Sangaras have been lately at war with the Korankoes, and that fully explains why the elders at Farabana would not even let me leave their town in the direction of the source. The fetishman said that the distance from Port Loko to the source was the same as the distance from Port Loko to Caballa.

The Sangaras speak a dialect of Mandingo, and at Farabana

(the first Sangara town on its course) the Niger takes its Mandingo name of the Joliba or Great River.

Just after leaving Farabana (continued my informant) the Joliba is joined by the Bali from up, *i.e.*, from the east. It enters the province of Feria, and is joined successively by the Tomboli, the Sessi, the Koba, the Nyando ; these rivers are from down-side, or the west, and probably rise in the Timbo hills. On the east side it only receives one river, the Mafou (I crossed this river on my journey through Sangara). The Joliba having passed Feria enters the province of Ballia, and is there joined by the Tamba and the Kodosa from the west. It then enters Hamana and is joined by the Kalumba from the east, and at a town called Babbila it is joined from the east by the great river Yanda, which exactly equals it in size. (It was at Babbila I met the Niger again, and what the man said is quite true ; the Yanda there joins the Joliba, and is just the same size.) The sources of the Mafou and of the Yanda are said to be near those of the Joliba.

The Niger therefore rises in the same family of mountains as the Senegal and the Gambia, and in the early part of its course is fed by many tributary streams. At Babbila it has become the Great River, but is not much used for purposes of navigation because there are no great trees on its banks ; and canoes in Africa being only hollow trees they are not sufficiently large to convey the caravans or companies of travellers, who often number a hundred persons besides jackasses and horses. The land route is therefore preferred.

Nearly four years have passed since my journey was made, and I am informed that Falaba is becoming quite a market-town, and that the Akoo women of Freetown, who are enterprising traders, think nothing of going up there once a month or so. The Government sent Mr. Blyden up to Falaba ; he went by a new route (from Melacourie), but returned by the road which I had opened. He found much dissatisfaction prevailing at Big Boumba, because the stipend had not been paid as they expected. I fully explained to the Sierra Leone Government that if a few pounds only were paid every year to every town on the road which had the power to stop a caravan, the road would be made safe, and the trade of Sierra Leone thereby greatly increased. The scheme I proposed, was simple enough, being merely to extend the stipend system as at present existing among the Timmanees, to the Limbas,

to Falaba, and even to Sangara. The native traders think nothing of distance, and if the road between Bouré and Freetown were made safe and cheap, as it might be made with a little intelligence and care, traders would come down to the Coast from Segou, Jenné, and even from Timbuctoo.

I append the following Extract from the Minutes of the Legislative Council of the Settlement of Sierra Leone.

October 12, 1870.

'His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief laid before the Council a Report received from Mr. Winwood Reade, relative to his journey to Falaba, and asked the Colonial Secretary to read it.

'His Excellency wished to know the Council's opinion about sending up another expedition this year, as also to provide stipends to these distant chiefs.

'Hon. Charles Heddle remarked that he was glad His Excellency brought this matter forward, and suggested that it should be noted on the Minutes that the Council wished to express their thanks to Mr. Winwood Reade for the services he had rendered to the Colony, at great personal inconvenience and risk of his life, in visiting these distant countries and inducing the chiefs to open up the roads.

'Mr. Heddle added that the thanks of the Council were also due to His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief for the interest he took in this matter.

'His Excellency proposed that a sufficient sum be placed on the Estimates to provide suitable presents for the chiefs in the Sangara and Falaba countries, as also an amount of money to cover the expenses of the expedition.

'Mr. Heddle stated that he would gladly second His Excellency's proposal for a sum of money to be placed on the Estimates to defray the expenses of another expedition to Falaba, also to provide presents to native chiefs in the countries through which the expedition would pass.'

The expenses of my second journey were not repaid by the Sierra Leone Government; but I believe that Mr. Swanzy does not much regret that circumstance. The following letter was the last I received from him while I was on the Coast, and will, I think, give pleasure to the reader. I must explain that certain trading steamers go up the Niger once a-year; and after I had finished my exploring journey I remained on the Coast, with the special

view of studying the lower waters of that noble river and comparing them with the upper waters which I had discovered; but commercial jealousy prevented me from obtaining a passage, and my work was therefore left in some degree incomplete :—

122, Cannon Street, London, E.C.: June 12, 1870.

MY DEAR READE,—Having waited till now before replying to your letters of the 9th and 28th April, I fear you will have started for the Niger before this reaches you. If so, my object in writing will have been partly attained, that object being to dispel any doubts you may have as to my willingness to continue what you kindly call our partnership. I quite understand your desire to complete your investigations by visiting the Delta of the Niger: go by all means, if you feel you have health and strength for the journey; and pray do not spare any necessary outfit. Apply to Mr. Cleaver or his representative for funds, and start properly equipped. As to a passage up the river, I hardly know how to ask for one; the fact is, I received a letter from ——— on the subject of the Niger trade, and may possibly take part in a company for trading there, so I am averse from asking a passage for you from those now doing business in that river. If necessary, pay for a passage by a bill on me. Now, as to collecting, you ask me as to the past. Well, in truth the honey-flies came home in powder, or nearly so. The King of the Ants is a local representative of a genus of *Hemiptera*; the 'Reduorus' I think is the generic name, and it covers itself with dust in order to conceal its approach from its prey. I have not yet taken your Niger collection of beetles (some of which arrived perfect) to the British Museum. The fact is, I recognise most of them as species already in my collection, as you will see on your return here. As to the future, bear in mind I consider your geographical and ethnological researches as beyond all comparison with such pursuits as collecting insects; but there may be times, there must be opportunities, now and then, of popping a few insects into a small tin box, with a little sawdust or even chopped straw and a little camphor. All I ask is, when such an occasion arrives, avail yourself of it. Never mind what you send; and don't be disappointed (I shall not) if you never send a novelty.

The concluding paragraphs of your letter of the 9th have really affected me deeply. I quite believe you were wasting your time in comparative idleness; but an energetic nature such as yours could not long exist in such a state. You must have sooner or later burst the cocoon and taken your flight; but if I have helped to release you, I am amply repaid by your kind feelings towards me; nor do I doubt you will, if your life is spared through coming dangers, fail to attain that eminence to which you so nobly aspire. Go on, then, in the course you have marked

out for yourself; complete the task you have undertaken as quickly as you can, and do not think I shall grudge the necessary funds; indeed, you will be glad to hear the result of last year's trading has proved much more satisfactory than I imagined; so I am the more inclined to carry out our project.

At times I dream of a visit to Dahomey, of effecting reforms there by a personal interview with the king, and by persuading him to adopt a better, a fairer, and a more beneficial system of trading and even of governing his people. I sometimes think I could gain sufficient influence over him to induce him to change his policy, for I feel sure now is the time for such an effort, the stoppage of the slave-trade and the decadence of his kingdom being in themselves the best aids such a missionary enterprise could have. I call it by the above name, because one motive for such an effort would be to humanise a tribe long trodden down by a cruel system which, I believe, is secretly detested by all, perhaps even by the king himself. I fear this is but a day-dream. I should consider it a kind of pilgrimage more truly Christian in its purpose than a visit to the holiest of shrines. If a man of judgment could be found willing to risk his life by a lengthened residence at Dahomey, I believe the influence of such a man would be unspeakably beneficial. I assure you I often wish I were that man. I know I never shall be.

And now adieu. I am writing this letter at Sevenoaks, with everything around me that ought to make a man happy; and yet I envy you, for I am not a man who can pursue the common track. I like striking out a course for myself; and if you ask for a proof, I have none, except, perhaps, the deep interest I take in you. I shall never pretend to any part of your merit; all I claim is the merit of starting you in your course. May that course lead you to a high place in the list of England's worthies.

Ever yours sincerely,

A. SWANZY.

APPENDIX II

THE HISTORY OF AFRICA

AT one time I intended to write a History of Africa, and amassed an immense amount of material from books and from Africa itself; but I have come to the conclusion that, so far at least as Negro-land is concerned, such an undertaking would be premature. It is too early to write the History of Exploration, and time has not yet shown what the destiny of the negroes in the New World is to be. They are now free and enfranchised; they are placed under the same conditions of life as those to which the white race is subjected. When population has increased and land is filled up they will be forced to work for a living; and if they are to rise in the world, or even maintain their existence, must fairly equal Europeans in skill and industry. If the two races intermarry, the mulatto generations that follow will no doubt be extinguished; for though the half-castes of Spaniards or Portuguese and Africans appear to be vigorous and healthy—as may be observed in the Cape de Verde Islands—I think it can scarcely be doubted that the Anglo-Saxon and negro produce a feeble progeny. A cross improves the races of mankind, but not when the races that couple are placed so far apart as a sub-species or variety with flaxen hair and blue eyes, and a variety with black skin and fleecy locks. Be that as it may, I do not suppose that miscegenation will ever become a practice in the States; it is probable that the negroes will remain separate like the Jews, marrying only among themselves, but in all other respects resembling their fellow-countrymen; that is to say, as the German Jews and French Jews are partisans of the countries they inhabit, and readily fight against one another on the battle-field, so it will be with the negroes of the States. But will they exhibit the vitality of the Jews? Will they multiply and prosper, as in the old slave state when they were carefully fed and bred by their masters like cattle; or will they perish in the battle of life? In a century, perhaps, some light may be cast upon this problem; meanwhile, he who writes the history of the world must not neglect to observe and to describe this black stream of humanity which has poured into America from the Soudan. It has fertilised half a continent with

its labours, and set a world on fire with its wrongs; it has influenced the progress of commerce, culture, and morality in Europe, and transformed a Federation into a Nationality.

Regarding Africa itself I shall offer a few desultory observations. The continent may be divided into three historical areas. 1. Egypt and Ethiopia, its colony. 2. Barbary. 3. Negroland. In the first place let us enquire who were the Egyptians. It is the most probable conjecture that they were a people of Shemitic origin, probably from Chaldæa; that they brought into Egypt their language, and religion tolerably perfect, with, perhaps, the art of hieroglyphic writing, and some other arts in a rudimentary condition, and that as they gradually became a polished and powerful nation those arts acquired a distinctive, an Egyptian character. Egypt is a valley surrounded by sand and sea; we may therefore presume that these Chaldæans were driven across the deserts by war.

But it is not impossible that the arts in Egypt were not only developed, but actually originated in the valley; that the Egyptians were wandering Berber tribes, who abandoned the desert-life and settled in the valley. The points of resemblance between Babylonia and Egypt might be accounted for by the similar conditions of the two river valleys, for man is to some extent the expression of the soil which he inhabits.

Whoever these colonists of Egyptians may have been, certain it is that they were white men, and the Egyptian as represented on the walls of the temples and the tombs is always of a pure Asiatic type; but the portraits tell a different tale, and so do the skulls of the mummies. These, in nearly all cases, display a mixture with some darker race. Now, whence did those dark people come? The Egyptians had negro slaves in abundance, and the girls of Abyssinia and the Soudan have always been in request with the voluptuaries of the East; the dash of the tar-brush may therefore have proceeded from the harem. But I think it more probable that the Valley of the Nile was originally inhabited by a dark-skinned people, who fished in papyrus canoes, lived on the lotus, perhaps grew some doura corn, were divided into petty tribes, each of which had its tutelary animal, as in Guinea the alligator is sacred at Dixcove, the hyæna at Accra, the iguana at Bonny, the leopard at Dahomey, the snake at Whydah. These people being conquered by the Egyptians would naturally fall into subservient castes; but a partial amalgamation would take place, both in race and religion, and

when the nation was formed Egyptian religion would have its fetish or animal element, and the blood of the rulers would be darkened. It is quite certain that the Egyptian people in the mass had a negro or mulatto appearance from a passage of Herodotus, who describes them as being dark and curly-haired, and in another passage alludes to the surprising thickness of their skulls, which he ascribes to their habit (a negro habit) of going with bare heads in the sun.

Supposing that such a dark race did exist in the valley of the Niger, were they a people of the African or Indian type? Herodotus describes two kinds of Ethiopians—each of whom served in the armies of the Persians; first, the dark men with straight hair from India; secondly, the dark men with woolly hair from Africa. The former still exist in the hills of the Deccan, and are classified with the Australians. There are also many passages in the ancient writers which seem to show that a dark race existed in historic times on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and in the forests of Yemen. If these were the Indian type, as is probable enough, the negroes of Africa and India were at one time neighbours to each other, and Egypt was the border land. Now Mr. Huxley has been led to believe from an examination of Egyptian skulls, that they (the Egyptians) belonged to the Indian or Australian race. But the above-mentioned passage of Herodotus, who speaks of curly hair, makes me sceptical upon that theory. However, there is no evidence like the evidence of skulls with the hair upon them; only a large number must be observed.

In the mountains of the Atlas, and the oases of the Sahara also existed a black people whom the Garamantes or Berbers hunted in scythed chariots (Herodotus), and perhaps a vestige of this race is to be found in the Tibboos, who seem to be a mixed people, like the Egyptians. These black men of North Africa no doubt belonged to the same race as the black men of Egypt; but the question still remains to be decided whether they were of the African or Indian type.

Some ethnologists may affirm that if the negro is a product of the Soudan, those black men of the North could not have been negroes. But that argument will not hold; the natives of Soudan might have been driven by war from their own country to the North; for in Negroland there is no repose, the tribes roll one upon another like the waves of the sea, and these human currents

set towards the Salt, which is health, wealth, and happiness to its possessors. There are, therefore, two migratory movements in Soudan—one to the Sahara, the other to the sea.

Next I shall discuss, What did the ancients know of Inner Africa, and what relations had they with that country? Negroland, or the Soudan, is cut off from Barbary and Egypt by a dry sea of sand; but this sea has always been navigated within historic time by roving Berber or Arab tribes; and Abyssinia is a sort of neutral ground, half Berber, and half negro.

The Egyptians crossed the Nubian desert, colonised the lowlands of Ethiopia, and built a fine city at Meroe. They subdued the neighbouring negro chiefs, and received tribute from them in gold-dust, gum, ebony, and slaves; and also traded with them, selling beads (probably the aggry-beads), linen cloth, &c. But there is no reason to suppose that the armies of the Pharaohs penetrated far into the country. When Herodotus inquired for the Sources of the Nile the priests told him a ridiculous story about its rising from four fountains between Syene and Meroe; that is, between Egypt and Abyssinia. This might have been told him in jest; but Diodorus Siculus, at a much later date, did not get much better information from the philosophers of Memphis. The Upper Nile, they said, flowed through a land of fire, which boiled its waters, and that was the reason they were sweet. The fact is, that the Egyptians were true orientals, and did not enquire into matters of pure speculative science. It was only when the Greeks had entered the country and the Phil-Hellenes (who resembled the present Khedive) were seated on the throne, that we find a Pharaoh sending out an exploring expedition to sail round Africa. There is no good reason for denying that this voyage was achieved; the Phœnicians were probably as expert in coast navigation as the seamen of the present day; and such an expedition would not in any case be followed up, for the simple reason that it would not pay.

The Persians knew nothing of Inner Africa. Cambyses failed to conquer Ethiopia; and a nobleman who was condemned for some offence to sail round Africa soon returned, preferring to die like a gentleman, rather than find a grave in the bed of the ocean or the belly of some howling savage. (According to Xenophon the executioners always prostrated themselves at the feet of a nobleman before they put him to death.)

When Alexandria was founded and the Greeks reigned in Egypt, then for the first time something like African exploration came into vogue. One expedition was sent into Abyssinia, to solve the problem of the rising of the Nile, and did ascertain its true cause —namely, the rains on the mountains, and the consequent swelling of the Blue Nile and Atbara. The Alexandrian Greeks seem to have explored Abyssinia, and under the Roman dominion traded along the East Coast ; but there is no reason to suppose that they were acquainted with the waters of the Upper Nile. Ptolemy, at a much later date, heard of the great lakes ; his information was probably derived from slaves. The difficulties of travel in Central Africa must have been greater in the ancient days than at the present time, for in those days no Arab traders had opened up the roads ; slave-hunting wars, the chief obstacles to exploration, were everywhere waged. So, even supposing that there were Greeks at Alexandria who possessed the spirit of Livingstone and Baker (which I venture to doubt), they could not possibly have reached the great lakes.

Let us pass from Egypt to Carthage. What did the Phœnician settlers know of the Soudan? They were well acquainted with its products, no doubt ; with its gold-dust, ivory, and negroes. The Berbers who roamed in the Desert acted as middle-men between Carthage and the Niger; and perhaps now and then some enterprising trader may have crossed the Desert on a bullock or a horse —the camel had not then been introduced—but we may safely assume that the Phœnicians never founded settlements in Soudan. The voyage of Hanno was a true exploring expedition, but that was due to his own enterprise and courage; he was sent, not to explore the Guinea Coast, but to plant settlements on the fertile shores of Morocco. The Phœnicians were the Dutch of ancient times ; they did much in the way of exploration and discovery, but only with a view to commercial results. They were, like the Egyptians, indifferent to natural science, unless it could be utilised at once.

Lastly, we come to the Romans, who were partly imbued with the spirit of the Greeks. Nero sent an exploring expedition up the Nile, which seems to have reached the marshy country near Khartoum. But the Romans did not occupy Abyssinia ; following the advice of Augustus, they made the Desert their southern frontier. In Morocco they were settled only on the coast ; in Algeria they almost covered the ground now held by the French ; but they did

not explore except with the sword, and it is not probable that any Roman saw the waters of the Niger. The French have more taste for exploration than the Romans, but no Frenchman has yet crossed the Desert from the north.

I therefore infer that the ancients knew little of Inner Africa—the land beyond the Dry Ocean. The information collected by Ptolemy and Pliny is merely such as might be picked up nowadays from slaves in Cairo and Tripoli. The Nile proceeds from great lakes; and across the Sahara is another great river, which flows towards the east, and in which are hippopotami and crocodiles.

It has been made a reproach against the negroes that they did not profit by the culture of Egypt and Carthage, the Greeks and the Romans; but they were not acquainted with those people. The chiefs who dwelt on the Nile near Khartoum were pillaged now and then by Egyptian slave-hunters; but as for the people of the Niger, they saw the famous purple cloth, the blue bugles, and the speckled beads of the Tyrian colonists at Carthage, but these were brought to them by the wandering Tuaricks, and sold for gold-dust and slaves; the Tyrians themselves they never saw. It was when these Berbers or Tuaricks were converted to Islam, when camel fleets navigated the Sahara, when Arab merchants settled on the banks of the Niger, and roamed from kingdom to kingdom, that for the first time the negroes were brought into contact with a civilised race, and how they have profited by that contact, their walled towns, and mosques, and schools, and altered habits of life sufficiently show. This subject I have fully treated in my work, and have only to repeat that a vast region of Soudan is no longer African but Asiatic, and has been correctly termed by Barth a second-hand East.

I shall now make a few remarks on the

RACES OF AFRICA

1. *The Bushmen* form the lowest and oldest stratum of humanity upon the continent. They are pigmies in stature; eyes oblique; cheek-bones very prominent; hair does not cover the whole surface of the scalp, but grows in small separate woolly tufts; certain individuals are subject to steatopyga, like Cape sheep, but this is not more frequent than corpulence with Europeans. It is associated in females with another kind of deformity which has been fully described by Cuvier and others.

Dr. Livingstone observes that Dutchmen at the Cape are inclined to steatopyga. Prichard very justly remarks that this character is not confined to Hottentots and Bushmen, but also occurs in the negro race. He mentions the Makuani of the Mozambique[1]; but in no negro tribe is this character so fully developed as among the Hottentots and Bushmen.

The Bushmen are in the hunting state; they kill game with poisoned arrows, are swift of foot, and when large animals are scarce, live on ants, lizards, snakes, locusts, and grasshoppers. In spite of their low condition they, like some tribes of the stone period, possess no slight artistic skill, and adorn the walls of caves with drawings of animals. In such caves they reside, or sometimes in holes; or in trees.

The Bushmen have been apparently driven into the southern corner of the continent by the negroes; but a few tribes are still found in other parts of Africa. When I was in the Gaboon, my interpreter Oshupu informed me that some time ago a people lived on the Coast near Cape Lopez, very short in stature, and just like the chimpanzee in face (here he shaped his features so that he looked like a chimpanzee), but that they had been killed by the Camma tribes. These no doubt were the Bushmen. In the Fernand Vaz I heard of dwarfs with hoofed feet in the interior, and these were the people whom Du Chaillu afterwards met with, and whom Battel (in Pinkerton) described long ago. Nilsson (translated by Sir J. Lubbock) in the same manner identifies the dwarfish Laplanders with the pigmies of the Sagas.[2]

The Hottentots.—Professor Huxley asserts that the Hottentots in their physical characters are precisely halfway between the Bushmen and the Caffres, and hence infers that they result from conquest and intermarriage. If this be the case, then it was not the Caffres who conquered the Bushmen, but Bushmen who conquered the Caffres, for the Hottentots are purely pastoral in their habits, and speak the same language as the Bushmen. Had the Caffres been the conquerors they would have retained their language, and also their custom of tilling the ground. Although as a rule the Caffres are the victorious people, it is not improbable that in certain regions of the country, the Bushmen

[1] See also Barth, i. 298 and 528. 'Denham and Clapperton,' i. 337.

[2] The Bushmen appear, according to Rochon, to have also existed in Madagascar. See upon this subject an admirable paper in that admirable publication, Petermann's 'Mitthielungen.'

might have conquered the invaders, and taken their women and cattle. For instance, the Tuaricks as a rule are conquerors in the Soudan; but in some parts they are tributary to the negroes, or have been conquered and absorbed. Again, the Tibboos are a people low in the scale, yet they have managed somehow or another to get camels into their possession, although those animals have only been introduced into the Sahara in comparatively recent times.

The Hottentot language is peculiar, and has a much-famed click. Moffat says that Bushmen have not only that click, but also a peculiar croaking in the throat. The old supposition that the Bushmen are pauperised Hottentots is exploded. Rivers do not flow back to their source.

The Caffres.—When the Portuguese first discovered the shores of Africa, they applied the Arab word Caffre or Kafir (infidel) to all the negro races. The term as applying to the negroes of Guinea occurs in the 'Voyages of Vasco de Gama' (Hakluyt Society), but by some accident has been only retained for the negroes of Southern Africa; to this accident it is owing that the Zulu, Bechuana, and other tribes have been by most ethnologists separated from the negroes. It is a mistake to suppose that the natives of Guinea are flat-nosed, prognathous, thin calved, as a rule. The one constant character of these people is their woolly hair; the Caffres are woolly-haired, and therefore the Caffres are negroes. I doubt whether they approach the European type more nearly than the natives of the Gold Coast

It is useless to catalogue the hundreds of tribes which are met with between the Sahara and the sea. All of them are negroes, and if they differ from one another in physique it is owing to the conditions of life by which they are environed. Some dwell in forest valleys; others on dry plateaux. But this must be observed, that since time immemorial the borders of Soudan have been inhabited by Berber tribes, to say nothing of the Arabs in more recent days, and these Asiatic people, either from ambition or necessity, have continually streamed into Soudan, and mingled with the native population. I believe that the Mandingoes are a negro people who have absorbed much Berber blood; while the Foulas, on the other hand, though also a mixed people, have retained their Berber traditions, and, however black they may be, always call themselves white men.

The Abyssinians, Nubians, Gallas, and Somaulis claim Arab

descent, and are certainly either of Berber or Arab origin, mixed, like the Foulas, with the females of the land.

The Tuaricks are Berbers, sometimes blackened by marriage with their slaves. They are the same people as the Kabyles.

The Arabs in Africa lead for the most part a wandering life on the borders of Soudan, in Morocco, Algeria, &c. In Egypt they form the bulk of the population; the rulers being Turks, who hold the same position as the English in Hindostan. The Copts are a remnant of the ancient Egyptians, preserved from absorption by the faith which they profess, and with which the Moslems have never interfered. Jews abound in Morocco, but have never yet crossed the Sahara to Soudan. The existence of Christian Berber tribes in the Sahara has never yet been proved, and as Gibbon remarks with his usual acuteness, Leo Africanus, a protegé of the pope, would not have neglected to mention them had he heard of such tribes. The term Nazari is applied by the Arabs to pagans as well as to Christians, and this probably is the foundation of the legend.

APPENDIX III

THE NEGRO

THE negro is not a correct term as applied to the Africans, for the black skin is an exception, the prevailing hue being that of a cigar. In most tribes, however, men are found of a bottle-like blackness; and some tribes, as the Jollof on the Senegal, are black almost to a man. Many Africans are copper-coloured. For instance, on the Gold Coast I pointed out a woman to Palmer, and said: 'Is not she a mulatto?' 'Oh no!' said he, laughing. 'But she is so light,' I said. 'Ah, you can't go by that,' he replied; 'many pure Africans are lighter than mulattoes.'

Noses are often finely shaped among the Africans, but the nostrils are always wide; that is a constant character.

Blubber lips are an exception, but the lips are generally thick, and look as if the person was pouting, which often causes a sullen expression when the face is in repose. Some, however, have quite thin lips and sharp noses; that is considered ugly. I noticed such a people at Botanga near Gaboon, and they did not look well.

The feet and palms are always yellow, owing to the pigment being rubbed off, and I think that the blacker the skin, the deeper and richer the tint.

The forehead is always rounded. Mr. Huxley told me before I went to Africa a second time that this was a constant character; and I looked at some hundreds of negroes without finding an exception.

The hair is always woolly, and I think shorter in black Africans than in the copper-coloured ones; it is more abundant for instance with the light-coloured Fans of the Sierra del Crystal than with the darker Mpongwe of the Coast. With all Africans the arms, legs, and breast are covered with little curly hairs, or fine down. The beard and whiskers are scanty or absent.

I have carefully examined new-born children; they are of a light copper colour with reddish cheeks; the inside of the feet and hands pink; nipples black. The forehead and ears darken first, and in about five months they are dark all over.

The blackest skins are certainly the most beautiful, as lighter skins are apt to be mottled, and are not so uniform in colour. 'I mean to marry that girl when she grows up,' said a young mulatto to me at Accra; 'she is fine and *black*.'

On the other hand, I once offered my canoemen in the Gaboon some silhouettes; they looked very angry, and refused them. Mongilomba said, 'Oh, sir! we are not so black as that.' It appears from Livingstone[1] that in some tribes the light colour is preferred. On the whole, I am inclined to believe that the negroes have much the same idea of beauty as ourselves. They do not like the white skin, it is true; they shuddered at the sight of Mungo Park; they called Browne (in Darfur) the Frank with green eyes and a red skin; but I do not think that the white skin is much to be admired in Africa; all travellers in the interior soon assume a cadaverous appearance, and I have also noticed in persons bathing that the white skin beneath the African sun has a ghastly plaster-of-paris appearance, while the brown skin has a beautiful glow in the same fierce light, and seems to harmonise with nature. I have met two residents in West Africa who declared that the African women were more beautiful than sickly-looking white-faced Europeans, and one of these was a man of intellect and education.

If, as some ethnologists maintain, the standard of beauty is always local and artificial, how is it that the Africans admire the long, straight hair of European women? If the above theory be true, they ought to admire only short and woolly hair. I have heard it said on the Gold Coast, 'The white women would not be bad-looking if they had better teeth; but their hair is very fine indeed.' I cannot cite a better proof that their ideas of beauty and ours are essentially the same than the observation which so many travellers have made, that the African chiefs always pick up the prettiest wives. This shows that the girl whom an English traveller thinks pretty an African chief also thinks pretty. I therefore assume that the races of mankind have inherited from the primeval men certain fundamental ideas relative to beauty; but it cannot be denied that there are many secondary standards of beauty which differ in different parts of the world. The Persians admire slim women; the Turks fatten girls for the harem, a custom which also prevails in the Bight of Benin and in certain parts of East Africa; the Tartars admire small, oblique eyes (Vambéry);

[1] 'Miss. Travels,' p. 186.

the Tawny Moors, according to Caillié, prefer women whose front teeth project; and it would take pages to enumerate the fashionable disfigurements which prevail in various parts of the world—the teeth made black or blue, the body painted or carved, the lips, noses, and ears weighted with ornaments, the feet crippled, and the skull compressed.

It cannot be doubted that Sexual Selection has been an agent in producing the physical differences which exist between the sexes, and also between the races of mankind. As Mr. Darwin has shown, the women in savage tribes exercise a greater power of choice than is commonly supposed; but even if they exercised none, it would not affect his argument, for the strongest, bravest, and most intelligent (or wealthiest) men obtain most wives and raise most children, and these men undoubtedly select. But I do not think that sexual selection (as Mr. Darwin believes) has caused the jet-blackness of the negro, which I would rather attribute to conditions of climate acting *indirectly* on the skin. Comeliness of feature proceeds, no doubt, from sexual selection, and in all African tribes we find the patricians more handsome than the slaves and lower classes. If blackness proceeded from sexual selection we should find the nobles darker than the people; but that is not the case.

Mr. Darwin's first supposition was this, that 'negroes and other dark races might have acquired their dark tints by the darker individuals escaping, during a long series of generations, from the deadly influence of the miasmas of their native countries,' and he afterwards found out the same idea had long ago occurred to Dr. Wells (a paper read before the Royal Society in 1813). Mr. Darwin abandoned this hypothesis, because the evidence that he collected forced him to suppose that light-coloured Europeans do not escape from fever better than the dark ones. But Mr. Heddle, of Sierra Leone, who has spent his life on the Coast, and has had more clerks killed under him than any other man, holds the opposite view; and Captain Burton, to whom I spoke on the matter, said it was always a matter of surprise in India when a light-haired man took his pension. The fact is, that sufficient evidence cannot at present be obtained to settle the question one way or the other; and in the meantime I think that the hypothesis of Dr. Wells is the best that has been offered.

In Africa some tribes are black, and some are much lighter-coloured. My experience accords with that of Dr. Livingstone,

who says, 'Heat alone does not produce blackness of the skin, but heat with moisture seems to insure the deepest hue.'

The Jollof are sooty black, and they reside on the banks of the Senegal, on the borders of the Desert. It is one of the hottest countries in the world, but at the same time, the country is flooded by an overflowing river; heavy rains also fall, and thus miasma is produced. In this country we have the greatest possible amount of heat allied with conditions of moisture and miasma. I have also seen sooty-black people from the interior of Soudan. These in a similar manner dwelt on the banks of the Niger, in a part of its course where it skirts the Sahara.

The coast people of Gaboon are not so black as the Jollof; and the Gaboon, though on the Equator, is not so hot as the border of the Desert. But the Mpongwe are much darker than the Fans of the mountains where the atmosphere is cooler still.

It would be incorrect to say that heat and moisture *produce* the blackness of skin; but I think it may be said that blackness of skin is produced by some causes unknown in countries where heat and moisture are allied.

It must always be borne in mind that the African tribes are ever migrating and supplanting one another, and long periods of time are doubtless requisite to affect a change of type. For instance, the Fans are pressing down to the coast, and in fifty years' time a light-coloured people may be found in a region where moisture and heat are combined. But this, at least, may be affirmed, that when the natives of the highlands settle on the coast, they suffer much from the fever, and probably it is owing to miasma that the dark colour is produced. The mortality of inland natives trading on the seaboard is mentioned by Magyar (p. 128), and was recently observed in the case of Ashanti soldiers stationed at Elmina. Even cattle and horses are apt to sicken and die when they are brought down from the interior to the coast.

Finally, I must observe that most ethnologists discuss this question as if the original colour of man was white; but the naked primeval men were probably dark, for white is a colour injurious to wild animals, and seldom if ever found in the fauna of the forest.

[1] 'Miss. Travels,' p. 78.

APPENDIX IV

AFRICAN LITERATURE

HERE is something new—a literary map. The student at a glance can ascertain the authorities upon a region, and in such maps (if published separately) the titles in full might be printed on the back. I shall here give a catalogue raisonné without going much into detail.

EGYPT.

On ancient Egypt the best authority is Wilkinson, and the student should read both editions of his works, the one in five volumes, and the one in two. He can then proceed to the works of other Egyptologists, Young, Champollian, Rosellini, Mariette, Bunsen, Birch, Brugsch, and above all Lepsius; Heeren (African nations), Kenrick; Sharpe may also be read; and the works of modern travellers, Norden, Pococke, Savary, Volney, St. John, Lord Lindsay, Eothen, and Warburton: Lane's 'Modern Egyptians' should also be studied in connection with Wilkinson, and Mrs. Poole's 'Englishwoman in Egypt' is a good supplement to Lane, containing descriptions of harem-life.

The original authorities are first, Herodotus. Professor Rawlinson's 'Herodotus' is a true boon to the student. The Egyptian chapters of the great traveller annotated by Wilkinson; the Babylon and Persian chapters annotated by Sir Henry Rawlinson; what more could be desired?

Diodorus Siculus (translated by Booth) and Strabo (Bohn's series) are also valuable. Pliny and Plutarch have a good deal about Egypt in their writings.

The Ptolemy period is treated by Niebuhr in his 'Lectures;' the best work on the subject is by Matter, 'Histoire de l'Ecole d'Alexandria,' which contains much historical detail. On the Arab period the chief authorities are Makrizi (Quartremère), and Abd-Allatif (Silvestre de Sacy).

ETHIOPIA, OR ABYSSINIA.

The above authors should also be read with respect to Ethiopia, which was a colony and province of the Pharaohs, and subsequently connected with that country by religion, the Patriarch of Alexandria (or afterwards of Cairo) being the Abyssinian Pope. In addition, the student should not neglect a valuable fragment of Agatharcides, largely quoted by Heeren. On Nubia, Burckhardt is the best. The authorities on Abyssinia are exceedingly numerous. Bruce is the chief of the last generation, and Mansfield Parkyns of the present. Lepsius is the principal authority upon the Egyptian antiquities of that country; Baker on the Nile Tributaries and the sword-hunters; and it is very interesting to compare his travels with the works of Diodorus, Strabo, and Agatharcides. The writers who preceded Bruce are Alvarez, Almeida, Santos, and Ludolphus.

Pallmé is the writer on Kordofon; Werne, Brun-Rollet, and Petherick on the Upper Nile. The region below Gondokoro belongs to Baker; there is also an important work by Schweinfurth in the press. The letters and memoirs of Von Heuglin, Piazzia, Miami, and the brothers Poncet will be found in Petermann.

THE EAST COAST.

Vincent's 'History of the Commerce and Navigation of the Ancients in the Indian Ocean' is an admirable work. The Portuguese period is illustrated by Barros, Faria y Souza, and other historians of Portuguese Asia. There are also, in the Hakluyt Society's publications, three interesting works which bear on this subject—'The East Coast of Africa and Malabar,' 'Vasco de Gama's Travels,' and Badger's 'Imaums of Oman.'

Two works recently published, Sulivan's 'Dhow-chasing,' and Colomb's 'Slave-catching,' give details respecting the slave-trade. Burton's 'First Footsteps in East Africa' is the best book on the Somaulis. His work on Zanzibar is not so valuable. Madagascar is scarcely an African subject—Ellis is *facile princeps.*

The works on the interior of Eastern Africa are all of the highest importance. The first place must be given to Burton's 'Lake Regions;' Speke's work does not contain so much information as might be expected; Grant's 'Walk across Africa' is a valuable and very unpretentious work; the recent narrative of Stanley is a good companion to Burton. Von der Decken's work

(not translated) contains much information. Krapf precedes him in the Mombas region. For those who can read Portuguese, 'Gamitto, O Muata Cazembe,' is a book full of facts, and the narrative of a most remarkable journey. Mr. Rowley's book is well worth reading. Graça, Lacerde, and Os Pombeiros (the native traders) made great journeys, and are therefore entitled to a place in the map; but there have been no literary results. The journals of the latter have been translated by Burton for the publications of the Geographical Society.

NORTH AFRICA.

Returning to the North: the authorities on *Cyrene* are Beechey and Rohlfs (who has published some magnificent drawings of the ruins). The history of this little Greek kingdom is given more fully by Grote than any other writer.

Barth's 'Wanderungen' (not translated) may be read in connection with *Carthage*, where excavations have not yet been attended with success. The 'Salambô' of Gustave Flaubert is a romance, but nevertheless should be read by the student. The history of Carthage has been admirably written by Mommsen, who in this respect has surpassed Niebuhr; Heeren, in his 'African Nations,' has some excellent chapters on Carthage; of original authorities the best is Polybius.

Algeria.—The 'Exploration Scientifique d'Algerie' of the Second Empire is not quite equal to the '*Egypt*' of the First Empire, which, as Bunsen remarked, was a sin-offering for Buonaparte's expedition. It is, however, an important work. Many interesting articles are to be found in the 'Revue Africaine.' All the books of the General Daumas are good; and with these should be read Wingrove Cooke's 'Conquest and Colonisation,' and Ormsby's 'Autumn Rambles.'

On *Morocco* authorities abound. Drummond Hay's 'Western Barbary' is the best-written work on that country; and it is to be hoped that this distinguished man will give us the result of his life-long experience in Morocco. 'Ibu Khaldoum' should be read for the history. There are some very interesting passages in Gayango's 'Mahommedan Dynasties of Spain.' There is not much to be said about any other writers, except Gerhard Rohlfs, who has really explored the land beyond the Atlas. A translation of his work will be soon given to the public.

THE SAHARA.

Hornemann and Lyon are classical authorities, and serve to illustrate Herodotus. Richardson's 'Travels in the Great Desert' should also be read, together with the books of explorers who passed the Desert to Soudan, namely, Denham, Barth, and Rohlfs. But the work of Duveyrier contains the best account of the Tuaricks. On the western side near the ocean the books of Brisson, Saugnier, and Riley (shipwrecked captives) contain descriptions of the savage Tawny Moors, and there is also much information in Caillié.

WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

For *Senegambia* read Cadamosts (in Ramusio or Astley); Adanson (the famous botanist); and Mungo Park.

On the region of *Timbo*, Hecquard.

On *Sierra Leone*.—The 'Letters of a Lady' (edited by the Hon. Mrs. Norton) is an admirable work, and I have freely used it in the composition of my tales.

There is no good book on *Liberia*, but Anderson's 'Musardu,' though a mere pamphlet, is an important work. Mr. Benjamin Anderson, a Liberian negro, made a journey from Monrovia to Musardu, crossing the so-called Kong Mountains, which are merely the Ghauts of Western Africa.

Gold Coast.—I have put Bowdich in large type on account of the literary value of his work; Dupuis is much inferior. Cruikshank's work is well worth reading; also the work of Römer (in German).

Dahomey.—Forbes and Burton should both be read; Duncan was an uneducated man, but he alone has been able to give an account of the country behind Abomey.

The Niger.—For the Delta read Clapperton's second journey (written by Lander), and Lander's journey, and Baikie (chiefly for the Binué). Following up the Niger we have the works of Rohlfs, Barth, Denham, Clapperton, and Caillié; and on reaching Segou, Mungo Park and Lieutenant Mage. Leo Africanus and Ibn Batuta should also be read, together with Edrisi, and an interesting paper, apparently by a Spanish Moor in 'Notices et Extraits de la Bibliothèque du Roi,' tom. xii.

Waday, where Vogel perished, has never been described by a European pen; but there is edited in French an excellent work by Mohammed el Tounsy, a learned Arab who spent some years in that country. He has also written a work on Darfur, which country has been only described by one European,—Mr. Browne.

The *Camaroons* mountain was ascended and described by Captain Burton. Between Camaroons and Gaboon is a tract of coast entirely unwritten.

Equatorial Africa.—There is a description of the Gaboon and the gorilla in Bowdich's 'Ashanti.' The first work on this region was by an American missionary, the Rev. Leighton Wilson. He it was who first described the cannibal Fans, and their custom of enclosing elephants; he also mentions the gorilla. Du Chaillu's 'Equatorial Africa' was prepared from his original MSS. by Mr. Nordorf, a journalist of New York, and some few errors have crept into the work. The gorilla does not beat its breast like a drum, nor attack man by striking him with his paw. No one belonging to the town of Ngambi was ever killed by a gorilla; no one in the Fernand Vaz region has been killed by a gorilla within the memory of man. The 'Kulu-Kamba does not utter the cry of kulu! kulu! or anything like it. There is no kind of ape which sits *under* a nest; but both the gorilla, the chimpanzee, and the other varieties of the anthropoid apes, made nests or platforms of dry sticks, *on* which they sit or lie. However, M. du Chaillu's 'Equatorial Africa' contains much valuable matter respecting the manners and customs of the natives; and it is with great pleasure that I testify to the value of his second work 'Ashango Land.' His discovery of the Dwarfs (who are certainly Bushmen) is an important contribution to the ethnology of Africa; and his journey, though unsuccessful, was carried out with great energy and patience. M. du Chaillu cannot be denied a place among African explorers.

Loango.—A region almost unwritten, to which a German expedition is bound. The only authorities are Battel and Proyart (both in Pinkerton).

The *Congo* region will also, we may hope, be opened up by Lieutenant Grandy, the expenses being defrayed by Mr. Young. Tuckey's work does not go far, but he is the only authority even on the lower waters of that great river. The history and manners of the Congo are fully given in 'Cavazzi,' translated by Labat. There is also a valuable narrative by one Lopez in 'Pigafetta.'

On *Angola*, read Livingstone; and for statistics the Portuguese work of Lopes de Lima.

The interior of *Benguela* is described by Ladislaus Magyar; but only one volume of this work has been translated from the Hungarian into German.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr. Galton opened up a new region on the south-western coast which he describes in his 'Tropical South Africa,' and his companion, Anderson, has written two useful books, 'Lake Ngami,' and the 'Okavango River.' On the Cape, Barrow is the classical authority: Gordon Cumming on hunting (and I see no reason to doubt his statements, which are supported by Livingstone): Moffat on missionary labours: Casalis' 'The Basutos' is a work of great value for the ethnologist: Lady Duff Gordon's letters should also be read. But the great work of Livingstone is to all these that have been named as the ocean to the rivers.

The best collections of travels are those by Hakluyt, Purchas, Astley, Churchhill, and Pinkerton. Murray's account of 'Discovery in Africa' (2 vols. 8vo) is the best work of its kind, but was published before the question of the Niger was decided. For recent times Petermann's 'Mittheilungen' contains a complete history of geographical research.

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00056818

A MAP
OF
AFRICAN LITERATURE.
Scale of English Miles.
100 0 200 400 600
Addison.
Chenier.
Jackson.
Lempriere.
Drummond Hay.
Hemso. Gavangos.
Ormsby. Cooke.
ALGERIA
Faidherbe.
Daumas. Tristram.
SHAW.
Ibn Khaldoum.
MAROCCO
ROHLFS.
TUNIS
Barth.
TRIPOLI
Smyth.
Dickson.
Warrington.
Hamilton.
Beechey.
Hooker.
Baumier.
Rohlfs.
Mrs Roole.
LANE.
WILKINSON.
Hornemann. Pacocke.
EGYPT
LEPSIUS.
Lindsay. Norden.
Warburton.
Belzoni.
FEZZAN
Lyon.
Richardson.
Duveyrier.
Brisson.
Saugnier.
Adams.
Riley.
SAHARA
Tropic of Cancer
R. Nile
Laing.
TIMBUCTOO
Faidherbe.
Adanson.
Golberry
Lamiral.
R. Senegal
Janequin.
Durand. Bonat.
Cadamosto. Lemaire.
Campagnon.
Poole.
Macbrair.
Moore.
R. Gambia
MUNGO PARK.
Raffenel
Mollien.
Mage.
Jobson.
Beaton.
Lambert.
Hecquard
CAILLIAUD.
READE.
Winterbotham.
SIERRA LEONE
Letters from a Lady.
Rankin.
Matthews.
Falconbridge.
ANDERSON.
Bowen.
LIBERIA
Stockwell.
Leo Africanus.
R. Niger
Ibn Batuta.
Rohlfs.
L. Tchad
Vogel.
Nachtigal.
Mohammed el Tounsy.
DAR-FUR
Browne.
Pallme.
KORDOFAN
Burckhardt.
NUBIA
Cailliaud.
Hoskins. Plowden.
Russegger. Ruppell.
Parkyns. Heuglin. Gobat.
Munzinger. Lejean. Salt.
BRUCE. Isenberg.
D'Abbadie.
ABYSSINIA
Beke. Harris.
Barker.
Tinné.
Werne.
von Heuglin.
Brun Rollet.
Burton.
SOMAULI COUNTRY
PETHERICK.
Poncet.
Miani.
Peney.
SCHWEINFURTH
BAKER.
GRANT.
Christopher.
Cruttenden
CLAPPERTON. DENHAM.
Duncan.
Burton.
Dalziel.
Forbes.
LANDER. Baikie.
Laird. Allen & Thompson.
Schön & Crowther.
Oldfield. Hutchinson.
Foley.
Burton.
Dupuis.
Isert.
Loyer.
Hutton.
BOWDICH.
Ricketts.
Cruickshank.
Meredith.
Cape Coast Castle
Bosman.
Beecham.
Römer.
Desmarchais.
Adams.
Equator
R. Gaboon
Wilson.
DU CHAILLU.
Battel.
Proyart.
TUCKEY.
Bastian. Cavazzi.
Merolla. Carli.
Pigafetta.
R. Congo
Tams.
Lopes de Lima.
ANGOLA
S. PAOLO DE LOANDA
Cardozo.
Valdez.
Graça.
Lacerda.
LIVINGSTONE.
L. Dilolo
Os Pombeiros.
MAGYAR
BENGUELA
GAMITTO.
L. Nyassa
L. Shirwa
Rowley.
Gevrey.
Guillain.
MOZAMBIQUE
Botelho.
Mc Leod.
Barnard.
R. Zambesi
Victoria Falls
Baldwin.
ELLIS.
Rochon.
Sibree.
Grandidier.
MADAGASCAR
L. Ngami
ANDERSSON.
MAUCH.
Baines.
Fritsch.
Waleisch R.
GALTON.
Moffat.
Gordon Cumming.
Tropic of Capricorn
Chapman.
Mackenzie.
Gardiner.
Boyle.
Baldwin.
Robinson.
Orange R.
Lichtenstein.
Arbousset
Casalis.
Maun.
Burchell. Levaillant.
Shooter.
Sparrmann. Pringle.
Drayson.
Holden.
Alexander. Phillips.
Wahlberg. Fleming.
CAPE COLONY
Moodie. Campbell.
Thompson. BARROW. Latrobe.
CAPE TOWN
Kolben.
Thunberg.
Duff Gordon.
Bunbury.
Fleming.
VON DER DECKEN.
New. Krapf & Rebmann.
Wakefield.
STANLEY.
BURTON.
ZANZIBAR
Sulivan.
Colomb.
10 W. Gr.
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London: Smith, Elder & Co.
Stanford's Geog.l Estab.t 6 & 7 Charing Cross, London.

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